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Athenians and their alliances

G. E. M. de Ste CROIX:
The Origins of the Peloponnesian War
444pp. Duckworth. £6.75.

RUSSELL MEIGGS:
The Athenian Empire
620pp. Clarendon Press: Oxford University Press. £7.50.

Thucydides: An 1831 engraving from "the antique bust".

... DID the historian of ...-century Athens know, as he ... his tea at Grantchester (or ...'s), that away on the other ... of Bletchley (or High Wy...) things had been happening ... would shatter his quiet world ...; that thirty days and a ... pages of reading later his ... could never be the ... again. Yet there it is: 620 pages ... Russell Meiggs (twenty-three ... twenty-six end-notes and ... appendixes), 444 pages ... M. de Ste Croix (eight chap... forty-seven appendixes). So ... of world do the surviving ... to rebuild?

... it be a world with fewer ...—something has gone ... when Mr de Ste Croix ... appendix (no. xviii) to re... summary what he has already ... text; or when Mr Meiggs ... appendix the title "The Ori... Delian League" when he ... chapter on its foundation. Sec... it be a world without Mr ... Croix's passion for reference ... books and articles by initials ... titles. Professor Kiechle is ... a scholar to have written ... could be described as ... while Colin Kraay and ... Larsen might well resent ... indecency of HSCOC ... DL ... one wonders what ... Ste Croix would do if ... wrote about "Democracy ... Greece And League ...". But thirdly, ... be a world in which ... believe most of the things ... to believe in these two ... books. For they are splen... the older generation of ... historians in Oxford would ... showing that it has as ... in it as the younger ... in these columns on Feb...

... Croix is in all senses ... radical of the two. Thu... argues, does not say or ... many have thought and ... that Athens was to ... the Peloponnesian War, ... the fact that Sparta ... Athens in 431 BC and ... reasons why she attacked. ... reasons—complaints ... allies about Athenian ... by Korinth, Megara, ... real reason (obviously ... of Athens's growing ... the Greek world. The reader is left to decide for himself whether the fear was justified and whether, justified or not, it provided good cause for aggression in clear breach (admitted by the Spartans) of the terms of the treaty she had made with Athens fifteen years before. That is Thucydides's case and Mr de Ste Croix is sticking to it.

When we turn to the events of the fifty years before the war, the tangled and ill-documented story of their glorious, if rather acerbic, alliance against the Persians in 480 to the crisis of Korinth's quarrel with her colony, Kerkyra, in 435 we see that there is no good reason, that Sparta, not Athens, was regularly the disgruntled trouble-maker, worried about the stability of her own alliance, resentful of the ease with which Athens had acquired, maintained and was increasing hers. And when we look more closely at the detailed story which we have for the development of the crisis between 435 and 431, we see again that it is Sparta's allies, not Athens, who make the running and that it is the hawk-like element in Sparta which finally carries a Peloponnesian army across the Athenian frontier, ostensibly in deference to those allies' complaints.

So, very baldly, the argument; and what a relief it is to see the coffin hammered shut (Mr de Ste Croix is nothing if not a hammerer) on at least one part of that astonishing orthodoxy which has made Athenians consistently angels in the arts but fiends or fools in politics. Few, one hopes, will want to reopen it and no one will succeed in prising out more than one or two of the nails which Mr de Ste Croix has bent in his enthusiasm.

To give one, bent, example. Sometime in the 430s Athens passed a decree which banned Megarians from the Athenian *agora* and from the harbours of the Athenian-controlled Aegean. Modern opinion has seen this measure as an attack on the Megarian economy, an aggressive and provocative act by a war-hungry Perikles, designed to squeeze the Megarians into submission to Athens before the inevitable war between Athens and Megara's champions, Sparta, broke out. For Mr de Ste Croix this will not do—Athens, after all, could do no wrong. Given the nature of ancient trade, a ban of this kind would not seriously affect Megarian prosperity (Megarian goods could always be carried on non-Megarian ships); Athens would have miscalculated, and Athens, after all, could not miscalculate! No; the reason for the ban was religious. The Megarians had cultivated sacred ground on the Attic border and the Athenians had reacted by excluding Megarians from the *agora*, not from the *agora* as the market-place of Athens, but the *agora* as the religious centre of the Athenian state; the Athenians were, after all, a pious people.

Mr de Ste Croix is right in that there has been a lot of careless talk on this subject, and he backs his case with a control of the evidence (as in the rest of the book) and a knowledge of ancient economics which few could equal. But nothing much follows. Perhaps the Athenians were wrong, perhaps they did miscalculate, perhaps religion was only an excuse. The point about the Megarian Decree is not only, or not so much, what it was but when it was passed, before or after Athens made

an alliance with Kerkyra in 433, a problem to which Mr de Ste Croix gives no more than a passing nod. He is refreshingly right to insist that Athens was not "choosing war" by making this alliance, but by her decision she did make war much more likely as Korinth let out a yell of outrage that was enough to awaken Boiotian pigs, let alone Spartan hawks. A move against another of Sparta's (and hence Korinth's) allies *after* acceding to Kerkyra's request for help, be that move religious, economic, provocative, "courteous" or whatever, is quite different from the same move made *before*.

One cannot emphasize too strongly that Athens did not create the crisis over Kerkyra, did not invite the appeal, but that when the appeal came she had little choice but to accept, given the tension which already existed between the two power blocks, a tension which, as Mr de Ste Croix brilliantly shows, was the product of Spartan and not of Athenian hawkishness. But once the alliance had been made, once the tension had been increased, Athens can hardly be criticized for trying to gain any advantage she could before the now-more-likely war did break out; so long as she observed the terms of the existing treaty between her and Sparta. If the Megarian Decree was passed after the Kerkyra debate (as it certainly was—see Mr Meiggs's typically economic though also typically unassertive version of the proof); if it did not offend against the treaty (as it did not—only Athens's worst enemies have suggested that it might); then, even if it were economic in intent, it would reflect no discredit on Perikles or Athens.

One hopes that most readers will agree with the "leading authority" who thought that Aristophanes's evidence alone was enough to prove that economic pressure was the purpose of the decree—as surely it is. One hopes even more that no reader will let his disagreement with Mr de Ste Croix on this trivial point or on others that resemble it discourage him from accepting, or that the overemphasis on this or underemphasis on that will prevent him from seeing what this book achieves: at long last a proper translation and explanation of one sentence in Thucydides (i, 23,6), the sentence in which Thucydides thought he had given an account of his description of how the great war had come about. Peanuts? No. The war was one of the most disastrous ever and the half-century before it one of the more interesting that we know of. It is not peanuts to be told how to interpret what a Thucydides said about it.

This is not to say that debate on the origins of the Peloponnesian War is, or should be over; one could readily argue that Mr de Ste Croix is too kind to Perikles, too hard on Sparta, or about many other things. But it should mean an end to argument about Thucydides's thoughts on causes, be they "real" causes or "underlying" causes or in some other metaphysical condition which puts them outside the ken or interest of any sensible practising historian. The hard question remains. How was Athens's power increasing; why was Sparta afraid?

A large part of the answer lies in the story of the development of the so-called Athenian Empire, more properly, perhaps, the Aegean Treaty Organization or the Delos Pact powers, that group of states which invited Athens after the defeat of the Persians to form and lead an alliance to punish the Persians further, and which, with some Athenian encouragement, remained loyal to their oaths of alliance (which were "for ever") even when the war with Persia was formally ended. It would be silly to pretend that the word "alliance" would still be fitting in 431—Athens controlled the organization as firmly as Russia controls Czechoslovakia or America controls Greece—but Empire is no more appropriate; we are still far from topees and fly-whisks or proconsuls and publicani.

This is the story which Mr Meiggs sets out to tell and it is symptomatic that he should call his book *The Athenian Empire*, a traditional title for what is, for all its insight and originality, a traditional book. In what way traditional? It is very hard to say. The subject is no more well-trodden than Mr de Ste Croix's, the text is wider (two sections of Thucydides against one sentence), the issues no less exciting, the answers on this or that point no less provocative (more provocative because so much more benignly offered). Why then less exciting? Because less debatable? Surely not. There is not a moment in the story which does not prompt debate and Mr Meiggs is a ready performer in every one.

How was Athens chosen as the leader? What was the original constitution and the original tribute paid by members to the common treasury? How did Athens's initial role as invited leader develop? How did an ally come to lose its interest, its independence or its self-respect? What happened when (and if) formal peace was made with Persia in 449 BC? What was the structure of the administration thereafter? Politically? Militarily? Economically? Juridically? What did contemporaries think of it? Or later Greeks? And what do we think of it?

Every one of the questions arouses Meiggs the scholar, and a superb scholar he is. Some arouse Meiggs the advocate—and he is no mean advocate. But his last sentence sums it all up: "They [the Athenians] made considerably less use of force than imperial powers are expected to use; but they could have made more concessions to the general Greek passion for autonomy without undermining their position." What could be less decided than that? What more disappointing from one of the most inspiringly decisive historians that we know?

Mr de Ste Croix sometimes muddies his case by lengthy diversions on trivia; Mr Meiggs shrinks from a case because of his passion for fairmindedness, a passion which can even keep him from asking the question that matters. That question is not whether the control of one state by another can ever be justified (one feels that the question is lurking in Mr Meiggs's mind and that he cannot decide whether to make it a *mum* or a *nonne*), but rather whether, given the fact of control of the sort which Athens had thrust upon her, she abused her position to grab advantages for herself at the expense of her allies or interfere more than was necessary to preserve the League.

Again, one example. In certain cases citizens of allied cities had to appear for judgment before an Athenian court, and commentators, ancient and modern, have seen this as Athenian encroachment on allied liberty. None (except Mr de Ste Croix in a recent article) has asked clearly enough what allies and in what circumstances.

Any organization, such as the Delian League must generate a new class of judicial business, cases arising out of the administration of the organization, where judicial authority is vested in the organization as a whole. It is only natural that the League should decide to entrust its leader with executive power in this sphere as it did in the military and financial. In trying such cases at Athens the Athenians are not in any way infringing the legal autonomy of any ally.

Any Greek state, inside or outside the League, could make arrangements with any other Greek state to govern the trial of cases involving nationals of the two states. Each of the two thus had to abandon some part of its own judicial authority. There is some, very doubtful, evidence that Athens used her "imperial" position to negotiate these agreements in her own favour when dealing with other members of the League, with the result that cases which would normally have been heard elsewhere were heard in Athens (though the mere fact that they were agreements makes the word "imperial" look a little silly). But there is other evidence, also doubtful, that she did not. Even if she did, however, this would be tampering with a judicial no-man's-land between herself and this or that ally; it is not blatant interference with the ally's rights.

We can only talk seriously about interference in a third category of cases. Did Athens move in to transfer to her own courts any trials which by all normal rules should have belonged to an ally's courts—when a Milesian wanted to prosecute another Milesian for a totally Milesian crime? The evidence is that on some occasions she did; and on others did not.

Any ally, whether summoned properly under the first category, properly or marginally improperly under the second, quite improperly under the third, might well complain. But how many of the complaints will have been justified? How many open to argument? How many the natural resentment of anyone who finds himself in court anywhere, guilty or innocent?

In practice there is no hard line between the categories; if a Milesian murdered another Milesian who happened to be Athens's local representative, was the murder an imperial or a domestic affair? But theoretically there is a line, and by failing to draw it Mr Meiggs has let the question get clouded. Out of the cloud appears a suspect Athens, as out of Mr de Ste Croix's very different cloud appears a radiant Athens.

This may seem a professional issue. The amateur could put the same question in a more innocent way. How much, in fact, did the ally pay and what did he get in return for his money? He was safe from the Persians (except between 454 and 449) and from pirates (never a small blessing in the Mediterranean); there was a safer supply of essential goods and, subject to occasional Athenian obstruction as in the case of Thasos, opportunity for economic expansion. Against all [illegible] was the tribute. But how much [illegible] the tribute? A medium/small [illegible] would pay something of the [illegible] of three talents a year, the wage [illegible] about seventy-five average work[illegible] something less than 1 per cent [illegible] the population (our own expend[illegible] on defence takes up the wage [illegible] something like 4 per cent). [illegible] tribute was abolished in 413 [illegible] was replaced by a 5 per [illegible] harbour tax, this was de[illegible] presumably, to bring in a co[illegible] able income (VAT is 10 per ce[illegible] a rather wider range of serv[illegible] Thasos after her revolt paid [illegible] talents a year, but we are told [illegible] her income was not less than [illegible] and this was a punitive measure.

It would be idle to pretend [illegible] this adds up to an accurate [illegible] urement of the burden of tr[illegible] but it does suggest that it wa[illegible] overly severe. There were als[illegible] course, other impositions—Athe[illegible] garrisons in some sensitive [illegible] Athenian cleruchies, the ch[illegible] that any Athenian, official or pri[illegible] vate, had to pull his rank, "rank", and other things. [illegible] again the impression is that [illegible] were sporadic or comparativel[illegible] lal or both. The average memb[illegible] ATO had little more to com[illegible] about (and perhaps something [illegible] to be grateful for) than the av[illegible] member of NATO. The Athe[illegible] were not blameless or alway[illegible] selfish in acquiring and main[illegible] their *arche*, any more than [illegible] were without fault in the [illegible] leading up to the Pelopon[illegible] War. But they came as nea[illegible] virtue as it is reasonable to e[illegible] far nearer than most with [illegible] opportunities.

Casual remarks by Thucy[illegible] underline both points. When [illegible] disaster in Sicily was complete [illegible] Syracusans offered freedom to [illegible] allied contingents serving with [illegible] Athenians if they would de[illegible] "And some cities went over [illegible] many." They preferred des[illegible] the Athenians. And when A[illegible] broke the terms of the Peac[illegible] Nikias, Sparta resumed th[illegible] with better spirit because the[illegible] lieved that Athens had now [illegible] gressed: "For in the form[illegible] they believed that the fault ha[illegible] with them [the Spartans]." [illegible] were prepared to admit the fa[illegible] last.

This review has concentrated [illegible] general interpretation and has [illegible] little hint of the riches these [illegible] have on all the issues behind [illegible] argument: Mr de Ste Croix on [illegible] Spartan constitution, Mr Meiggs [illegible] the tribute assessments; it [illegible] be dreary to catalogue, but it [illegible] there and magnificently do[illegible] terpretation apart, both books [illegible] κτήματα (with an occasional [illegible] of ἀγώνισμα in Mr de Ste [illegible] and if not ἐς ἀεί they should [illegible] most of us into our graves, [illegible] informed, if not always persu[illegible]

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Two Bird Poems

Fieldfares

Near rowans the dead stay under the earth.
Fieldfares pluck cock-drunks from these trees;
Replete, the comb on wood of their voices
Is as if the buried had cause for mirth.

Thrush

on a tightrope for its exuberant evening song.
(It's the telephone wire I talk to you along.)

CHRISTOPHER PILLING

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Machines versus men

[illegible] HALBERSTAM:
The Best and the Brightest
[illegible] Barrie and Jenkins. £4.50.

[illegible] Vietnam War was the most [illegible]ing and divisive American [illegible]erience since the Civil War a [illegible]ury earlier. Neither the First nor Second World War aroused such [illegible]ions. No past conflict claimed a [illegible]rable roll of political casualties, including a President of the [illegible]ed States. Not since the Boer [illegible] has a great power's military [illegible]potence been so quickly and [illegible]cally challenged. To the his[illegible] of the future, the war may [illegible]ar as the turning-point in American history; the moment when the [illegible] of energy and resolution that carried the Republic to a com[illegible]ding place in world affairs [illegible]ed and began to ebb.

[illegible] an episode deserves the most [illegible]ious and thorough examination by historians. A considerable [illegible] of work, much of it written, as [illegible] book was, during the last phases [illegible] war, already exists. Within its [illegible]tions *The Best and the [illegible]ghtest* is an important contribution. The limitations, however, are [illegible]mely serious and they weaken [illegible] importance of the book as [illegible]ry.

[illegible] first limitation is one of time. [illegible] Halberstam began the book [illegible], and it deals largely with the [illegible] and events of the preceding ten [illegible]. The reader learns a great [illegible] about how and why Presidents [illegible]dy and Johnson, Robert S. [illegible]mara, Dean Rusk, McGeorge [illegible], General Maxwell Taylor, and [illegible] others got the United States [illegible] in Vietnam. But the book [illegible] examine the course and the [illegible] of the North Vietnamese [illegible] of 1972 or the response to [illegible]ffensive by the United States [illegible] South Vietnamese Republic. [illegible]cond limitation, one that seems [illegible] endemic in most writers about [illegible]ar, is that the military side of [illegible]onflict receives only cursory [illegible]ment. Mr Halberstam is very [illegible] on General Westmoreland [illegible] the military generally. But [illegible] demands a more thorough [illegible]ation of their shortcomings [illegible] statements that Westmoreland [illegible] "a supremely conventional man [illegible] supremely conventional war".

[illegible] most serious limitation is the [illegible] lack of objectivity. The [illegible] impression after a second [illegible] is that this is not history but [illegible]; in some areas brilliant, in [illegible] repetitious and boring. Mr [illegible]stam came out of Vietnam, [illegible] a distinguished career there as [illegible]spondent for *The New York* [illegible] highly prejudiced against the [illegible] those who had made it. He [illegible] that prejudice with him when [illegible] in this book to examine [illegible]cision-makers and to explore [illegible]rridors of power. He has a [illegible] right to his bias. But books [illegible] with so strong a bias against [illegible] characters are not history, [illegible] they may be good reading, [illegible] one is at times.

[illegible] *Best and the Brightest* is a [illegible] book. The non-American, [illegible] an American not intimately [illegible]ected with Vietnam, may find [illegible]. Mr Halberstam is inordi[illegible] wordy; he cannot make a [illegible] once, he must make it four or [illegible]. His prose is marred by [illegible] phrases: "so color Rusk [illegible] or color him amenable, or [illegible]"; and by snap judgments: "[illegible] was a lost year and much of [illegible] was attributable to the attitudes and actions of Dean Rusk".

[illegible] Secretary of State under Kennedy and Johnson is one of the [illegible] figures who are first dissected [illegible] then criticized by the author. [illegible]alberstam is at his best when [illegible] into the background and [illegible] of men like Rusk and [illegible]mara. He is less effective when [illegible]empts to explain why they [illegible] as they did about Vietnam. [illegible] reader is given memoranda, quotations, statistical estimates from or [illegible] to the leaders. But on [illegible] Mr Halberstam is [illegible] as the intellectual is likely to [illegible] writing about men of action. [illegible] sense the book is an indictment not only of the leaders who [illegible] the United States in Vietnam but of the system, the Establishment that produced them. The [illegible]ment's discards, men like [illegible] Paton Davies, are treated with [illegible]passion they deserve. Its tri[illegible]—the tremendous American [illegible]ment between 1941 and 1945 [illegible] little attention. Its representatives who dealt with Vietnam are roughly treated. The heroes, and there are precious few in these pages, are the underlings, military and civilian, who opposed the war or various aspects of it. In a very real sense this is a serious attack on America's governing elite.

The Best and the Brightest does serve a useful function in turning a severe and searching eye on John F. Kennedy. The beatification of that amiable and attractive politician by some of his colleagues has gone quite far enough. As the President emerges from these pages, he was a man wise enough to understand that the White House is ahead of the people in its attitude towards further involvement in Vietnam but a politician not bold enough to reverse the trend towards a larger war.

Consistency, here and elsewhere, is not Mr Halberstam's strongest suit. He is clear-eyed about Kennedy. But he does not seem to have caught the change in popular thinking about the war which took place outside the eastern states in the late 1960s. Then, despite the bitter criticism of the war on television and in the great metropolitan dailies, Nixon's Middle America, finding itself deeply involved in the war, wanted to win it. This development, naturally, deeply offended those like Mr Halberstam who were demanding peace at almost any price.

The author's treatment of Lyndon Johnson is perceptive. He was shocked, like so many others, by the President's boorishness and ruthlessness. He saw, as too few have, the man's real strengths: an effective and sensible reformer in some fields, a professional who could make the Federal machinery work for him. But Mr Halberstam believes that Johnson, like Kennedy, thought that America's enemies and problems lay overseas and that both made the grave mistake of directing the country's energies against the Vietcong and the North Vietnamese instead of concentrating on the urgent problems emerging from the ghettos at home.

It is a shabby, sad story; shabby enough and sad enough to shock without the assistance of Mr Halberstam's bias. Not only did the great ones in Washington make the wrong decisions but they made them on information that was often knowingly inaccurate. Those in Vietnam who knew the truth and wanted that truth known in the White House were penalized. The President and his intimates were not above juggling with the truth to win support in Congress.

At the time of the naval clash in the Gulf of Tonkin, Mr Halberstam writes:

> The full story, that we and our American-owned proxies [the South Vietnamese] had been provoking them [the North Vietnamese] at the time they retaliated was left out. It was a crucial omission, for it colored the entire subsequent debate, and allowed the Administration to use the most potent of all weapons in the [Congressional] proceedings, the issue of the flag.

After that episode in 1964, the war began in earnest. And it is here, exactly where a man of the author's experience with Vietnam should be most helpful, that the reader must find his own way. The generals, he says, were convinced that American fire-power by land and air would win. But what happened when they employed that fire power? It was always a war of American machines versus Vietnamese men. But how were the battles fought, why were the Americans so ineffective, so often? Again we run into the limitation of time; Mr Halberstam does not tell us why the ineffective of 1968 was effective four years later.

This, then, is one man's intensely subjective report on those who led a great nation into a frustrating war. It is not history. But the historian of the future will benefit from it.

Post-partition

S. M. BURKE:
Pakistan's Foreign Policy
432pp. Oxford University Press. £6.30.

Pakistan was born out of the political contention that Muslims and Hindus could not live together; partition of the Indian subcontinent has not yet demonstrated that they can live peacefully apart. Pakistan's foreign policy has been dominated by a fear, indeed a conviction, that Hindu India had never genuinely accepted partition and would ultimately take steps to undo it. To Pakistanis, the Kashmir situation proves Indian bad faith and intransigence. Kashmiris have, in the Pakistani view, been denied the right to self-determination; in other words, the right to become part of Pakistan. In their single-minded search for ways to correct this situation, Pakistan's rulers neglected the people of their own eastern wing, precipitating thereby yet another partition. This time it was India which performed the surgery, not a departing imperial power. So the prime aim of Pakistan's foreign policy has been frustrated. Kashmir is still very much part of India and the rest of the world shows not the slightest inclination to do anything about it.

Yet, as S. M. Burke's highly readable analysis shows, there have been periods during Pakistan's quarter-century of existence when it seemed that, of all newly independent countries, its foreign policy was the most intelligently conceived and skilfully executed. Ayub Khan for considerable periods of his presidential rule managed to maintain cordial relations simultaneously with Washington, Peking and Moscow. Membership of the Commonwealth and two anti-communist defence pacts made Pakistan no less acceptable as a friend to Peking; Moscow often found it convenient to overlook the fact that Pakistan relied heavily on American arms. The United States, the Soviet Union and the People's Republic of China all had their own reasons for courting Pakistan. Pakistan had one reason for courting all of them. That reason was mistrust of India.

Professor Burke had a long and distinguished career in Pakistan's diplomatic service before entering the academic world as Professor of South Asian Studies at the University of Minnesota. The book was written to end in 1970 but a postscript covers the events which preceded and followed the birth of Bangladesh. West Pakistani action in East Pakistan was, says Professor Burke, not only a fatal political error but a grave military blunder, adding that if West Pakistanis had wished the union to endure they should have woken up to realities earlier and pursued utterly different political and economic policies from the very inception of Pakistan. Some critics will doubtless dismiss these comments as wisdom after the event but on page 244 he has already written of the 1954 elections in East Pakistan that the landslide vote against the Muslim League was a revolt against the western wing's stepmotherly treatment of the east. But these diversions into internal Pakistani policies are rare.

Professor Burke sets out to explain to the reader the rationale for Pakistan's foreign policy and this he does most effectively. There is much valuable material on lesser-known aspects of Pakistani foreign relations—particularly on Afghanistan and with the Islamic world in general—but it is the complex pattern of post-partition existence with India which he analyses most deeply. He shares the common Pakistani belief, held tenaciously against a good deal of evidence which he himself provides, that the world has always sided with India rather than with Pakistan, but he recognizes the need for a more cordial coexistence in the future and pays proper attention to past efforts to secure a more friendly and neighbourly relationship. Yet here again creeps in the note which has led to so much frustration in the past. The Kashmir dispute, he says, is not likely to lend itself to an offhand bilateral resolution by India and Pakistan. The one hard fact that has emerged in the past twenty-five years is surely that it can be solved by nobody else.

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Visionless visionaries

RONALD SEGAL :

Whose Jerusalem ? The Conflicts of Israel

284pp. Cape. £3.50.

Israelis are very conscious that they have created a new image of themselves. "They aren't like Jews, are they ?" said a mother proudly introducing her two small boys in Tel Aviv a few years after the State of Israel was formed. Young men and women were riding in on their surfboards, slim and athletic, while the middle-aged on the beaches clearly felt no self-consciousness in wearing little paper nose-caps as protection from the sun. The Israelis have shown courage, unity and skill in warfare; a new vigorous nation has been created. Yet all is not well, according to Ronald Segal, who refers to Israel's identity crisis : "At no time since the establishment of the state has Israel society been as divided, as uncertain, as dismayed as it is today."

Mr Segal, a South African Jew in exile, has travelled widely and written books on South Africa, India and the Americas which have won praise for their objective and intelligent analyses ; he has found Israel a fascinating but disillusioning study, for "it seems impossible that the society should escape being overwhelmed by its problems". Among those discussed are the sudden increase in Arab population through conquest and the influx of casual labour from Jordan ; the increase of Oriental Jews who make up more than half the population, but have very little representation in the Knesset and are resentful that their needs are not taken into account by the westernized oligarchy ; the ever-increasing defence budget which prevents adequate domestic expenditure ; the spread of corruption ; the American-type economic system accentuating differences in wealth and failing to cope adequately with poverty ; the clash between secularism and religion ; the influence of the distant past which clouds with its background of deep emotions the mirror of reality and distorts the concept of justice in the 1970s ; and the search for security in an extension of territory which further embitters relations with the Arabs. Such questions have created a "moral malaise", states Mr Segal, which could develop into :

> revolt against the devastating contradiction between the moral mission that Israel was envisaged to be by its pioneers, and the mere pragmatism of material power, for the individual as for the state. . . . The agony of Israel today is that of a visionary people without a vision.

Part of the trouble, Mr Segal considers, is the Olympian attitude of the aging leadership with its belief in European culture as the vanguard of human achievement, and its lack of interest in Arab or Asian civilizations. The need for security, so often repeated, has strengthened its position and led it to be "amongst the most arrogant in the recognized democratic world", and that arrogance is reflected all down the scale of the various bureaucratic levels. Nearly every Israeli has some favourite story to tell of unsympathetic treatment, as have foreign visitors. An Englishwoman who crossed from Jordan in April was amazed when the Israeli frontier official removed the batteries from her portable radio and smashed them with a hammer. "Others can be bought in Israel", he said. "But why break them ?" she asked, and received the unexpected reply : "So that you would know I could not sell them."

This arrogance and insensitivity is carried over into foreign policy by the Israeli leaders, who give the impression that they are content to remain on occupied Arab territory and do not particularly want peace. For instance, they ignore the dangers to the Sadat regime in Egypt which, without some settlement with Israel, runs the risk of a revolution or of being forced into further rash military adventures, which would make peace still more difficult to achieve. Mr Segal comments that the Israeli leaders:

> can find their way on military maps ; but peace requires a journey where the map is largely blank. . . . A Jewish people that will neither allow a nationalism to the Palestinian Arabs nor abandon its own is creating the facts of an Israel in bondage to battle.

Nationalism among the Arab states is equally uncompromising and dangerous. Mr Segal considers, surely rightly, that it would be politically advantageous to the Arab countries to announce formal recognition of Israel within its borders as existing before the Six Day War, as a realistic gesture and not as a bargaining counter. First, it would accustom Arab opinion to the facts of nationalist power in the Middle East ; secondly, it should lessen the anxiety of Israelis about attempts to annihilate them, which strength[illegible] their obduracy and even expans[illegible]ism ; thirdly, the claim to retain [illegible] conquests of 1967 would be made [illegible]tenable. Mr Segal realizes the [illegible]culty for any Arab Governmen[illegible] take this initiative and adds:

> Yet generosity itself can be [illegible] strength, as obduracy a w[illegible]ness ; and the concessions of [illegible] defeated can be a formid[illegible] challenge to the fastnesses of [illegible] victorious. For as long as [illegible] Arab states refuse to face the [illegible] of Jewish nationalism, so [illegible] self-defeatingly, they must [illegible]tinue to sustain that nationa[illegible] in its own fantasies, its [illegible] refusal to face the fact of [illegible] nationalism confronting it.

Mr Segal has no preconce[illegible] bias against Israel but, as a [illegible] with liberal views, is distressed [illegible] find this twenty-five-year-old c[illegible]try, despite all its early pr[illegible] becoming a fervently natio[illegible] state with overtones of the [illegible]teenth century. He states that i[illegible] "deceptively easy to see d[illegible] imminent in Israel", but he [illegible] it will survive because the lead[illegible] in spite of their aloofness, [illegible] skilful, because Israelis d[illegible] their problems intelligently a[illegible] themselves and in the press, [illegible] because they can repeatedly [illegible] summoned back to unity by the [illegible] of security in view of the s[illegible] rattling of the Arabs.

In his chapters on Egypt [illegible] other Arab countries Mr Seg[illegible] less well-informed than he [illegible] Israel, but he makes some inte[illegible]ing comments. The style is at t[illegible] rather tortuous but the sens[illegible] clear. Mr Segal is a rewar[illegible] guide in the tropical hot-hous[illegible] Israel, and those involved in [illegible] Arab-Israeli conflict could [illegible] helped to see beyond their p[illegible]aganda and myths to gain [illegible] knowledge. Of these myths [illegible] Segal writes : "Perhaps the [illegible] mutilating is that myths the[illegible] are the exclusive equipment [illegible] other side."

Theme by theme

PETER MANSFIELD (Editor) :

The Middle East : A Political and Economic Survey

591pp. Oxford University Press. £5.50.

The first three editions of *The Middle East : A Political and Economic Survey*, which appeared in 1950, 1954 and 1958 respectively, were edited by Sir Reader Bullard and were published for the Royal Institute of International Affairs by the Oxford University Press. That press has now taken over full responsibility for the volume and Peter Mansfield has altered the contents of the book in a major way.

The previous editions contained a long introductory section which treated historical, political, religious, economic, and social matters on a regional basis. The rest of the volume consisted of country-by-country chapters which discussed the various areas of the Middle East in greater detail. The new edition has retained this division of the material, but has added a collection of seven "thematic studies" covering the origins of the Palestine problem, Arab political movements, the policies of the two Great Powers on the Middle East, the oil industry, and modern trends in Arab culture. These essays, all by well-known authors, are interesting in themselves but have no place in what is primarily a reference handbook. Much of the material that those seven chapters contain is contentious by its very nature, and the views of the authors are a possible source of dispute. It would have been better to have retained the former ideal of producing a reliable and objective work of reference and to have left the thematic chapters to find their proper home in periodical publications.

Parts of the introductory section have been rewritten to take account of the many changes which have affected the region since 1958, but to argue that economic and social changes have tended to proceed in the same direction everywhere—and to support this argument by reference to the building of Beirut-type hotels near Muscat—is a somewhat facile view. Neither is the reprinting of the previous material always accurate, and the substitution of the word "politics" for "policies" has made a nonsense of a paragraph in the economic and social section.

Standards of accuracy appear to have suffered in some of the country-by-country chapters too, where the necessary attempt has been made to expand the sections dealing with those areas which have grown in international importance since the publication of the last edition. One such section is that on the Arabian peninsula in which a series of factual errors is now noticeable. It is no longer true to say, as it was in 1958, that no census has been taken in Saudi Arabia. A population count was made in 1963 and, although the complete results were suppressed by the government, some figures are available. In the section covering Dubai the book asserts that the ruling family came from the Al Bu Falah branch of the Bani Yas tribe ; in fact the Al Maktum family come from the Al Bu Falasah branch of the tribe. In discussing Abu Dhabi the Al Nihyan are wrongly described as a branch of the same tribe ; they are in fact a family within the Al Bu Falah branch of that tribe. Misprints in this section also concern the figures for the population of Sharjah and the correct name of the Trucial Oman Scouts. On wonders, too, how many residents of the lower Gulf would accept the book's view that the past thirty years of Dubai's history have been "politically unexciting" ?

A major problem faced by editors of handbooks is the inevitable delay which occurs between writing and publication, but here the situation is more serious than usual. A footnote to the thematic chapter on Soviet policy in the Middle East says that the section was written as long ago as 1968 and the governmental oil-income figures quoted in the statistical appendix stop at 1970. The 1971 figures, available at least in a provisional form in the early months of 1972, would have shown how dramatic was the impact of the 1971 Teheran agreement on the level of revenues accruing to the producer states. In 1971 for instance, Saudi Arabia's oil income rose by more than 70 per cent for a 26 per cent increase in oil output, but these statistics are missing from the book.

The reading list suffers from a lack of care. The number of publications on the Middle East grows at an alarming rate every year and selection of a short list is certainly difficult, but a reading list on Arabia which omits Aitchison's Treaties, Lorimer's Gazetteer and Kelly's history of British policy in the Persian Gulf is certainly incomplete. Inattention to detail is also obvious in the map at the end of the volume. Railways and roads which are correctly described as completed in the text of the book are defectively shown on the map, and the ports of Jedda and Yenbo have had their locations reversed. All in all this edition is unlikely to enjoy the high reputation for scholarship and reliability which was gained by the previous ones.

A special village

ELAINE BALDWIN :

Differentiation and Co-operation in an Israeli Veteran Moshav

240pp. Manchester University Press. £3.60.

Israel's various forms of community village life continue to be a magnet for many in other countries, particularly among the young who would like to be able to see in them a practical alternative to the competitive urban civilization of the West. Elaine Baldwin's sociological study of one of these villages is of great help in separating truth from myth.

A moshav is a village devoted to agricultural pursuits and run on cooperative lines. It is not as austere as some of the kibbutzim—each villager in a moshav has his own bit of land which he works himself and which his family can, if suitable, inherit, but all buying and marketing are done communally. There is an elected council of fifteen, an executive of five, and two paid secretaries, one responsible for internal affairs and one for relations with outside bodies. But the "ultimate deciding body" is supposed to be the general meeting of all the village members.

The particular moshav which is the subject of Dr Baldwin's study, and which she disguises under the name of Kfar Hefer, is one of the oldest. It was set up forty years ago by a group of immigrants, most of whom came from Russia. Young, idealist, socialist, determined to create with their hands a new society in an old land based on comradeship and equality, these men and women represented the best ingredients of pioneering Zionism.

If the gingerbread has now lost some of its gilt this is understandable. Any enterprise based on that trickiest of all notions—equality—is sure to run into difficulties. In this new village some people were bound to get better land than others, some to work harder than others, some to have sons to help them and some daughters or no children at all, some to find ways of earning a bit extra on the side and some who str[illegible] disapproved of their doing this [illegible] so on.

These human conflicts are to be [illegible]pected, and the fact that Kfar He[illegible] survives and indeed flourishes [illegible] that they are not intolerable. [illegible] what does it mean for a mosha[illegible] flourish ? The most illumin[illegible] parts of Dr Baldwin's analysis [illegible] to the way in which the inhab[illegible] of Kfar Hefer, individually and [illegible]lectively, have been adjusting to [illegible] facts of life in a state which, [illegible]ever some of those at the top [illegible] like to think, is very decidedly [illegible] run on moshav principles.

The village cannot exist in [illegible]tion. It must conform to state [illegible] and state controls, which now[illegible] may tell it what to grow and [illegible]termine the price for its [illegible] And once a community gets inv[illegible] in quotas and permits and r[illegible] and marketing boards it is [illegible] be more important for it to [illegible] right contacts than the right [illegible] An ex-Kfar Heferite in Tnuva [illegible] dairy cooperative) or the Hist[illegible] (the trade union complex) or [illegible] Ministry of Agriculture or the [illegible] set is going to be valuable in he[illegible] to fix things. No wonder that many [illegible] the older generation feel the [illegible] days were simpler and better, [illegible] that the younger generation—[illegible] certainly it knows how to fight—[illegible] not really understand.

In many ways the story of K[illegible] Hefer can be seen as the story [illegible] Israel in microcosm. It reflects [illegible] same conflict between ideals [illegible] reality, and shows the same re[illegible]ance. The people of Kfar Hefer [illegible] look on their village as "a s[illegible] place"—as something which [illegible] outsider can understand—just [illegible] Israelis, for all their wish to [illegible] treated on a basis of interna[illegible] equality, feel at heart that the s[illegible] circumstances of their statehood [illegible] them apart from—and above—[illegible] of the rest of the world. Kfar H[illegible] is an inward-looking community [illegible] an inward-looking state. Dr Bal[illegible] a calm and sympathetic obse[illegible] does much to illuminate both.

Landscape without figures

[illegible]GANG HILDESHEIMER :

[illegible] Frankfurt: Suhrkamp. DM

[illegible] stasis, indecision, an almost [illegible] self-doubt and self-[illegible]tion—these are the thematic [illegible] which bind and unify [illegible], Wolfgang Hildesheimer's prose narrative for eight years. [illegible] the first-person narrator [illegible], focused on and then abandoned the project of a journey to the isolated Nor[illegible] village of the title, the book [illegible] every twist and turn of his [illegible] thoughts, recollections [illegible] fantasies during a single sleep[illegible] night. "Prose narrative" [illegible] Hildesheimer explicitly re[illegible] the term "novel", for *Tynset* [illegible] no plot, no action in a conven[illegible] sense : "The novel has no [illegible] for me now, fiction stands for [illegible] . . . But writing signifies : [illegible] a personal preoccupation [illegible] style. In which case, why con[illegible] a pseudo-reality, with its [illegible] and hams ?" Now in *Masante*, [illegible], or his publishers, seem [illegible] relented : "Roman" appears [illegible] jacket, but not on the title-[illegible]

[illegible] was a refuge, a goal for [illegible] narrator's cosmic aimlessness, [illegible] in a sea of confusion". [illegible] He has actually undertaken a [illegible] from his villa in Italy, Cal[illegible], to an anonymous inn, a [illegible] caravanserai, "a point on [illegible] of the desert" : to Meona [illegible] an echo of Mynona, the [illegible]ymous German Expression[illegible], whose name when spelt [illegible] gives : *anonym*), one of [illegible] places you find by jabbing [illegible] into a map blindfolded. It is [illegible] tension set up between these [illegible] and what they repre[illegible] tension expressed in Hil[illegible]'s original plan to call the [illegible]—that *Masante* is based. [illegible] has the narrator gone [illegible] besides a desire to press the [illegible] intellectual's archetypal *italienische Reise* to its extremity—Meona is the "southernmost and easternmost counterpart to Masante"—he hopes to escape from an oppressive sense of time, from an overpowering sense of place—pitiless reminders of his own inadequacy. But in his quest for abstraction, for nothingness—that perfect nothingness existing between bits of matter which he sought through his telescope in *Tynset*—he finds that even such a seemingly neutral spot as Meona is too dense, too rich : "How could I have thought there was nothing here ? There is too much here. . . ."

Like the previous book, *Masante* is given an almost unrelenting intensity by the narrator's associative interior monologues. He indulges his own subjectivity, letting his thoughts rise and flutter and fall—the wind is a constant presence—picking up threads, to unravel some and discard others. To reproduce this digressive and parenthetic play, Hildesheimer has divided the text into heavily indented lapidary paragraphs, units of thought ; with spacing to indicate complete breaks and new beginnings ; full points for neatly rounded thoughts ; dashes for untidy cuts and leaps ; commas for mental enjambements.

What does the narrator's voracious mind feed on ? On whatever presents itself. Alain and Maxine, his host and hostess ; the local policeman ; the inn, and the objects it contains—a hat, an umbrella, an old Remington typewriter (the "second oldest" in the world), a wall-calendar with saints' days—each of which sends him off on fresh wanderings ; and, of course, his own past : all parade before the lens of his mind's eye, in fugal patterns ; all mere pretexts for his reflections. But it is the nightmare of the pursuers or persecutors (*Häscher*) that obsesses him most, with their sinister names—Globotschnik, Perchtl, Fricke, Kabasta.

A difficulty peculiar to the post-war German conscience is finding a way of considering, let alone coming to terms with, the grisly traumas of recent history. Although never made absolutely explicit, we are left in no doubt that the "pursuers" are in fact the Nazis. Identifying narrator with author would be simplistic, but it is worth noting that Hildesheimer, who fled to Palestine in 1933, had first-hand experience of some prime specimens of Nazism as a simultaneous translator at the Nuremberg Trials. And clearly the anxieties besetting modern German historiography are paralleled in the author's scepticism about novel-writing, in the traditional sense of fictionalized history—a scepticism many of his contemporaries of course share. The German word for "story" and "history" is the same: *Geschichte*. Hildesheimer plays on this ambiguity ; hence the constant interventions, equivocations, inconsistencies in the narrative—to show the futility of searching for the Truth.

This futility is equated with (is identical with ?) the narrator's attempt to get away, to face himself in a (so he had hoped) timeless and spaceless environment. His longing for spiritual isolation—his room at the inn reminds him of a monk's cell—is symbolized by a metal sign he once removed from a high-tension pylon : "Chi Tocca Muore", which he wanted to hang round his neck, "but no one would have believed me".

Yet it is not people and places as such that he is trying to escape but the inescapable—himself, his memories of the past, his perceptions of the present. These are at the root of his impotence : "When am I going to come to the point ? Never, of course, I should have learnt that by now. Never. At least not in this life." Even in Meona, the idea of returning to his villa in Italy never leaves him : and at the close of the book, as he trudges hopelessly into the desert, Masante is again on his mind.

As in *Tynset*, only a few hours have elapsed, the narrator's rambling consciousness has returned to its opening motif. And Hildesheimer's taut, beautifully clear and simple prose—a counterpoint to the book's loose overall structure—may be regarded as much a musical as a literary experience. (At one point the narrator observes tellingly that Bach's music, especially the *Kunst der Fuge*, should be *read* rather than heard.) *Masante*—with its resonant names, both melodious and discordant, its staccato passages, its jolting key-changes, its fugues—is a prose tone-poem. Longer and less concentrated than *Tynset*, it is perhaps not as well sustained. Nevertheless, Hildesheimer has fashioned a perfect vehicle to express unashamed subjectivity ; so it is understandable that the reader should feel the bewilderment, the amusement, the embarrassment and even the occasional tedium of a privileged eavesdropper on another mind.

Within limits

[illegible]WILLIAMS :

[illegible]: A Novel

[illegible] Allen Lane. £2.50.

[illegible] Williams's third book really [illegible] appendage in its title—[illegible] A Novel. A browser reading [illegible] paragraph might easily [illegible] for biography :

> [illegible] Stoner entered the Uni[illegible] of Missouri as a freshman [illegible] year 1910, at the age of nine[illegible] eight years later, during the [illegible] World War I, he received [illegible] Doctor of Philosophy degree [illegible] accepted an instructorship at [illegible] same university, where he [illegible] until his death in 1956. He [illegible] not rise above the rank of [illegible] professor, and few stu[illegible] remembered him. . . .

[illegible] now establish their own [illegible] immediately as that, or [illegible] them so faithfully. [illegible] details Stoner's unhappy [illegible] barely extends beyond [illegible] of that introduction, and which contains nothing to cause any student to recall it. Entering university as an agriculture student, Stoner discovers an interest in literature, becomes a teacher and enters into a forty-year-long struggle with his Head of Department after a difference of academic opinion. He has an equally long and arid marriage to a frigidly withdrawn neurotic. His entire career is one of frustration and defeat, so it seems perfectly logical that he should finally succumb to a hideous cancer which devours his insides ; yet *Stoner* is so firmly literal that one hesitates to apply so Reichian and metaphoric a concept. If it had been written by Norman Mailer, or almost any other modern American writer, one would know that this final cancer was the result of the unacted desires of Stoner's life, every repression killing a cell, but Mr Williams gives no hint that such is his intention. This lends it some distinction, for a story so entirely uncomplicated, and a narration so straightforward, create none of the complexities one expects in contemporary American fiction ; yet *Stoner* remains a quiet but resonant achievement.

ATTILA JOZSEF
selected poems and texts
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Edited by GEORGE GÖMÖRI and JAMES ATLAS
Attila Jozsef is considered among the greatest modern Hungarian writers. A Marxist who adhered to the "revolutionary line", during his lifetime he incurred [illegible] because of his interest in Freud and because he [illegible] a mode of surrealism in his work. Though he committed suicide in 1937 at the age of 32, he left an [illegible] both extensive and revolutionary. Its effect on Hungarian letters is incalculable. Now for the first time a collection of his work is available in English.
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Family life

PETER TINNISWOOD :

I Didn't Know You Cared

256pp. Hodder and Stoughton. £2.

BERNARD KOPS :

Settle Down Simon Katz

187pp. Secker and Warburg. £2.25.

Peter Tinniswood knows well enough when he's on to a good thing ; what's more, he knows how to make it better. The good thing in question is the Brandon family, stars of *A Touch of Daniel*—dour Northerners who remain more or less unshaken in the face of natural, and sometimes decidedly unnatural, disaster. In this case, disaster is no farther away than page one. Uncle Mort, who shares a house with Mr and Mrs Brandon, is told that he has but six months to live—information which seems to tax his sister rather more than most : "'Well, thank goodness it's not TB', said Mrs Brandon. 'At least I can't be accused of neglecting to air your sheets for you.'"

One of Uncle Mort's most immediate problems is how to spend his savings. To Mr Brandon's disgust, he decides to buy two more allotments to go with the one he already owns—an overgrown, untended patch full of exotic and pleasing weeds. From one of these allotments springs a tiny rivulet, which leads first to a brook, then to a river, and Uncle Mort's intention is to "become the owner of a water course from its headwaters right down to its mouth".

The goings-on in the Brandon family are often bizarre, sometimes verging on the fantastic, but none the less remain doggedly domestic—they are the means by which Mr Tinniswood keeps us sympathetic to characters and narrative alike. The real humour, however, lies in his unerring ear for comic but completely authentic speech which is peculiarly Northern, perfectly droll and just eccentric enough to make it identifiably Brandonian :

> "Well, I don't know how to put this tactful, Mort, but I mean to say, shall you come to a sticky end ?"
>
> "No. No. Apparently it's going to be a doddle," said Uncle Mort, picking up a crust of toast left on Mrs Brandon's plate and popping it into his mouth. "In a couple of months or so I'll start to waste away, you see. Come September and I'll be like one of those singlets you bought me from the Bon Marche—all arms and no bloody trunk."
>
> "Don't hold me responsible for them singlets," said Mrs Brandon. "I specifically asked the assistant for non-shrink. I made a point of insisting."

That sort of perfectly weighted, deadpan humour was what made the previous Brandon saga so enjoyable. *I Didn't Know You Cared* abounds in it, and has the additional advantage of being a better-judged book—less fantastic incident and more attenton to characterization. It's true that Daniel, the amazing, eponymous tot from the previous book, converses with Carter Brandon from beyond the grave, but this time he is cast as a sort of built-in Devil's Advocate and the idea works well. Carter, now married to a girl with delusions of social grandeur, is suffering from a lack of work and a surfeit of designing women ; he and Mort share the most eventful moments in the book—coming, by way of comedy, to the edge of tragedy—but the hilariously dry humour is the property of the entire cast.

Simon Katz's conversations with his dead wife are a good deal less tetchy than Carter Brandon's communications with Daniel. Katz, the aging hero of Bernard Kops's latest novel, likes to pretend that his long-deceased spouse not only listens to him but also pops into his bed from time to time. He was cast from the mould marked "lovable old reprobate"—a mould someone should have broken years ago—and true to form he makes his first appearance in a whore's bedroom, later escaping without paying for the goods. He is the scourge of his wet son and delights in tormenting his wetter daughter-in-law by playing the sort of joke that involves ordering eight chickens from the local butcher on her behalf ; their child, though—his granddaughter, Sharon — is the prime object of Simon's extravagant affection, and for that very reason is kept out of his reach.

Displaying degrees of lust and deceit appropriate to the role of con-man with a sterling heart, Simon poses as a house detective in order to bring off a seduction, gets arrested for posing as a street photographer, proposes to (then swiftly retreats from) a widow in a Bournemouth hotel, and finally "kidnaps" his granddaughter. Mr Kops's intention, it seems, was to infuse Simon's escapades with a roguish (and Jewish) good humour, presenting his hero as an anarchic, slightly reprehensible old character with just enough sadness about him to show that those who cock a snook at convention might harbour Deeper Reasons behind the bluff outlandishness. Unfortunately, the humour is not good enough. Simon is too much of a stereotype to convince, and his episodic adventures are calculated without being much inspired.

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Down's darling

MONICA BLACKETT:

The Mark of the Maker
A Portrait of Helen Waddell

256pp. Constable. £3.75.

Helen Waddell's life was a touching mixture of success and frustration. Her Northern Irish father was a missionary in Japan, where she was born in 1889. Both parents died young, and her childhood was spent back home in Ulster; her married sister's country home in County Down remained her secure haven throughout her adult life, and was the one place where she did not feel a foreigner. Helen herself never married. She had a brilliant undergraduate career at Queen's University, Belfast, before the First World War, and it was there that she first met George Saintsbury, who was her friend and "literary god" as long as he lived. Because she had to remain in Belfast to care for her stepmother, she virtually lost ten years of her life in obscurity; she was thirty years old before she became a free agent. She then went to Oxford and worked on what was to become *The Wandering Scholars*; but although she was always a very successful lecturer, university life was not altogether to her taste: "artists and journalists are more my sort than academic people".

She moved to London; *The Wandering Scholars* was published in 1927 and received ecstatic reviews. There now began her long association with Constable and with Constable's Otto Kyllman, whose constant companion and aide she became. He was twenty years older than she; she always got on well with older men, although her house in Primrose Hill became a rendezvous for all her family, her friends, and friends of friends. This venture into housekeeping on a large scale, thinks Monica Blackett, was a disaster so far as her later life as a writer was concerned. Meanwhile, her *Mediaeval Latin Lyrics* and her great novel *Peter Abelard* had established her as a major author and won her the friendship and esteem of some of the best writers of her time —A.E., Yeats, Walter de la Mare, Rose Macaulay, Siegfried Sassoon and Virginia Woolf were among her friends. She was lionized in America, England and Ireland; over the water they called her "Ulster's darling". She enjoyed her success.

The Second World War aged her prematurely, and she never really recovered from the trauma of the Blitz, anxiety over Kyllman's health, and the loss of friends and nephews. A major book on John of Salisbury was never completed. Her last major feat was a lecture on Latin Poetry in the Dark Ages at Glasgow University in 1947. In the last ten years of her life she was sadly lost to friends and family in premature decline and mental confusion, and she died in 1965.

Her achievement as an inspired translator, poet, novelist and scholar will never be in question. Monica Blackett, the sister of Basil Blackett who was one of Helen Waddell's closest friends, has compiled *The Mark of the Maker* largely from the many letters Helen wrote to her sister Meg back home in Ireland, in which she wrote with complete lack of reticence about her work in progress, her failures, successes and aspirations. Miss Blackett, who had known her subject well for thirty years, claims that her book is a portrait, not a definitive biography. She has painted this portrait with grace and compassion. Helen Waddell is revealed in these pages as a passionate, sensitive woman who had to fight to use her talent, and who was perhaps damaged in the conflict.

Régine Pernoud's biography of *Heloise and Abelard* (reviewed *TLS* February 5, 1971) has been pleasantly translated by Peter Wiles (256pp. Collins. £3). It captures the easy style of the original French and provides for the general reader a useful introduction to the great love story.

To the Editor

JOHN KUEHL and JACKSON R. BRYER (Editors):

Dear Scott/Dear Max
The Fitzgerald-Perkins Correspondence

282pp. Cassell. £3.50.

Who was introduced to his future publishers as "an American Rupert Brooke"? Who wrote novels originally entitled *The Romantic Egotist*, *The Education of a Personage* and *Trimalchio in West Egg*? What was to be their eventual titles? Who first boosted Hemingway's "brilliant future" to his editor at Scribner's? Who wrote: "Oh, I was a great Shelley fan, and I never fully got over it. . . ."? Such a mass of books has been published on the subject in recent years that few devotees of twentieth-century American literature are likely to grope for an answer. (For the record, respectively: F. Scott Fitzgerald; F. Scott Fitzgerald; *This Side of Paradise*, *This Side of Paradise*, *The Great Gatsby*; F. Scott Fitzgerald; Maxwell E. Perkins.)

Is this, then, merely another one for the pile, especially since the editing seems somewhat erratic and the main body of the text has been available for decades in John Hall Wheelock's *Editor to Author* (1950) and *The Letters of F. Scott Fitzgerald*, edited by Andrew Turnbull (1963)? Not quite. For the editors' aim was precisely to interleave Fitzgerald's letters with those from Perkins, to confront the novelist with his editor, so that the narrative of their unbroken relationship from 1919 to 1940 could again emerge. That has undoubtedly proved successful and, as with all correspondences, it is reassuring to hear the whole dialogue rather than the usual, one-sided, telephone-style monologue.

But if, in theory, the volatile, Celtic, increasingly alcoholic Fitzgerald should make a marvellous foil to the dry, discreet, scrupulous, stay-at-home New England editor, that aspect of this compilation is rather less than gripping. Publishers are publishers and, with very rare exceptions, their files are likely to be full of royalty matters, promotional stories, advances, new projects, and literary top-dressing. In this the Perkins/Fitzgerald file—despite the obvious warmth, sympathy, reliance, respect—is no exception. The file is a notable tribute to a perceptive and generous and dedicated editor; it is marginally revealing of Fitzgerald's professional dedication (if proof were needed); it is also a fine record of one aspect of the publishing industry in the 1920s and 1930s; but, for the rest, it makes a somewhat laboured and specialized footnote to the corpus of a great writer.

Fitzgerald was a loyal man—loyal to his publisher, his friends, his literary passions from Conrad to Gertrude Stein's *The Making of Americans*, all of which he freely shared with his editor. It was Fitzgerald who first introduced Radiguet to Scribner's in 1924; and this education continued to his last extant letter (December 13, 1940): "Kafka was an extraordinary Czechoslovakian Jew who died in '36. He will never have a wide public but 'The Trial' and 'America' are two books that writers are never able to forget." (Perkins admitted he knew nothing about Kafka, but would look him up.) The introduction of one "Ernest Hemmingway" with the "brilliant future" was part of that same education. What Fitzgerald could not have realized in 1924 was how closely his own life's graph was to be interlinked with his. As usual, though, Fitzgerald was wholly percipient:

> One time I had a talk with Ernest Hemingway, and I told him, against all the logic that was then current, that I was the tortoise and he was the har that's the truth of the m that everything that I hav attained has been throug and persistent struggle wh Ernest who has a touch of which enables him to brin extraordinary things with fa I have no facility. I have a ta for being cheap, if I wa indulge that. I can do things. (March, 1934.)

But to trace in these letter upward curve of the hare an downward spiral of the tort like witnessing some mo morality, presided over by F with her wheel. With that wo personal jibe in "The Sno Kilimanjaro" and jeers at Sc alcoholism, Hemingway's sta tinued in its ascendant to th exchanges of this correspo when Perkins reports a las triumph: that *For Whom the Tolls* had been taken by the B the Month Club.

But perhaps Fitzgerald does the last word:

> Would the 25 cent pres *Gatsby* in the public eye *the book unpopular?* Has it its chance? Would a p reissue in that series wi preface *not* by me but by o its admirers—I can mayb one—make it a favorite wit rooms, profs, lovers of E prose—anybody. But to d completely and unjusly having given so much. Eve there is little published in A can fiction that doesn't s bare my stamp—in a small was an original. (May, 1940)

As Hemingway's posthumous cal popularity has declined, s gerald's continues steadily to And it is a tribute to his ascen that the publication of this lo file has been made possible.

Militant memories

ANDRÉ THIRION:

Révolutionnaires sans révolution

579pp. Paris: Laffont. 39fr.

Révolutionnaires sans révolution is the memoirs of a minor figure in French politics whose evolution went through some classic stages: affiliation with Communism in the early 1920s, a stand against Fascism, recoil from Stalinism, activity in the Resistance, and finally recognition of de Gaulle as the man best suited to lead France out of the uncertainties of the post-Liberation period. During the 1930s, André Thirion was a close associate of André Breton, and he relates with some pride how he interceded on behalf of the Surrealist group in its protracted and ill-fated courtship of the French Communist Party. A Communist militant for many years, M Thirion had worked in factories, and was one of the few Surrealists who actually had contact with the working class.

Sadly, he came to the conclusion, at the time of the Front Populaire, that an uprising of the French proletariat had never really been feasible. The reasons for the lack of Communist incentive were later to emerge with simple clarity when the anti-revolutionary policies of the PCF became public knowledge; at the time, the picture was one of shifting allegiances and fluctuating hopes, and the would-be revolutionary's frustrations are described in these memoirs as a function of lethargy, panic, duplicity and personal grudge, with a large measure of blame accruing to the menial, bureaucratic mentality fostered by the party-leader Maurice Thorez. On the latter score, M Thirion is unrelenting in his scorn.

The texture of the book is ragged. In an episodic narrative of more than 550 pages, the author tosses off countless thumbnail portraits, analyses the contents of dozens of tracts, slips in lumbering disquisitions on political theory, and reports "verbatim" speeches obviously worked up from memory. Countless names are spilled about, both those of significant figures and those of characters whose claim to have left any sort of mark on history is minimal. When M Thirion says of Communist militants that they gradually lose their grip on reality, being conditioned to accept only the "truth" laid down by their leaders, and to see only the details immediately before their noses, one is tempted to see M Thirion's own style of indiscriminate name-dropping and mediocre retrieval as the effect of his years of dogged work for the Communists.

There is little skill in the presentation either, though stylistic immaturity can sometimes make for a creative effect. When M Thirion recalls the jerky way he had to piece together information during the 1934 riots, he serves the reader with successive bits of rumour and actual news in a way that does convey an authentic flavour of what it is like to participate in chaotic events that naturally outstrip a single individual's apprehension. In this sense, the minor episodes add an important dimension to the book: there may be hundreds of factual errors, one suspects, yet it can be curiously engrossing to stumble through the incidentals while the great events loom indistinctly in the background.

As regards the Surrealist movement, Thirion manages to introduce most of its participants at one point or another: we meet Georges Sadoul and Jean Ferry, whom Thirion knew at school; poets and painters like Prévert, Tual, Tanguy, Unik, Eluard, Dali, Caillois and Péret; and their disquieting muses: Suzanne-Hélène, Lise Deharme, Valentine Hugo, the malefic Nancy Cunard. The account of group life moves between two poles, the uninhibited parties at 54 rue du Château, where M Thirion lived from 1927, and the sterner gatherings in Breton's studio at 42 rue Fontaine.

M Thirion is unstinting in his praise for Breton; unable to articulate more about his writings than that they constitute "le beau absolu", he holds forth at some length on Breton's qualities as a leader who was never afraid to take risks: "L'un des aspects du génie de Breton était de maintenir autour de soi presque constamment une température de révélation, de ménager épreuves et collisions pour le meilleur ou pour le pire." He cites a long encomium delivered by Aragon late one night on the Pont des Arts, in which the future commu formist praised Breton as the transmuter of conflicting e calling him "un creuset où br feu central". Of Aragon h we gather that Thirion was fascinated by the brio of his books and the *désinvolture* person; but was unable to the way Aragon and Sad Surrealist emissaries to the Congress at Kharkov in 1930 down before Moscow's d When Elsa Triolet appears, examines in detail her event Aragon, the way she gradu ploited his weaknesses and logued his talents in expecta controlling them; the whole this seduction is told with ing frankness.

At various points on his i M Thirion pauses to take his political development. meditations occur when he across certain texts, often unexceptional, such as dis notes that Lenin made on 1914 which, M Thirion off the whole slow process eration of his faith in orth munist thought. By the career, he had abando Engels and Lenin, and, after disillusionments and the places his final hopes in orthodox authorities, the Bakunin, the utopian F the mystic philosopher Ren

Looking back, one sees main span of this life is ma the two occasions when M artless eye confronted army of occupation: 1914 in his provincial hom Baccarat, and again in 1944 helped harass the retreati of General Choltitz in th streets. The remembered im disparate and sadly una Prussian soldiers pillage his cellar of vintage wines, or to throw a Molotov cockt breaks feebly on the roadw out exploding. Ultimately memoirs of a militant conve much a sense of history in ing as an impression of the the numberless trivialities pede decisive human Against these, one man's re ary efforts, however do doomed to futility.

Poverty culture

PATRICK:

Gang Observed

Eyre Methuen. £3.95 (paper- 975).

city of Glasgow has an unenviable reputation for poverty, slums crime, widely accepted in parts of Britain. It is a matter how far the reputation is Defoe rated it "the beau little city I have seen in ", but by the 1920s is could called the "Cancer of the ". The Industrial Revolution mark as savagely here as any the North; it grew rich and upon the labour and industry engineers and shipwrights who the greatest seaborne empire world has ever known, but its was based on the privations workpeople huddled into its ts. It was vulnerable to eco forces beyond its control and 1930s a third of its labour was "on the buroo". The post war has seen a further decline heavy industry and all that its tion entails.

's housing has always major scandal, although hous Scotland as a whole leaves cause for complacency. At when James Patrick was ing his research more than cent of Glasgow's citizens in conditions of overcrowding red with 4 per cent in Lon 42 per cent on Merseyside; cent of its dwellings were as substandard and 3 per ually unfit for habitation. has been made of the fact of the old Gorbals, whose for squalor was world has been demolished. What ced such places are the vast housing estates like Easter and Drumchapel, whose bar character places them at of the many recent failures field of urban planning. So the confident modernity of cipal airport and the intel distinction of its university Glasgow remains a city where ture of poverty and the cul violence may be observed sistent feature of the social

no book on Glasgow has bettered Alexander McArthur and Kingsley Long's great novel of forty years ago, *No Mean City*, which presents a chronicle of the Razor King and the slums which bred him and his like. *A Glasgow Gang Observed* is not in that class, but it is very much worthwhile. Mr Patrick managed to persuade one of the boys at the approved school where he was then working to introduce him into a gang in Maryhill with whom the boy spent his weekend leaves. How he managed it remains something of a mystery, but his cover seems to have remained unbroken. It is a story of dance-hall fights with razors flashing and bottles being broken over heads, adolescent girls serving the sexual appetites of boys one after another, continuous conflict with the police, and stylized conflicts with other gangs. It is an account of life which is nasty and brutish, poverty-stricken in the most fundamental sense, in which boredom—endless hours of boredom—is punctuated with violence. As a participant observer Mr Patrick performed with considerable skill, and on one occasion when he was arrested he sampled at first hand the violence which appears to be a commonplace feature of police practice.

There is much to be learnt from this book, not so much by sociologists who will already be familiar with the academic literature to which Mr Patrick refers as by the general reader who may be unaware of what gang life is really like, as distinct from the accounts that appear in the media when some particularly notorious crime has been committed. The book will, one suspects, be largely wasted on the tough-minded Glasgow bourgeoisie whose dedication to the notion of judicial violence assumes that the behaviour of these young people is to be seen in the context of their deliberate wickedness alone, and who by some strange feat of intellectual legerdemain firmly believe that poverty has been abolished. It is a sad commentary on the near total irrelevance of those modes of institutional treatment which the law provides for young offenders, and which constitute at best no more than an interlude between periods of life in a delinquent subculture, and at worst a means whereby offenders may qualify for the next form of institutional disposal.

It is quite clear that the traditions which McArthur and Long described are wholly unbroken; the activity of Sillitoe, the great gang-busting policeman of the 1930s was like spraying a room with an aerosol when the rubbish continues to lie rotting in the yard. If Glasgow wishes to be rid of the disease of its delinquency, it will have to do something more to deal with the reason why it breeds than simply pull down old tenements and replace them with new barracks.

The value of *A Glasgow Gang Observed* is that it adds to the body of social information about the behaviour of youngsters whom society readily defines as deviant and expects to control through the crudities of the penal system. Mr Patrick is inclined to the view which has been maintained by several observers, notably Yablonsky, that the violent pattern of their behaviour is related to personality disorders. It may be true that the leaders demonstrate considerable evidence of this. But the question remains how far such disorders are induced by the nature of their social experience which is so far removed from that of say, the teenagers of South-East England, whose parents are able to provide them with the material benefits of affluence. It might be more meaningful to start with the idea that the life style which society provides for them, and the limitations it places on any real hope of improvement, are what is abnormal and pathological. It may be, as Mr Patrick seems to suggest, that educational advance is the most hopeful way forward, but one cannot neglect the political dimension, for it was here on the "Red Clyde" that the workers actually took over the yards that the bosses were about to close down. The long-term solution may be found not in social work, but in political action.

If the final effect of the book on the reader is depressing, it is thankfully enlivened with some humour. It has a useful small glossary of Glaswegian, and one boy's description of Advocat deserves to remain in the mind for ever: "Christ! Puddin' in a bos'le!" A comment on the culture of poverty if ever there was.

rm commitments

PAYNE:

erhood

Michael Joseph. £2.50.

erhood, a study of the over ground which has been capably covered in rson's *The Profession of* (1972). The latter is a bio Leslie Payne's book is more ture of memoirs, consisting of reminiscences of his own with the brothers.

Payne's connexion with the to have begun in a desul about 1956. During the of the 1950s, Ronnie and Kray each served a prison Mr Payne's partnership started in 1960 and was off some five years later, useless and compulsive apparently too much for preferred to live by his wits. relationship with them firm fraud and gambling; looked to him for men, which neither they brother possessed. Mr account of the Krays' man conducting illegal business considerably Mr Pearson's of this aspect of their

after 1960s the brothers themselves as partners organization on the scale. They certainly transatlantic organized during the period of Betting and Gaming Act, unsophistication of of the Syndicate" ing its bridgeheads in clubs. There is between Mr Pear Payne's treatments of excursion to New the Mafia; Mr Payne sees it as a serious encounter, while Mr Pearson, much more circumstantial, regards it as nugatory. As both authors agree that the trip was set up by one Cooper, who, according to Mr Payne, was "an agent for the United States Treasury's anti-narcotic people", Mr Pearson's is the more credible assessment.

The Krays' acceptance of Mr Payne and later of Cooper was to do them much harm. Their uncouth and inconsequential style alienated both these crafty counsellors (Ronnie Kray made matters worse by sending a half-hearted hoodlum to kill Mr Payne) and eventually caused him, in self-defence, to make his very substantial statement to the police. It is fortunate for the public that the Krays were such impossible partners; had it been otherwise, they might still have been in operation.

The self-portrait that emerges of Mr Payne is one of the most interesting features of the book. He is a quick-witted, self-assured, even formidable man, who came to crime by way of "fiddling" in the army and also in business employment. He left school at fourteen. Somehow he cultivated the nerve and resourcefulness to keep a variety of crooked enterprises going; hence his usefulness to the Krays. He seems to have been most in his element in fraud, regarding it with the greatest composure and good humour; he concludes that, if stringent enough measures were taken, "fraud would become difficult, but life would become impossible". He is completely cynical about criminals: "There are a thousand people in Brixton nick, and I don't think one of them wouldn't shop his Grannie to get out." He is equally cynical about police: "In my experience a lot of detectives—perhaps as many as a quarter of the total dealing with serious crime—are willing to take a pension in return for keeping criminals informed about the progress of investigation." But he goes too far when he remarks that it is in the interests of the police not to detect corrupt officers because their trial "would discredit the whole force". The police have put too many of their own kind in the dock for that to be taken seriously.

The book contains much information about the criminal "underworld", sometimes waxing philosophical:

> It is a world in which self-protection takes up a great deal of everyone's time and attention. . . . It is in fact the natural state of human society, and once one has seen and appreciated how and why some people live like this, it is amazing that everyone doesn't.

There is a final chapter on what may lie ahead ("written with the help of an authority on the law of fraud"), in which defence against long-firm fraud and the control of clubs and of passports is very practically discussed. Mr Payne sees the greatest danger in the possibility of another gang acquiring primacy and attracting the American backing which would spell real trouble. "I hope it never happens, but I'm not too convinced the police can be trusted to stop it."

This last sentiment is somewhat at variance with an earlier one: "Gang leaders who get big firms round them would do well to remember that the biggest firm they'll ever meet wear blue uniforms and have all the time, resources and patience in the world." A grim rider to this passage is the fact that Mr Payne is now serving a five-year sentence for conspiring to pervert the course of justice.

Jersey cowed

WARD RUTHERFORD:

The Untimely Silence

224pp. Hamish Hamilton. £2.75.

Between 1960 and 1971 Jersey was plagued with a succession of sex-crimes, many of which remain unsolved, but several of which were brought home to an islander, Edward John Louis Paisnel, who is currently serving a sentence of thirty years' imprisonment. Ward Rutherford has written a comprehensive account of the crimes, having had the advantage of local knowledge and local contacts both within and outside the police circle, and he makes a considerable effort to understand why the crimes were committed.

The curious coexistence of a professional police force of limited effectiveness and amateur peace officers on a medieval model had much to do with the failure to identify the perpetrator of many of these offences (he was only caught by accident in the end, despite being on the list of suspects) over such a long period. Mr Rutherford gives what is on the whole a fair account of the Jersey police system, but issue must be taken over one passage referring to the (unnamed) "officer from Britain" who succeeded Henry Le Brocq as chief of the professional force, where it is said that, "coming as a new broom to sweep clean, he had swept away many of the clues acquired with such difficulty over the years and being kept against the day when arrests might be made". This is a grave charge and it is not substantiated here. The officer in question was an English policeman with sound detective experience who had taken part in the investigation of major crime. It is impossible to accept this bald condemnation of him.

Mr Rutherford's explanation of Paisnel's criminality is primarily sociological. He concludes that his sickening offences against young victims were motivated by his having been disinherited, as it were, through the "land-based economy and political life" of Jersey giving way to "a capital-based 'democracy'", with the consequent erosion of the "system of interdependent autonomous units, first farm and kindred, then parish, and finally the island itself", by which the Jerseyman has traditionally been ruled. He points out that the assaults were made almost entirely upon victims who were not of island lineage and who belonged to the middle and professional classes to which Paisnel "aspired". There may be a less esoteric explanation. Surely such a crafty prowler would strike where he was least likely to be recognized?

No psychological evidence was called on his behalf at the trial, his defence being that he had not committed the crimes, thus (like Landru) depriving us of expert insight into his mind. Much, of course, has been made of Paisnel's interest in black magic, of which his academic knowledge was apparently very superficial, and his satanism, that frequent resort of inadequate personalities across the ages. The resistance aspect of witchcraft is exploited in support of Mr Rutherford's general thesis of his subject's quest to recover his "birthright".

This is nevertheless an interesting and many-sided book. There are small mistakes in detail (Montague Summers's name is misspelt, for instance) but Mr Rutherford has cast his net widely in his attempt to interpret the criminal phenomena of the Paisnel case. Perhaps the best feature is the way in which he conveys the character not of Paisnel but of Jersey itself—that inbred island dispensation, with its secrecies and its loyalties, and its conflict between the present and the past.

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Thames and Hudson

Random arrows

ANTHONY THWAITE :

Inscriptions
Poems 1967-72.

55pp. Oxford University Press. Paperback, £1.30.

Anthony Thwaite's poetic interests range widely through history and geography. At one end of the spectrum he writes about the Egypt of the Pharaohs, Japan of the eighth century, North Africa of Greek and Roman times, and the time of Augustine; in the middle, he ponders on the Reformation, from its residue of architectural remains; and at the contemporary end, dons in "nordic-brutalist" premises, or a pub, The Foresters Arms, long out of touch with the associations of its name. Mr Thwaite's imagination works on the fascination of significant times, lost people and lost places.

Literary traveloguing is not, however, his substance. He is always more than simply impressed by what he has seen, and the erudition these experiences have encouraged. For the most part, he writes with effortful neatness, a vanity which, in the context of his frequent ironies of insubstantial mankind and his works in the scale of time, is itself (though perhaps unconsciously) ironic. There are occasions, however, when his familiar care is allowed more spacious expression. The best example is "Points", a poem about the chance of permanence, based on some lines by Kasa Kanamura (*fl* AD 715-733). "Let it remind those who find it", says the Japanese poet of an arrow he has just loosed, "To talk of me forever."

The admirable free verse of "Points" recalls Pound at his clearest in *Cathay* and *The Cantos*. And Mr Thwaite's juggled handling of time is reminiscent of the same poet. In "Points", the tip of an arrow, randomly fired, is a metaphor of surviving artefacts, while in "Reformation" "Cattle hooves kick up heraldic tiles" and the afternoon sun reveals as "faint shadows among fields" the cells of derelict priories and abbeys. "Permanence of a sort", Mr Thwaite seems to say, "and still with us, whether we notice it or not."

The best poem in *Inscriptions* is "Elsewhere". There seems to have been a stronger reason for writing the poem, while its tender lyrical energy greatly improves his habitual neatness, which in other poems is often no more than an end in itself—in poetry, however, that is how language must be used, although it is equally true that decorum can be taken too far. Mr Thwaite's historical/cosmic ironies are always finely written, but he seldom spares the reader a heaviness of saying which may well be a fault of method more than of mind. A good example is "Inscriptions" itself, which begins at the light verse end of the poetic scale—"Knickers Fisher has been at work again". That, however, is not the kind of poem we get. Appreciative, and amused, with the beginning, Mr Thwaite quickly changes our minds by devolving sternly on the Higher Graffiti of Victorian gravestones, which

Exhort and yearn and stiffly mask
the fears
Of men with large obsessions and
small choice,
Burdened with flesh and law till
judgement day.

As well as something of a reversal in style and expectation, the imaginative leap is too obvious; the melancholy of the poem is contrived. But throughout the book there are so many good poems and lines that one is still fully prepared to call *Inscriptions* Mr Thwaite's best book yet.

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Rough edges

JAMES SIMMONS :

The Long Summer Still to Come

66pp. Belfast : Blackstaff Press. £1.

EDWIN MORGAN :

The Whittrick

42pp. Preston : Akros. Paperback, 55p.

JAMES. K. BAXTER :

Runes

52pp. Oxford University Press. Paperback, £1.

James Simmons is the liveliest of the Belfast poets, with the valuable quality of enjoyability. His poems are almost never dull and are usually entertaining. The technique is sometimes a little rough, but the straightforwardness, the honesty, and the intense appreciation of the fact of being alive, compensate for this. In a way, the roughness is part of the charm.

The main documents in the case are *Energy to Burn* (1971), *No Land Is Waste Dr Eliot* (1972) and the present book. With his wit and directness, Mr Simmons seems more at home in the world—even the troubled world of Belfast—than most poets:

Wouldn't you know it was Ulster,
a wet country, where any touch
of sun encourages euphoria
The Devil smiles and God is
non-committal.

Some fiddle profit while the cities
burn,
Who keep their heads when all
around them
Are losing theirs or waiting for
their turn.

Christ didn't take the nails and
fetters
to get on well with men of letters.

These three extracts exemplify the tone. If there is a Protestant ethic somewhere at the back of it all, it is some way back. His attitude to the troubles is oblique. "Ulster Today" contains the lines "If the next bomb/ kills *me* it will still be irrelevant" and "the farcical and painful history of Ireland/ is with us, unchanged".

Although the forms he uses are never complicated, not all the poems are ideologically simple—for example, "The Bridge-Players", in which two psychiatrists, married, and a husband with a neurotic wife make up the four. On the [illegible] hand, a very simple poem "Drowning Puppies" is also [illegible]tive. Mr Simmons has always [illegible] good on marriage, and "The [illegible] plaisant Husband" is one of [illegible] best poems in this book. "[illegible] Fulfilment" is aimed at Betj[illegible] not exactly a parody but [illegible] gloss on his uneasy attitude [illegible]. The short epigrammatic [illegible] aren't, in general, as satisfy[illegible] the longer poems, of which "[illegible] Jack" and "Before Hanging" [illegible] fine examples.

The Whittrick is a series of [illegible] imaginary dialogues (James [illegible] Hugh MacDiarmid/Hierony[illegible] Bosch, Johan Faust/Charlotte [illegible] Emily Brontë/Marilyn M[illegible] Galina Ulanova, etc) about (re[illegible]) the devil in the machine and [illegible]tions being more real than [illegible]. Edwin Morgan wrote them in 1961 and they read like intere[illegible] exercises. He gets the tone of [illegible] of the speakers a lot better [illegible] others. Bosch and MacDiarmid [illegible] out best ("I heard an ea[illegible] fin/But it wisna fae the g[illegible] and it wisna/Fae my ain bre[illegible] wes a whittrick-fuffin"). The [illegible] trick is a kind of snark (t[illegible] literally a Scots word for we[illegible]) one line reads: "Perhaps the [illegible] trick went pop with the [illegible]". One could imagine these [illegible] more effective on the stage [illegible] the air, though there is no i[illegible]tion that they have ever app[illegible] on either.

Runes is the last book of J[illegible] K. Baxter, the New Zealand [illegible] who died last year. The first [illegible]teen poems, "Words to L[illegible] Strong Ghost", are modern [illegible] terpretations of Catullus, [illegible] translated into contemporary [illegible]podean. For example the [illegible] friend's famous sparrow bec[illegible] budgie and is buried in a sh[illegible] ("Lugete, o Venerea C[illegible]nesque"). The actual inte[illegible] the poem is slightly change[illegible]:

Pyrrha's eyes are red—part[illegible]
account
The bird, and partly for herself,
Because nothing desired can la[illegible]
long
That's why she's crying.

Without Catullus to lean on, [illegible] is still good. "Daughter", [illegible] stance:

I'd spoon you out dollops of [illegible]
room [illegible]
Peel off the penguin skin, and [illegible]
you [illegible]
Uncap a bottle of White [illegible]
dredge
My hangman cobbers fr[illegible]
town [illegible]

These poems, though more [illegible] written, inhabit Simmons' [illegible] ("Summer brings out the g[illegible] their green dresses/Whom the [illegible]ish might compare to daffo[illegible]) with a less raffish person[illegible] work of an intelligent and [illegible] man.

A Carefree Rub

This church would be a long cold place
in winter. Yet round the northern door
there was a rainbow left by village players.
Our children aped some snatches from the Flood.
They made the youngest be the Dove.

Our object was to take a Christmas present
from a frowning brass in chain
and canopied with words about Mortality.
Those intent upon the rub stepped in the rail,
The father being left to nod in musty pews,
'the Dove' to roam and sing
an incoherent tune about a lady and some cherries.
She seemed to stop in sunny places. In surfacing
with half-closed eyes I saw some iridescent touches.
"There's another knight!" she cried.

Indeed there was the saddest little lord
we put upon a scrap of paper. Anyhow, we felt
with blue and silver wax his broken armour,
pinched-in waist and winsome features peeping
for a face. The blur was fine, the aura laughter
as we sneezed in dust beneath a hanging.

I swear that, after we had cut him out, without a trace
of archness she exclaimed, "Let's stick him on the rainbow!"

DAVID DAY

Ambulant agility

JAIME SABINES :

Maltiempo

94pp. Mexico : Joaquín Mortiz.

ALBERTO GIRRI :

En la letra, ambigua selva

137pp. Buenos Aires : Sudamericana.

Jaime Sabines has kept very much to one side of Mexican literary life while steadily publishing collections of his poetry over the past twenty-three years. There is an obvious uncompromising element in his work, an often gross sincerity, and few have been bold enough to put him down completely. His contemporaries and critics agree in respecting his power while remaining untouched by his "pedestrian moments", and his "infamous innocence".

The pace of this last collection is pedestrian enough for much of its length, yet displays unquestionable agility. The presence of perhaps the one big literary influence on Sr Sabines, Vallejo, now emerges more clearly than before. "Doña Luz", the long opening sequence on his dead mother, falls back frequently in phrase after phrase into the kind of exasperated colloquialism found in *Trilce*. And the poems in prose, in the title sequence "Maltiempo", have the same remote grittiness as Vallejo's, and that apparently easy logic which becomes more contorted the longer it is felt ("devote yourself to the divine love of all, to the aqueous love that forgives insults unreceived and glorified crucifixion").

Messages like these are coming from some distance, certainly from beyond the once possible tropicality of Sr Sabines's native Chiapas. He is, above all, the paternal child stripped as completely of cosmic and human assurance as his Pre-Columbian ancestors, making a lone stand "on the first or the last day of the world" (as Octavio Paz puts it), a fact unmistakably exposed in his poem on the 1968 Tlatelolco massacre, where the historical collectivity, the "we", repeatedly invoked remains nebulous. By the same token, a "nostalgic" poem on the moon landing suddenly acquires a savage double irony ("the moon will always [illegible] brilliance that comes from [illegible] night and in solitude").

The explicit, even pedest[illegible]ity of other poems in this co[illegible] (especially in the section "[illegible]ría y canciones") is also [illegible] in evidence in Alberto Girri['s] *[En la] letra, ambigua selva*. After [illegible] of rearguard action against [illegible]ity and populism, Sr Girri [illegible] himself more and more redu[illegible] stoic assertion. He admits as [illegible]gently as ever that pessimis[illegible] "unworthiness" in himself [illegible] are responsible for his con[illegible] attitude to society as a whole [illegible] his persistent dilemma [illegible] "ambiguous" jungle of letters [illegible] the heart of some of the [illegible] poems, "Ningún animal [illegible] en contra de su especie" [illegible]ple. Otherwise he would [illegible] suggest he is very [illegible] enough to stop publish[illegible] momentary succour in [illegible] guardians as Yvor [Winters] [illegible] W. D. Snodgrass (whose [illegible] translates), while suspe[illegible] "the ironic supremacy of [illegible] over fish comes from the [illegible] can't yawn".

Last of the Peelites

[SYDN]EY H. ZEBEL :

[Bal]four

[illegible]pp. Cambridge University Press.
[illegible]

[Bal]four was a hermaphrodite. [N]o one ever saw him naked." So [Lor]d Beaverbrook. His innocent [illegible], to whom the remark was [illegible], questioned whether it was [illegible] to see cabinet ministers in the [illegible]. But Lord Beaverbrook's opinion [was] not confined to the office[illegible]; it was an observation of a [illegible] character which should be [rem]embered in conjunction with [Clem]enceau's terse description of [Bal]four, "cette vieille fille". There [was] about Balfour a curious lack of [illegible]ity, a remarkable indifference [to] the fate of friends and followers [who] too often bit the dust as he [push]ed forward. No doubt this was [illegible] the explanation for Lord [Beave]rbrook's remark; Balfour was [accu]sed of that indifference to his [illegible] which has been called "the [illegible] of inhumanity". He was [illegible] by an adoring circle of [illegible] relatives, but possibly [illegible]" was a little more of a [illegible] uncle than they ever sus[pecte]d. His charm of manner which [illegible] his family and a wide [social] circle, was legendary. In pub[lic] life this manner, which blunted [the] weapons of many an antagonist, [was] perhaps more obvious than real; [illegible], with this in mind, warned [illegible] that Balfour's charm was [su]perficial". We could say of him [what a] political colleague once said of [illegible]: "You think he loves [you;] he would follow you to the [illegible] with admirable equanimity." [Tho]ugh the fashion of modern political biography and of contemporary political comment is to dwell with affectionate curiosity on a man's private life, this smacks too much of drawing-room chit-chat. A serious historian might well brush all this chatter about Balfour's private characteristics to one side and argue that the charges against his loyalty (which can certainly be made) are answered by the single, old-fashioned word—patriotism. "I underrated the passionate attachment to his country which burnt under that calm, indifferent and apparently frigid exterior", wrote Lloyd George. And we could also fairly supplement this by saying that he was the last of the Peelites, in the sense that both statesmen believed that neither private friendship nor party zealotry should be allowed to deflect the continuation of efficient government.

The gifts which Balfour brought to public life were varied rather than conspicuous. His platform oratory in the golden age of the public meeting was deplorable. A forgotten Conservative journalist, A. A. Baumann, wrote that in such a setting he was merely the pitiful stammerer of ambiguous generalities. He once said: "I usually do a great deal of thinking on my legs." In the House of Commons this reflective deliberation carried conviction; outside it was less impressive. Some of his dialectical skill was inherited from the Cecil family, but that particular weapon is apt to fall rather bluntly on a popular audience. Possibly the crushing success of Campbell-Bannerman's rebuke to Balfour—"Enough of this foolery"—is partly explained by the altered character of the House of Commons elected in 1906. It was less intellectual and more workmanlike than its predecessors. Lying in bed for most of the morning, Balfour gave a great impression of laziness but, as Sydney Zebel shows, drawing carefully on his published papers, these seemingly languid hours were spent in reading official documents and drafting notes or memoranda for the Cabinet. He was in reality a much harder worker and far better informed than was generally supposed.

He was also a Peelite in the sense that he was never one to continue the engagement when the battle was lost. This point is illustrated by two phrases which he once used. In early days he compared himself with a general who declined to fight for an outpost, which could be maintained only by an overwhelming sacrifice and which could not in any case be held for long. At the close of his leadership of the Conservative Party, when the Last Ditchers were buckling on their armour to defend the House of Lords, he described their battle as "essentially theatrical".

What were Balfour's achievements? In the most difficult office in late Victorian politics—Chief Secretary for Ireland—he was successful. Whether his Irish policy was farsighted or humane is of course open to argument, but its immediate success is not debatable. There is force in the comment of the Irish priest on Balfour's measures: "Sure its like Balaam I am—blessing when I want to curse." In all the difficulties of the Unionist Party in the first decade of this century he succeeded in keeping his party together; under a different leader who was more forceful and less adroit the Unionists would almost certainly have experienced the paralysing splits of the Liberals a decade earlier. Historians have paid scrupulous attention to the alignment of forces as Asquith was tottering to his fall in 1916, but it was Balfour's adhesion to Lloyd George which made his victory possible. The "knowledgeable Roy Jenkins"—the phrase is Professor Zebel's—has written that the agreement of Balfour to serve with Lloyd George "was the most decisive single event of the crisis". That is a verdict which cannot be challenged. Today we may question the wisdom of giving what Balfour called "that small notch of Arab territory" to the Jews, but he looked back on his contribution to the settlement of the Jews in Palestine as the achievement in his career "the most worth his doing".

For Balfour's reputation this "political biography" is timely and effective. Here and there readers may find themselves wishing for a little more of what Balfour said—for his own words rather than the comments of others on what he said. For example, we could do without Balfour's private secretary's eulogy of his tribute to Queen Victoria in the House of Commons, even if it had only been the chance to recall "she passed away without an enemy in the world, for even those who loved not England loved her". Similarly we could dispense with the comments of his niece and Lloyd George (both predictable) on Balfour's communiqué on Jutland in return for what it actually contained. But such criticisms are trifles which in no way mar a splendid book. Professor Zebel tells his story without eulogy or undue embellishment; he is content to set it against the difficulties and hazards of the time, and as a result gives his readers a convincing picture of a character at once baffling to his contemporaries and perplexing to us who come after them.

[D]oors, but no windows

[HEINZ] LIPPMANN :

[Honec]ker and the New Politics of [Europ]e

[Transl]ated by Helen Sebba

[illegible] Angus and Robertson. £2.95.

[This bi]ography was first published in [West G]ermany two years ago, under [the title] "Honecker: Portrait of a [Succes]sor". This tells us more not [ab]out its hero but also about [illegible]ments. If there is a "new [illegible] of Europe", then the First [Secret]ary of the Socialist Unity [Party] of the German Democratic [Republi]c has contributed relatively [little]; on the other hand, adapt[ing to] the new détente may well be [more] of a challenge as the policy [illegible] was to his predecessor, [Walte]r Ulbricht, in the 1950s and [illegible] major enterprises, an attempt to "occupy" West Berlin with the FDJ and the foundation of a teenagers' labour corps, "Service for Germany", had ended in disarray. Other attributes, however, compensated. He had been born into a militant coalmining family in the Saar, where his father became a Communist works and town councillor. He joined the Spartacus League of Youth at the age of ten. He thus grew up in an atmosphere where it was not really necessary to think out one's principles; instinctive loyalty to the movement is what counted. There is no evidence that he has acquired any taste for theory. His speeches, from which Herr Lippmann quotes copiously, reveal no grasp of history or economics, indeed no ability beyond that of reciting the current slogan.

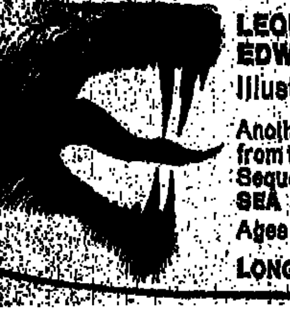
[The] book itself is timely. When [illegible] Honecker stepped into [Ulbri]cht's shoes in May 1971, he [becam]e the unknown political head [of a] relatively unknown state. Yet [illegible], for all its diplomatic [illegible], is the world's tenth in[dustrial] power and its claims to [sovere]ignty over West Berlin have [illegible] once sent shivers down [illegible]'s spine. Heinz Lippmann, [who] now lives in West Germany, was [Hon]ecker's close collaborator in the [Free G]erman Youth (FDJ), the German Communist youth organization, [and is t]herefore as well qualified as [anyone to] present him to a Western [reader].

[Herr] Lippmann thinks that Ul[bricht] had picked out Honecker as [illegible] in 1955. If so, it must have [bee]n for his impeccable back[ground] and loyalty than for his [illegible]—at least two of his

Honecker's Saar background also accounts for his German patriotism. The 1920s were a period of struggle against French occupation; he was quite unable to adjust to the Saar FDJ's line after the Second World War, one of collaboration with France. There was only one other occasion when his instinctive subordination to the leadership failed him. In the summer of 1953, just after the East Berlin workers' rising, the Soviet Union repeated its offer of all-German elections. If the West were to accept this "then we'll just have to fight and, if it comes to the worst, to die like heroes".

This capacity for stonewalling shows the weakness as well as the strength of East German policy-making. East Germany desires recognition and is beginning to get it. But it wants recognition of a status quo on its own terms. It wants co-existence, but not détente; indeed, in so far as détente is a possible consequence of recognition, that is its chief danger. Honecker, who backed Ulbricht against the radical de-Stalinizers round Schirdewan, who is suspicious of all writers and artists, who was the master-builder of the "Anti-Fascist Protective Wall" and who was an enthusiast for intervention in Hungary and Czechoslovakia, wants to have it both ways. He wants doors, but not windows; reform without liberalization; education without critical thought. Even Chancellor Brandt's *Ostpolitik* is suspect as "the unscrupulous misuse of all available opportunities for contact... trying to create the requisite conditions for organising a creeping counter-revolution". You still cannot buy a Western newspaper in the GDR, and anyone trying to cross the frontier risks letting off a spring gun.

And yet East Germany seems stability itself. Perhaps Honecker *can* have it both ways. Though Herr Lippmann gives us valuable biographical data and records all the personal in-fighting, he says nothing of the social and economic transformation over which Honecker presides. Though the regime denounces apathy and revisionism, it offers its population meritocratic career opportunities, modest consumer affluence and seaside cottages. One might have thought that Herr Lippmann, given his training, would want to show a link between base and superstructure. But perhaps the rumours are true: there are no more Marxists in Eastern Europe.



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LONGMAN YOUNG BOOKS

Bosky and Biffy

GUY SLATER (Editor) :

My Warrior Sons
The Borton Family Diary 1914-1918.

228pp plus 18 plates. Peter Davies. £3.25.

Colonel Borton's family war diary opens with the preamble: "I, Arthur Close Borton ... have decided to record the more important events of the war as they affect the members of the family individually...." This, if a shade *prepotente*, is a clear statement of both the tone and purpose of the diary for which the not inconsiderable exploits of his two sons provide the bulk of the cannon-fodder, with the addition of the diarist's own contribution to the war by keeping the Kentish home fires burning.

It should be said at once that the sons were brave, humorous, more or less eccentric and possessed an undeniable charm, which endows the diary with its appealing interest since their letters are frequently appended. The more eccentric and less stable of the two won the Victoria Cross and his brother is clearly considered by his family to have deserved one but had to make do with the DSO and the lesser decorations which fall to them both. The less-eccentric and more stable was an early member of the Royal Flying Corps, pioneered the air route to Egypt and India and ended as an Air Vice-Marshal in the RAF. Both survived the war but found the peace less congenial. The diary provides some vivid glimpses of the war being fought, particularly at Suvla Bay and in some 1916 "hole in the ground" in France, but it is more important, as Guy Slater makes clear, as "a wider piece of social history, a beautifully unforced picture of the upper middle class, of Rupert Brooke's England". One might add, however, that this is about all that the Borton family had in common with Rupert Brooke. As well as being brave and charming, "Bosky" and "Biffy" Borton were also, as Mr Slater says in his excellent introduction, elitist, intolerant, unthinking and "pure *Boys' Own Paper*". Their letters reveal a strongly competitive tribal spirit over which their Victorian father presided and which seems to have generated a voracious appetite for medals and recognition.

Mr Slater has resurrected this diary from nearly fifty years of oblivion, edited it with perception and given us a genuine period-piece which owes most of its charm and freshness to the naive and unselfconscious picture which the Borton family give of themselves and their times and which betrays more than a hint of vulgarity.

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Mating calls

GEORGE STEINER:

The Sporting Scene
White Knights of Reykjavik

67pp. Faber and Faber. £1.40.

HARRY GOLOMBEK:

Fischer v Spassky
The World Chess Championship 1972

137pp. Barrie and Jenkins. £1.80.

Bobby the *enfant terrible*. Bobby the recluse. . . Bobby the monomaniac. Bobby the *Mozart* of chess. . . . By dint of his compelling presence and public strategies, Fischer has modified the social, professional aspects of a game that is perhaps fifteen hundred years old. He has made world headlines and popular features of a totally abstract, esoteric, terribly narrow cerebral hobby. He has boosted ten- and twenty-fold the financial rewards at the summit. . . . He has generated a chess fever across the United States, which previously counted only thirty-seven thousand players who had bothered to register with the United States Chess Federation. These are staggering achievements of a twenty-nine-year-old loner whose bad manners and indifference to customary social behaviour and to the personal feelings of others verge on the transcendent.

Not every musician will easily accept the bad manners of the twenty-nine-year-old loner as reminiscent of Mozart. Indeed there is much in George Steiner's descriptions of the eccentricities, and egocentricity, of the new champion of the world that is more likely to suggest comparison with Cassius Clay. Many, asked to nominate the Mozart of chess, might think first of the urbane elegance of Capablanca. It might, however, be argued that there has grown up over the past century a distinctively American school of chess masters, beginning with Morphy, and developing through Pillsbury and Capablanca to Reschevsky and the new triumphant Fischer. Indeed, the personality of the challenger is the principal theme of Dr Steiner's study of the great Reykjavik contest, in the course of which he follows in considerable detail many of the astonishing vicissitudes which made the world headlines—the delayed arrival of the challenger, the complaints, the threats of withdrawal and all the rest. What stands out most is the absolute self-confidence of Fischer, his arrogant assumption that he was indisputably the best player in the world, and that he expected to remain so for many years to come. Thus, apart from the magnificent certainty of his play, he imposed himself and, despite his petulance, histrionics and apparent avarice, in a sense demoralized an adversary who played from the first below his natural form, and then was induced to decline further.

For the detailed study of the games it is necessary to turn to Harry Golombek, who sets them forth with all the depth and precision that have established him as the leading British analyst. Some of his task is easy—for instance, in the case of the astonishing blunder by which Spassky allowed Fischer the chance to make a simple winning sacrifice in the fourth game. Most impressive, perhaps, is the way he expounds the critical fifteenth game, and the exciting possibilities flowing from the kind of counter-gambit that Fischer introduced into a Sicilian defence—even though the game ended in a draw.

Taking Mr Golombek's analyses collectively, the interesting impression is left that he perceives in Fischer a capacity, in each separate game of a series, to be planning a continuous strategy for the whole, and to lure his opponent to play them in the style he wishes to dictate. This is match play at its highest and most original level.

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Coming events

SIMON BLACKBURN:

Reason and Prediction

175pp. Cambridge University Press. £3.20.

What grounds have we got for believing that the future will resemble the past in the kinds of respect in which we normally suppose that it will—that desks and tables and chairs will remain of the same size and shape and colour (and not suddenly disintegrate), that the sun will rise and set at roughly regular intervals, and material objects on Earth continue to be subject to the Earth's gravity? To answer such questions would be to justify induction. Simon Blackburn's book is the latest of very many philosophical attempts to justify induction and to show Hume's scepticism about it to be unmerited.

Modern philosophers have developed three main kinds of "justification" of induction: the analytic "justification", the inductive "justification", and the pragmatist "justification". Dr Blackburn devotes his opening chapter to a cogent attack on the analytic "justification" associated with the names of Paul Edwards and P. F. Strawson. He devotes virtually no attention to the other two main modern "justifications", which is a serious omission in a full-length book on this topic. He does, however, produce an extremely interesting "justification" of his own. This is developed in the final three chapters, after a number of digressions—into consequence and converse consequence conditions, and the logic of probability—and a full discussion of Nelson Goodman's "new riddle of induction".

Dr Blackburn's own attempted justification of induction consists of a series of connected arguments. He points out that to formulate the problem (at any rate in the way in which he has done it) we have to assume the existence of an external world (that there are now objects existing unperceived). He then points out that our only reason for making this assumption is an inductive one (we assume that desks unperceived are like desks perceived in not suddenly vanishing). If we are right to use induction to postulate the present existence of unperceived objects, we are surely right to use it to postulate their future existence and to postulate that we shall continue to perceive them. Hume formulated the problem in a somewhat different way from Dr Blackburn, so as not to beg the question of the existence of an external world, as the problem of why the past occurrence of a regular pattern of sensations (or "ideas") is a reason for believing in the future occurrence of a regular pattern of sensations. Dr Blackburn, however, claims that there are strong philosophical objections to scepticism about the external world. He does not put these objections, but then he would have to write another book to do so.

Given that we are right to believe in the future existence of an external world which we shall perceive, Dr Blackburn argues, we must suppose that objects will continue to behave on the whole in a regular way. For no experience of ours would rationally be construed as experience of a completely chaotic world; if our experience were not "extremely stable in respect of perceived change, disappearance, and motion" we would not treat it as experience of an external world. But we have good reason to believe that we shall continue to perceive an external world and hence that our experience of it will be in general "extremely stable" and so be experience of an orderly world. There is no reason to suppose that the next moment is in any relevant respect an unusual one, and so, since there is good reason to suppose that things will continue to behave in regular ways, there is good reason to suppose that they will do so at the next moment. This argument relies on an important principle which Dr Blackburn calls the Matter of Indifference Principle (MIP): that if an object *x* is an *A* and more *x*'s are *A* than are not-*A*, and nothing else relevant is known about *x*, then it is unreasonable to believe that *x* is not-*A*. Dr Blackburn backs up this important principle by good arguments, and it is hard to see how any account of rational inference could deny it.

Application of the principle, however, as he realizes, turns on what counts as a "relevant" consideration. We almost always know many ways in which objects differ from each other. We always know many ways in which the next moment differs from all other moments in human history—e.g. it is the first moment after a reviewer has finished reviewing Dr Blackburn's book for this journal. If Dr Blackburn's argument is to work, he has to show that the next moment, this will not be a significant difference to the law of gravity on Earth. But to do this he has to show just how gravity on Earth depends on the relations between the galaxies, and he can do this unless he knows which relations between the gravitational behaviour of bodies up to now and other features of the Universe are relevant to their future behaviour.

And so we go on: in order to demonstrate the irrelevance of one factor we have to assume the relevance or irrelevance of some other. We cannot prove that lack of correlation up to now between two factors shows that they do not affect each other, unless you assume that other factors were not interfering with things up to now. To prove that each other possible factor you need to make other assumptions about non-interference or irrelevance, and have to make some a priori judgments of relevance before we can make inductive inferences. If Dr Blackburn is to justify those inferences, he has to show that the necessary judgments of relevance which we make are the right ones. But he cannot show this, he cannot show that a man having the same evidence as ourselves who reaches any different conclusion about the future from the conclusions which we ordinarily regard as warranted is not in any way unreasonable.

Again, the induction that making inference to the continued existence of unperceived objects differs somewhat from induction used in making inferences to the future existence of perceived objects. Dr Blackburn has to show that the differences are not "relevant" ones—that is, are such that man would be unreasonable to reject the former pattern of inference because the latter. This reviewer leaves the reader to judge that, despite his full discussion of Goodman's "new riddle of induction", Dr Blackburn has not succeeded in showing these differences that for this reason his argument (to justify induction) fails. Nevertheless, the attempt is an extremely interesting one which will repay detailed study by philosophers.

One especially interesting aspect of the book is chapter seven, where Dr Blackburn backs up the arguments just discussed by giving an interesting variant on Hume's rod's attempted justification of induction. He twists this in such a way as to be immune to a counter-argument produced by H. E. Kyburg and also by A. J. Ayer. The rebuttal argument is one of those paradoxical arguments which most people are quite certain are fallacious but it extremely difficult to show where the fallacy lies. Dr Blackburn's amendment to Hume's rod serves a number of detailed and philosophical journals either by failing to expose his "fallacy" or by purporting to show attempts to do themselves to be fallacious.

Prisoners of freedom

E. K. LEDERMANN:

Existential Neurosis

140pp. Butterworths. Paperback, £2.75.

To say that neurotic suffering is a manifestation of man's moral crisis may be true enough and has often been said, but if this is to be more than an empty exhortation to pull ourselves together we must be shown clearly and concretely just where we have gone wrong. Unfortunately, neither clarity nor concreteness is to be found in *Existential Neurosis*, which therefore remains a rhetorical moral tract.

E. K. Lederman criticizes scientists because they are determinists and do not recognize the place of freedom in human life; he alleges that because their views are widely read and believed, they intensify neurotic suffering. He is quite unaware that many thinkers have cogently argued that determinism is not necessarily incompatible with freedom and may indeed be necessary for it.

In his critique of existential philosophies Dr Lederman makes sweeping statements about what has been said by them which are simply untrue. We are told that phenomenology investigates patterns of subjective experience and so is deterministic like biology. Actually phenomenology is nothing of the sort; it is primarily concerned with the nature of subjectivity, objectivity, and experience, including the experience of patterns. Marx, Hegel and Sartre, we are told, are deterministes and deny human freedom. But surely the fact that a philosopher carefully describes ways in which freedom is lost does not make him a determinist. The author fails to understand how clarification of the many meanings of freedom can help people realize what it is. Heidegger is condemned because he is alleged to claim absolute knowledge of Being; in fact most of his work is dedicated to showing that man is the servant of Being and can never have such knowledge.

The central error in Dr Lederman's own thesis is that he does not see the difference between the existential thesis that "only the man who chooses freely to be himself, who makes himself, who is his own work, can truly be said to exist"; and the personalistic ethic espoused by the author which merely affirms the freedom of existence.

If you merely affirm the freedom of existence then you remain outside your own existence; you have to resort to telling yourself that you are free and perhaps forcing other people urging you to be free. You therefore have to rely on guiding principles on which alone can be based. A theory based on such a philosophy sees people as objects who should have pressure upon them; it sees nurses not as an object of need and sees how to provide him with the necessities, subjecting him to techniques of freedom such as drugs, experimental health films, etc. An existential decision on the part of hand is beyond affirmation of existence; it is not a judgment; it are no guiding principles. We have some is already to have made a choice of at least these principles; one is truly alone without prop and therefore open to the world or, in religious terms, to the working of faith.

Existential Neurosis protests against freedom and such as it stands for freedom and such as it stands whereas in practice it regards neurotic man as unfree or as potentially free and therefore more than fully human and so in need of "strong stimulants of the vital forces" such as a powerful friend or a therapist with a strong personality. It therefore falls into the errors of determinism and ignores which it attacks.

The mathematics of the life-force

C. H. WADDINGTON (Editor):

Towards a Theoretical Biology
Volume IV: Essays

299pp. Edinburgh University Press. £5.50.

In 1904 ROSAMUND THAIES the spectacular lump of rock which drops into Lake Como at Bellagio has upset sybaritic villa builders. The present incumbents of the notorious site and building, the Villa Serbelloni, are the Rockefeller Foundation, who use it to house a more than usually opulent series of elite conferences. Although it is to be doubted that the beauty of the surroundings has always encouraged the most rigorous thoughts and critical of minds, for the group at least over the past few years the Villa Serbelloni has four times served as a haven in which they can work out their thoughts in peace. The group, under the direction of the proteus C. H. Waddington, has consisted of topologists, cybernetics, theoretical chemists, neurologists and developmental biologists, and has been concerned to find a recent common ground to "formulate some skeleton of concepts and models around which theoretical biology can grow". The present volume, and fourth in the series, is, it seems, to be the last to emerge from Professor Waddington's Serbelloni group.

What have they achieved? At one night, with a computer print-out to cover, and an unjustified type of urgent communication, and only by the high quality of the paper on which it is printed and the price of the product, the volumes should be assigned a fashionable shelf and left to be remaindered along with astrology and Velikovsky. Those who abandons them, however, will be sadly mistaken, for there is genuine creativity hidden beneath the surface. If a theoretical biology has not emerged from Serbelloni it is not the fault of the contributors to these volumes. The trouble is that in biology theory is the analogue to the discipline of theoretical physics, for reasons which are worth a mention.

Theoretical physics offers a relatively coherent set of mathematical techniques to handle problems primarily generated by the interactions found in the experimental area of theoretical physics. Theoretician and experimentalist work hand-in-hand in a partnership which has a history of success behind it. But the experiments to which the theory is being applied are a relatively circumscribed set. By contrast, the issue in biology is the much more basic one of how to state the problem being studied.

Biology is a vast area covering many discrete disciplines. Theoretical biology has been served largely, though not exclusively, by émigré mathematicians and engineers whose contact with the experimentalist's laboratory tends to be remote. There has been relatively little of that interchange between experiment and theory which the subject should demand, and the theoreticians have been heavily concentrated in fashionable areas such as neurobiology and developmental biology, leaving the safer and probably more productive exercises of modelling physiological or biochemical systems to more mundane plodders. The result is that they have tended to speak only to themselves or to other wandering mathematicians, and have been regarded as dealing in a contemptible meta-subject by most experimentalists. (How many biologists, as opposed to computer people and philosophers, read the *Journal of Theoretical Biology*, for instance?)

The four volumes of *Towards a Theoretical Biology* exemplify all these problems, some of them almost in caricature, yet there still are many important things for the experimental biologist to be found here. Professor Waddington himself is always elegant and fascinating. Lewis Wolpert and Brian Goodwin have used successive volumes of the series to hammer out some fundamental issues in developmental biology, and many of the authors have wrestled with the problems of the conflict between reductionist versus holistic models in biological explanation. The old faithfuls are represented in strength in this farewell volume.

It opens with a classic example, the continuing attempt by Christopher Zeeman and René Thom to apply topological models to the mapping of biological processes. In past years Professor Thom has developed a topological model, enchantingly known as catastrophe theory, which, he has claimed, has general significance as a way of describing a disparate set of biological events. Professor Zeeman now takes catastrophe theory and attempts, through a number of pages of dense mathematics, to apply it to two biological systems, the heartbeat and nerve impulse, both of which have been in the clutches of mathematicians for some time. Professor Zeeman succeeds to his own satisfaction, claiming, for instance, that his model is a better fit for the nerve impulse than the hallowed Hodgkin-Huxley equations; the non-numerate biologist is likely to remain unconvinced. What is the point of a model if it does not suggest a critical experiment, especially if by his last pages Professor Zeeman is also applying catastrophe theory to systems as different as dreaming and Lamarckian evolution?

Misgiving deepens when we turn the page and find that the mercurial Professor Thom has gone beyond catastrophe theory, and in a paper on structuralism and biology links evolution, Lévi-Strauss and generative grammar in the best French style. What for instance, is to be made of the following analogy?

> Embryological development can be described by . . . a tree . . . three branches set out describing the main embryological sheets, ectoderm, mesoderm, endoderm . . . in the linguistic theory known as generative grammar we meet exactly with the same structure . . . [in] a sentence like "The cat ate the mouse" . . . ectoderm corresponds to the subject, which it limits spatially . . . the mesoderm corresponds to the verb, as it is specialized in movement, and action; endoderm corresponds to the prey, the grammatical object.

By contrast, Professor Wolpert shows the classical Anglo-Saxon empiricism when, as a developmental biologist, he argues in a very persuasive paper that those other Anglo-Saxon empiricists who maintain a rigid reductionism over molecular biology, like Francis Crick, are in an untenable position. All Professor Wolpert wants us to do is to be allowed to study form and pattern in their own right, a modest enough request considering the fascinating experimental results that have derived from so doing. Later in the book, Professor Waddington, during the course of a detailed review of his own work on Drosophila mutants, crosses swords with Professor Wolpert in the well-known unresolved conflict among developmental biologists over whether form is specified by position or pattern fields, and the exchange is a model of clarity on both sides.

Turning to another stalking horse of theoretical biology—neurobiology—there is a pointed contrast between the dense, and to most biologists incomprehensible, mathematics of Jack Cowan and the casual but penetrating discussion by Michael Arbib of a theory for the organizational principles of specificity and motor control.

The book ends philosophically. Stuart Kauffman demolishes (yet again) Elsasser's claim for the relative autonomy and non-reducibility of biology to physics (there are now at least four distinct anti-reductionist schools, each of which regards the others' "proof" of the inadequacy of reductionism with equal distaste). Brian Goodwin, who in earlier volumes has been mainly concerned with temporal models in developmental biology, here turns philosopher; by regarding organisms as hypotheses, he claims, we can reintroduce ethics into embryology, and values into biology. One cannot help feeling that, though his heart is in the right place (barring Professor Zeeman's qualification of catastrophe theory), Dr Goodwin has here failed to grasp the social dimension of his holistic argument.

In his epilogue to the series, Professor Waddington claims that a better title would have been "Towards a Theory of General Biology". Yet this seems no more satisfactory. Most biologists are not conscious of the need for such a theory, nor do they believe that one is in the offing. If only theoretical biologists were less grandiose, and contented themselves with making microtheories to deal with particular problems, questions and areas, without persuading themselves that with a little more effort they can encapsulate the *élan vital* in a formula, perhaps they would stop trying so hard, and the rest of us could then make more use of the very considerable insights that are to be found among their labours, and in this volume in particular.

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'Martin Seymour-Smith has done a magnificent job against odds and is always as well-informed as he is readable. This should become a classic'
Robert Graves

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A failure, but a versatile one

E. G. W. BILL :

University Reform in Nineteenth-Century Oxford
A Study of Henry Halford Vaughan 1811-1885

274pp. Clarendon Press : Oxford University Press. £6.50.

Every Oxford generation includes at least one brilliant personality, who fails utterly to fulfil his early promise. Twenty-five years later, his name is known only to a handful of his university contemporaries, who, remembering old days, shake their heads sadly over his inexplicable lack of success. E. G. W. Bill has rescued one of the most interesting of these failures from oblivion, combining his portrait of this remarkable man with a lucid and informative account of the history of university reform in mid-nineteenth-century Oxford.

Even in that non-specialist age Henry Halford Vaughan was remarkable for his versatility. Classical scholar, lawyer, philosopher and historian, sufficiently interested in science to apply for a medical fellowship, he was in each area a failure. Started on what promised to be a brilliant career at the bar, he chose to take a dead-end post as Clerk of Sessions because he could combine it with an Oxford professorship which, in the end, he failed to obtain. When, after no less than five attempts, he was at last appointed to a chair as Regius Professor of Modern History he made so many objections that Mr Bill can aptly describe him as "the reluctant bride". Nine years later he resigned in face of most urgent protests on the part of his friends and colleagues ("We want you to understand that we are too glad to have you on any terms, and that it is not your lectures or your residence amongst us that we chiefly value but yourself"). The remainder of his life he devoted to work on a philosophical magnum opus which he never completed nor, it seems, had any real intention of completing. His scheme for university reform included an increase in the powers and prestige of university professors. A professor himself, he would have been the natural leader of the progressive party in support of his views on this subject had he not forfeited all influence by insisting on living in London. As one of his friends wrote, "Three-fourths of the main arguments for professors are cut away by non-residence, and your own non-residence renders it useless to quote you as an authority concerning the use of professorships." When asked why he preferred London to Oxford he replied that he found the London Library less cold than the Bodleian. Clearly, this perverse man was his own worst enemy.

Vaughan was best known as a supporter of educational reform both at school and university level. He foresaw much more clearly than did Mark Pattison or Jowett the form and ideals of a modern university. The scope of the reforms proposed by the Royal Commission of 1850 and embodied—more or less—in Gladstone's Act of 1854 has often been misunderstood. The matters in question were not so much the admission of Dissenters or even the broadening of the curriculum but the provision of better tutorial facilities and the regulation of the relationship between the university and the colleges. Behind these immediate problems lay two great issues. Was university education to be religious or secular, professional or "educational"?

At a time when even such progressively-minded men as Tait and Stanley could confidently assert that "of course in the nineteenth century a liberal education necessarily means a religious one", Vaughan was virtually alone in his view of a university as "primarily a place for the discovery of truth, where learning was unimpeded by religion", and in his belief that the one essential reform was the severence of the link between Oxford and the Anglican Church. Naturally, he crossed swords with Pusey, who replied to Vaughan's pamphlet, *Oxford Reform and Oxford Professors*, with one of his own in which he maintained that "the object of a University is not simply or mainly to cultivate the intellect", and added that "intellect, by itself, would be after the likeness not of God but of His enemy".

In the other controversy about strictly educational as opposed to professional education Vaughan was much more in agreement with the general trend of opinion. The Victorians saw education not as a vocational training for a career but as a discipline of the mind, teaching men to value the pursuit of learning for its own sake as being, in Vaughan's words, "the purest, the deepest, and the most enduring of pleasures". He agreed with Mark Pattison in seeing the main purpose of a university not as instruction but as study, and for that reason he was against teaching professorships.

The vocational view of education is popularly connected with scientific studies. Vaughan, on the other hand, saw science as a discipline for the mind at least equal to the discipline of a dead language. He believed that it was possible to re[illegible] a lost educational unity by com[illegible] ing science and the humanities [illegible] one grand scheme of liberal edu[illegible] tion. His attitude towards [illegible] branches of knowledge was a[illegible] quiring and progressive one; i[illegible] tory, for instance, "he sought ra[illegible] to understand the past than to j[illegible] it", believing that historical st[illegible] should be concerned not so m[illegible] with events or personalities as [illegible] the laws which govern society.

Mr Bill gives a commendably [illegible] account of Vaughan's ideas [illegible] opinion; the man himself, how[illegible] remains in shadow, a baffling, [illegible] tradictory character. Physic[illegible] striking "with a sort of wild O[illegible] pian character to his head"; [illegible] later years Leslie Stephen was [illegible] scribe him as "this strange, [illegible] willed, proud recluse, absorbed [illegible] his futile studies, barely sane in [illegible] direction". Here is more tha[illegible] hint of a lack of mental bala[illegible] Vaughan's failure was not merely [illegible] personal tragedy; it was a tra[illegible] for Oxford, even perhaps for [illegible] lish education as a whole.

A community's conventions

DERMAN CHRISTOPHERSON :

The University at Work

233pp. SCM Press for the University Teachers' Group. £3.

The University at Work is a worthy successor to Walter Moberly's *The Crisis in the University* written about a quarter of a century ago. Just as Sir Walter's book arose out of varied pamphlets issued by the SCM Press, Dr Christopherson's arises from a group of booklets emanating from the University Teachers' Group. Sir Walter and Dr Christopherson have both been Chairman of the University Grants Committee; both are Christians.

There is not a great deal that is specifically Christian about *The University at Work*. Although the universities are rooted in a civilization given part of its distinctive character by Christianity, there is nothing much a Christian may say about them as a Christian which differs from what anyone else might say. Christianity is compatible with a wide range of views on education, though it is no doubt proper for a Christian to write what Dr Christopherson calls an "appreciation" of millenarianism amongst students. What he has provided is a piece of Wisdom Literature with some asides on student eschatology.

There is something rather pleasant about a Gamaliel or a Solomon coming to judgment and sagely appreciating the millenarians—even if they for their part do not appreciate being appreciated. They want to turn the world upside down; their opponents would like to offer them a taste of the appropriate martyrdom; but the chairman of the University Grants Committee can see that in a wider and longer view they have a valuable contribution to make. He is critical, of course: "I have not observed that those whose circumstances of life have enabled them to be the least constrained by social and institutional pressures turn out to be nearest to my conception of the ideal." Quite so. And: "The malady of being young is one from which everyone recovers soon enough and if a man has accepted the creed that no one over thirty is to be trusted the appropriate attitude for him to take up when he passes that age himself is far from evident." Indeed.

Christianity is not surprising in an engineer; sociology is. Yet there is a considerable appreciation of sociology in these pages, as for example in the chapter on community. In Dr Christopherson's view community requires that at least some elements are received in common; these elements are provided not necessarily by high culture but by some shared basis of communication. Community rests on communication and on an idea transcending itself, such as the notion of shared property, or of living according to "nature". A community requires continuity, so change is slow; it engenders conventions and some division of status and function; it thrives on actual or supposed external hostility.

A university is a comm[illegible] because it absorbs more than a [illegible] of a man's being: it is a way of [illegible] an experiment in cooperative liv[illegible] an exercise in collective respo[illegible] bility. To be free in such a comm[illegible] ity is to utilize creatively its ag[illegible] conventions. Is the commu[illegible] destroyed by incipient class war[illegible] between students, teachers and [illegible] ministration? No, says Dr Chri[illegible] pherson, because there are [illegible] overlaps between these divis[illegible] and an appropriate degree of par[illegible] pation according to role. Pater[illegible] ism may be out, but fatherly co[illegible] is in vociferous demand. The [illegible] lying bond of community is [illegible] loyalty to the university father[illegible] an agreement to test and ques[illegible] all conventional wisdoms. [illegible] there lies the difficulty: how [illegible] one have a community questio[illegible] its own *raison d'être*?

This is only the gist of a s[illegible] chapter. Dr Christopherson disc[illegible] structures, degrees of particip[illegible] types of autonomy, the rationale [illegible] scope of discipline, the profes[illegible] situation of academics, the [illegible] system, changes in curricula [illegible] tells us how the system ac[illegible] works. And so on. Where is the [illegible] dom of the wise? It is in this [illegible] book.

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R. D. COATES :

Teachers' Unions and Interest Group Politics.

138pp. Cambridge University Press. £2.90 (paperback, £1.30).

TYRRELL BURGESS (Editor) :

Planning for Higher Education

185pp.

The Shape of Higher Education

235pp.

Cornmarket Press. £2.50 each.

Though the teachers' unions are among the most important and influential in the country, they have been comparatively little studied because they fall within the category of white-collar unions and are not as interesting to professional students of labour relations as the unions representing manual workers. Also teachers are in some respects a professional interest group concerned with the administration of the education service rather as doctors are concerned with the administration of the National Health Service. Teachers are represented on education committees and their organizations are consulted about all aspects of education, and in particular about the professional aspects of classroom teaching.

Teachers' Unions and Interest Group Politics is welcome because it illuminates an important part of the educational system and describes the ways teachers bring pressures to bear on it.

The book is a mixture of educational history and applied sociology, attempting to explain the impact of the teachers' unions on policy in terms of formal reasoning. R. D. Coates begins with an account of the structure of the education service and of the influence of teachers on Parliament, on the Department of Education and on local authorities, and also of their wider attempt to draw public support. This effort has been much more substantial than is generally realized, but even so it has had its limitations. In recent years the teachers' unions, and in particular the National Union of Teachers, have become more militant and have taken such steps as joining the Trades Union Congress. At the same time, power in the education system has moved upwards from local authorities to the Department of Education and Science, and inwards at Westminster and Whitehall away from other centres towards the department. This has meant that the teachers have had to concentrate their efforts chiefly on the civil servants in the department, and Dr Coates points out that in recent times the links between individual civil servants and individual teachers' leaders have been strong and close. But he denies that this change in the context in which the teachers' organizations have operated has brought about the changes in the structure of the teachers' unions; rather he sees the demands by the membership for a more active policy and substantial changes in the nature of the leadership as being more significant.

The two books by Tyrrell Burgess are reprinted articles which [illegible] appeared in the journal *Higher Edu[illegible] cation Review*. The first, on pla[illegible] ning, concerns itself chiefly wi[illegible] problems in economics, dealing wi[illegible] the questions of manpower forec[illegible] ing, then the tiresome (and [illegible] largely outdated) question of [illegible] rate of return, and lastly with [illegible] of finance and administration. [illegible] second book is concerned with [illegible] shape of higher education, and [illegible] with the balance between sectors [illegible] the question of whether or not [illegible] should be a unified higher educ[illegible] system or a binary system, the [illegible] form of the curriculum, the probl[illegible] of teacher training, and the probl[illegible] of running and planning colleges [illegible] universities. Both collections are [illegible] faced by characteristically [illegible] articles by Mr Burgess, who w[illegible] formerly on the staff of *The Ti[illegible] Educational Supplement*, but has [illegible] some time been professionally [illegible] cerned with the study of higher e[illegible] cation at the London School [illegible] Economics and now at the North E[illegible] London Polytechnic.

In *The Future of the Sixth For[illegible]* (88pp. Routledge and Kegan Pa[illegible] £1.50), A. D. C. Peterson argues [illegible] gently for a pilot scheme to try [illegible] a broader curriculum for the sixt[illegible] form—a modified version of [illegible] schemes which have now been rej[illegible] ted for Q and F examinations. He [illegible] plodes some myths about the [illegible] stages in secondary schools, and [illegible] for an education which relates to [illegible] sixth-former's environment and [illegible] ches him "knowing how" as well [illegible] "knowing that".

[T]aming the wild

[illegible] GREENWAY :

[illegible] Last Frontier
[illegible] of Cultural Imperatives in [illegible] Last Frontiers of America and [illegible]ralia

[illegible] Davis-Poynter. £3.50.

[illegible] fact gone or distorted, under[illegible] and the whole purpose of [illegible] ship vanish", we read in this [illegible] ited but exasperating book. [illegible] John Greenway is referring [illegible] his favourite abstract bogy[illegible] the professional humanitarians [illegible] his words describe precisely [illegible] is wrong with *The Last Frontier*.

[illegible] author is professor of anthro[illegible] of the University of Colorado [illegible] the jacket informs us, "a folk[illegible] of repute with nine long-play[illegible] albums to his name. This book [illegible] result of twenty-five years of [illegible], with five field expeditions [illegible] Australia, two of which lasted [illegible] than a year." The basic idea [illegible] to be to compare historically [illegible] nineteenth-century and twentieth[illegible] frontiers of settlement of [illegible] countries, a worthwhile enter[illegible] Admittedly it has already been [illegible] published, succinctly, by H. C. [illegible] in *Bush and Backwoods*, but [illegible] much to be said for an Ame[illegible] scholar re-opening the inquiry. [illegible] two countries certainly have [illegible] in common than is likely to [illegible] a jaundiced English eye, and [illegible] only an American could re[illegible], as Professor Greenway does, [illegible] closely present-day Australia [illegible] its past imperfect America.

It is hard to believe he has [illegible] twenty-five years researching [illegible]. There are too many gaps [illegible] reading. For example, Geoffrey Blainey's *The Rush that Never Ended* is listed in the bibliography (though the author has been rechristened "William"), but not his equally pertinent *The Tyranny of Distance*. J. M. Powell's *The Public Lands of Australia Felix* (1970), which sets Victorian land policy after the gold-rushes in the context of American homestead ideology, is likewise inexplicably missing. So are numerous important theses and journal articles. And though he grasps triumphantly at every celebrated American from Herbert Hoover down who ever visited the Antipodes, he curiously ignores some of the most interesting—Henry George, for example. Even his rubbishing of F. J. Turner is both extravagant and less than well-informed, and he seems oblivious of Louis Hartz's "fragmentation theory" of colonial culture.

As for the glosses, how can one take seriously a commentator who apparently believes, for instance, that the family of J. C. Williamson "controls absolutely all stage entertainment in Australia" and that "in Sydney . . . the small businesses have been appropriated [by immigrants] to nearly the entire exclusion of the born Australian"? These are only samples of writing which, if refreshingly unacademic, is also depressingly naive and reckless. To describe Arthur Calwell (whose American family origins escape him) as "the agrarian reformer" is plain daft; to epitomize H. V. Evatt as "foaled out of Maitland coal by Communism" is a distortion and smear of almost McCarthyite dimensions. Even the simplest facts are not checked: hence we are assured that "all of the Australian servicemen in both wars were volunteers"!

A further difficulty is the author's palpable inability to make up his mind whether he is addressing an American, Australian or English audience. As a result, a good deal of what he writes is bound to be incoherent to all three groups. But the most serious defect is the confusion about what exactly *is* the theme. "Cultural imperatives" are never adequately defined, though it seems that, if Professor Greenway had visited Australia with Trollope, he would have agreed that the extinction of the Aborigines was inevitable. But if he seriously intended to trace the positive American impact on Australian culture—a fascinating issue—he has botched it, partly through ignorance, and partly because he does not measure it against British influences. We are told so often of the profound American contribution to Australian history—he seems convinced it is Australia's "manifest destiny" to join the United States—that it is almost disconcerting to learn in passing that Australia has also been "close" to Britain. It is symptomatic of this imbalance, as well of his undisciplined research, that Prosper de Mestre is introduced as an American settler in Australia rather than as Queen Victoria's illegitimate half-brother.

Still, it is stimulating, rumbustious stuff. What he says about the relationship of American and Australian folk songs, for example, is interesting, even if he leans heavily here on Russel Ward and—as usual—overlooks a valuable source, Ian Turner's unique study of Australian children's play rhymes. But in the end one cannot help wondering whether he is a better folk singer than he is historian.

[E]xport philistines

[illegible] MARIN LA MESLÉE :

[illegible] Australia 1883

[illegible] and edited by Russel [illegible]

[illegible] Heinemann. £4.

[illegible] second half of the nineteenth [illegible] some important people in [illegible] and North America let off [illegible] by taking a side-swipe at [illegible]. Engels dismissed them [illegible] people who might build a mud [illegible] would never create a Paris [illegible]. Trollope found them to [illegible] boasters (he called it [illegible]"), materialists and drun[illegible] Mark Twain and Beatrice Webb found them very backward, and very insolent.

Thanks to the lively interest in Australian history stimulated in the schools and the universities since the Second World War, scholars and publishers have been searching for texts to give a new slant on the colonial period in our history—the last vestiges of which the Whitlam Government is at long last determined to destroy. Russel Ward, who made a considerable reputation with his own work on *The Australian Legend*, has now put the student and serious reading public in debt again by translating and editing Edmond Marin La Meslée's window on the Australian scene in the period between 1876 and 1880.

La Meslée was born in France in 1852, served in the French navy, and also the army. In the latter capacity he took part in the disaster at Sedan, six years after which he arrived in Melbourne in 1876. The book he wrote was an account of what he saw and did in eastern Australia during the next four years. He travelled overland from Melbourne to Sydney partly by rail and partly by coach. He married an Australian woman in Sydney, and was drowned in Sydney harbour in 1893.

In many ways what he saw was very much the same as what Trollope and Froude saw. He saw the vulgarity which was aggravated by the materialism of the colonials. Rather like Trollope and Froude, he did not pause to ask why this should be so or whether it was a passing phase in the history of a society.

The explanation for colonial materialism lay in the past. It lay in the main in the baggage train which the migrants brought with them from the Mother Country. These men and women had accepted the promise held out to them in the migration propaganda in mid-century that in the Australian colonies they could enjoy a "belly-full" without a full-blown civilization. Indeed they were warned that men who herded with possums and savages in the bush of Australia must not expect to find a Covent Garden or a British Museum or a National Gallery. The Australian colonies became the victims of a caricature of British philistinism. They epitomized both its puritanical, prudish morality, and its crude identification of material well-being with happiness. La Meslée and his fellow European anthropologists had a high old time describing and deploring the symptoms of the disease without pausing to trace it back to its source.

Like his fellow observers he also noticed the paradox of a society in which drunkenness flourished side by side with wowserism. He was not driven to ask, as Trollope was not driven to ask, why it was that some Australians drowned themselves in drink, while others busied themselves trying to make it more difficult for men to pour drink down their gullets. La Meslée, as a Frenchman, believed that wine with dinner was of the very essence of civilization. He was appalled to be told at Mittagong railway refreshment room, in the late 1870s, that he could have tea, coffee, lemonade, ginger-beer or boiling water with his sausages and mash, but not wine. Australians for generations took that for granted, as though it were part of things that came from eternity and would never change. La Meslée and others took it as evidence that colonials were not all that far removed from the savages they had almost driven off the face of Australia.

La Meslée noticed many other things about Australian behaviour which either intrigued or dismayed him. He noticed that Australians often deserted their girls for the superior attractions of athletic games, horses, races and cricket. But here again he did not bother to throw open the window on the past to find where Australian men became paradoxically the greatest believers in the Pauline version of the duty of a wife to a husband, and at the same time insisted that their women should be as pure as the Madonna. The past contains the key to why past generations in this country both enslaved their women folk and put them on a pedestal, why they exploited "them" by day, and made them into a "mother Machree" at night.

All in all La Meslée opens up the questions that matter in the history of the country, in the long agonized story of why the Australians are as they are. In this context Russel Ward has done well to resurrect him, and let Australians see what they were like before the Second World War began to liberate them from their colonial past.

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Viewpoint

BY W. J. WEATHERBY

MANY OLD reporters resemble old boxers. They both retire punch drunk, boxers from too many blows to the head, reporters from too many public speeches assaulting (and insulting) their intelligence. You can see the breakdown coming when they begin to show signs of claustrophobia, arising from their seats in obvious distress and making for the exit soon after the start of a public speech. You find them later in bars pretending to be healthily drunk on liquor whereas they are really punch drunk from too many bombardments of clichés over the years. The brain can sieve only so much garbage before becoming hopelessly clogged. *Enough is enough*, memory seems to complain, resurrecting thousands of public meetings, committee discussions, television press conferences, hearings in court, with the words running into billions, crushing one's faith in mankind's ability to use language to say *anything* in a reasonably brief, honest, and modest way . . . and thus providing an excuse for listening no more.

Call it hopeless cynicism if you like, but perhaps if you had spent five days a week in a magistrate's court, every Wednesday at a city council meeting, listened innumerable times to innumerable councillors, mayors, Members of Parliament, Cabinet Ministers, Prime Ministers, Senators, Ambassadors, Presidents—you name them—then perhaps you, too, would no longer be able to sit through any public speech longer than a few direct, frank, simple sentences.

At one time I believed—a last illusion—that journalists, so often the victims of other people's ego trips, would not commit the same rhetorical errors at their own meetings. I attended a few meetings, and that illusion went the way of all the others. Why then, as an editor, did I go to a publishers' meeting recently at the New York Public Library expecting some concrete results? Have I more faith in publishers than journalists when it comes to public oratory? The answer is No. The meeting was organized by a small group of editors, agents, and other publishing people who have been discussing how to improve the industry. I was sceptical some time ago when New York publishing workers formed a Publishers-for-Peace group, convinced that it was comparatively easy to be liberal about faraway Vietnam, for by that time you were one of millions. What was needed was some reform where one could be effective—in one's own job. So when the group announced some public meetings to try to do just that, I felt I had to master my claustrophobia sufficiently to attend.

The New York Public Library, with its lofty ceilings and acres of corridors, is a comparatively easy place for anyone with claustrophobia, and the gatherings were spread out through the ground floor, which resembles more a cathedral than a library. The turnout of people was impressive proof of the interest in reform among publishing people, but unfortunately the meetings had been organized in such a way that, unless you were one of the first comers, you had to stand at the back of a crowd and catch about one word in ten from people you could not see. When I was listening to a fragmented baritone on what Books", a woman behind me suddenly recognized the voice. "Why", she snarled, "it's that bastard", and she turned round and stamped away. Someone said she had been fired by the owner of the voice.

Her explosion certainly was refreshing. The usual form when someone is fired is for him or her to bury their feelings behind smiles in case they need a reference later for another job. I remember an editor-in-chief told me complacently: "They didn't seem to mind at all. They even smiled." He should have heard what was said behind his back. He was a good fighter for peace, too. This kind of action in publishing might be called adding to the pollution and, if you go in for it, please don't publish any books on ecology: at least be an honest bastard.

I passed a Famous Novelist who walked to the meeting he was to address like someone expecting to be lynched. I was too far away to hear enough of what he said to understand him, but two assistant editors on the front row informed me afterwards that he had made a happy, contented speech to the effect that he had nothing to complain about in his treatment by publishers. "A bestseller like him naturally has no complaints", one of the assistant editors remarked bitterly. The Famous Novelist had spoken out about Vietnam, and I suppose she felt he might have used his prestige as a bestseller to speak out against some of publishing's vices, in favour of some of his less lucky fellow authors. Some of the other speakers were said to be less flattering, but I could hear only a meaningless mosaic of what they said.

The selection of speakers seemed strangely tolerant, for several represented the views which the organizing group was most critical of and merely repeated their standard attitudes well known to everybody. This tended to make the whole gathering as conventional and predictable as say, the National Book Awards, and was certainly bad for claustrophobia. Edging towards the exit, I watched the contact makers shaking hands through the crowd and smiling. Oh, that smile. It reminded me of what Malcolm Cowley once wrote to William Faulkner: "In publishing circles your name is mud. They are all convinced your books won't ever sell, and it's a pity, isn't it? they say, with a sort of pleased look on their faces." That pleased look is still with us. I watched a young author playing the contact game, brushing off people he thought could not help him: one wanted to warn him that this was a first step to destroying his talent, but what was the point? He and his editor exchanged pleased looks and went off to ambush the Famous Novelist.

I felt that the real radical editor was not here but at home working through the contents of a bulging briefcase, reading a first novel, editing a manuscript line by line with loving care (an editorial skill almost lost). For the truth about the publishing industry is that there is a limit to group activities: the real courage must be shown not at public meetings but in one's own company where one's job is at stake. One left the library meeting depressed by a gathering so symbolic of what ails the industry as a whole. The manuscripts near the exit arose like an oasis—or a mirage. Here were pages of *Victory*, the kind of great love story almost impossible to write in these Freud-sodden times. To hear some New York editors talk condescendingly of their authors, you might think writing books was easy compared to editing them, but Conrad was lucky in having a great editor—a modest craftsman with a sense of proportion. Would publishers have been willing to nurse Conrad today until he found his audience? Would his editor have had to fight many bloody battles for him against accountants and salesmen? "A work that aspires, however humbly, to the condition of art should carry its justification in every line. . . ." It still sounds noble, but does it also begin to seem depressingly old-fashioned in this period of bright, slick non-books? There was no answer back at the meetings, only chaos.

* * *

How many times over the years have heroes bitten the dust? Reporters—like valets—have to go too close. If they are foolish, they become mesmerized by power and see themselves as part of the power game, almost as ex-officio members of the Cabinet (this is a particular failing of White House reporters). If they are over-sensitive, they begin to believe that there is no one left in public life who is not a phoney. I was delighted recently to find myself still capable of disappointment.

I have always been an admirer of John Ford the film director, not only for his films (which have a novelist's consistency and point of view) but also for his non-conformity. One of my favourite stories describes his put-down of witch-hunting Cecil B. DeMille at a public meeting, and I have never dared to check it for fear of finding it was not true. When I read that there was to be a Hollywood tribute to Ford on television, I not only arranged to watch it myself, claustrophobia or no claustrophobia, but I persuaded a Black poet to do so against his better judgment. "Man", he said, "Ford's only a white man who has had it easy in Hollywood." I told my Cecil B. DeMille story, referred to Ford's championing of Indians when it was not fashionable (when they were out of work, they would call him, and he would go and make a movie to provide jobs), and I enthused about the rhythm of such movies as *She Wore a Yellow Ribbon*.

I regretted my enthusiasm as soon as the programme began. The clichés filled the air like locusts. The empty tributes might have been about anyone. Ford was made to seem like just another Hollywood Rotarian type. Ford the nonconformist was overwhelmed by the presence of President and Mrs Nixon, the first time a president had attended such a private Hollywood gathering, he said with obvious pride. Mr Nixon enthused about Ford and Hollywood, the greatest film industry in the world, and he praised the positive view of the country Hollywood conveyed to the rest of the world. Close your eyes and he might have been a Russian or Chinese politician praising the hacks for their "positive" views—their easy propaganda. Democracy, like art, has to do with truth, however negative, however "disloyal", and it is nonconformists like John Ford who have taught us this. But the meeting in tribute to him seemed to [...] claim the opposite. "Man" [...] the Black poet, "What did I [...] you?" It was a bad night [...] claustrophobia. No more meeti[...] ever again.

* * *

We will be judged not by ou[r ...] but by the quality of our [...] life. Perhaps we have r[...] a desperate time when [...] events should be reviewe[d] ruthlessly as the work of a[...] to try to raise their stand[ards]. Why should actors be ass[...] by critics while politicians [are] treated with respect and even [...]ence? Why not review a presi[dential] press conference with the [same] frankness as a new book? "Th[e ...] part of the novel is hope[lessly] padded, an anthology of clichés." "The President gave an em[pty,] poorly written address, loaded [with] generalization and untruths." In the Watergate investigation [...] many of President Nixon's [...] have not wished to see evidenc[e un]covered that might link him d[irectly] to the crime, fearing that it [would] harm the office of the Presi[dency]. But American institutions wi[ll sur]vive not by saving their face [but if] they can stand the truth. [Public] relations techniques are try[ing to] make the truth—reality—[...]ant. "This great mayor of [...]" how many times has one sat th[rough] such back-scratching speeches? [God] and the Flag are two other [...] for public speakers of presi[dential] calibre: all that we have [...] for and established is corrup[ted by] meaningless cliché. How refr[eshing] to hear of someone who turn[ed down] a presidential invitation to [...] because his home is in Mi[...] and he regards a journey [to the] White House in Washington [as] "too far to go to eat with stra[ngers]". Not a Daniel come to ju[dgment,] merely a man saying what he [thinks] without first of all estimat[ing its] effects in profit and loss co[lumns].

In New York nowadays, it is [com]mon to see confrontations be[tween] Blacks and Whites. A young [...] recently asked an older Bl[ack the] way to Grand Central Statio[n. The] older man brushed by h[im and] walked on. I began to giv[e direc]tions, but the young Black s[aid:] "I didn't ask you, Whitey."

I was angry at the time, [and] delivered a prepared speech [...] exasperated tourist, telling [him how] fed up I was by the rude[ness of] Americans. Being taken [for an] American rather than a Br[itisher] bewildered him, and he gave [me] more abuse. But part of m[e sym]pathized with his hostility. [He was] at least expressing what he [felt,] which is better than expr[essing] what one thinks one ought [to—] the fault of White liberals [in the] 1960s—which explains why so [many] of them gave up after a short [...].

It is our duty not to tilt at w[ind]mills but to recognize the lies [of pub]lic life and try not to contri[bute to] them. Vietnam then will look [after] itself. Turning to home, this [...] publishers should not peddle [lies in] the form of books, however [profit]able they may be. At present [...] all of them do it. There is a [long] way to go before one can [...] submit oneself to a public spe[ech] or open a book—and know th[at one] is going to be addressed as a c[ivilized] adult, that one is, in effect, [...] be respected.

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[W]ITH THE PUBLICATION of Volume [Th]ree, Norman Del Mar's [Ri]chard Strauss is confirmed [as the m]onumental achievement it [promise]d to be when the first [volume] appeared in 1962. Mr Del [Mar is] to be congratulated on his [persever]ance, and his publishers on [their s]ense of commitment, which [has ma]de possible this extension to [what was o]riginally planned in two vol[umes]. Without this, much valuable [material] presumably collected while [Mr Del] Mar was engaged on Volume [Two wo]uld have had to be jetti[soned] or squeezed, uncomfortably, [into Vo]lume Two.

[As thin]gs have turned out, an [admirable] balance is achieved: [Volume O]ne deals with the years [from the] composer's birth (1864) to [Der Rose]nkavalier (1912), discuss[ing the] early orchestral and cham[ber mu]sic, the tone-poems and the [operas] *Guntram*, *Feuersnot*, [*Salome*] and *Elektra*. Volume Two [covers] the years 1912 to 1933 (the [year] of *Arabella*), taking in the [two] versions, *Die Frau ohne* [*Schatten*], the ballets and much inci[dental] music. Volume Three contin[ues to] Strauss's death in 1949, [taking] in the last five operas, the [late in]strumental music, all the [songs f]rom early youth to the *Vier* [*letzte*] *Lieder*, and concluding with [ap]pendixes of works deter[...]

NORMAN DEL MAR:

Richard Strauss
A Critical Commentary on his Life and Works

Volume III

552pp. Barrie and Jenkins. £7.

In his preface to Volume One, Mr Del Mar writes:

> It will not, I feel sure, go unnoticed that the subtitle is not strictly accurate and that the book so far [but this equally goes for the other volumes] is considerably more of a critical survey of the works than it is of Strauss's life. There is, of course, a wide discrepancy between the uneventful professional life of this big, conceited man—taciturn to the point of brusqueness, wrapped up solely in his card-playing and his music—and the wide adventurous Romanticism of his artistry.

Mr Del Mar need not have apologized. Not only, as Hans Keller once remarked, have "the great composers been much less, but done much more than the public wishes to believe", but biographies of creative artists are ten a penny: even with the most sober of them, their authors are prone to seek reward for years of painstaking, boring [...] that are mostly psychologically untenable and serve only to create a spurious circumstantial interest in the layman, often to the detriment of his appreciation of the works of art themselves. Besides, in the case of Strauss we have many studies of the life, of his correspondence, and even of such largely irrelevant subjects as his involvement with the Nazis (the aspect of this which is relevant to his music is very fairly presented in Mr Del Mar's third volume).

No, Mr Del Mar's approach is the only one to produce musical results: he concentrates on the works, bringing in the life only when there is incontrovertible evidence of an external stimulus. He is thus in a position to point to the marginal link between the tragic tone of the *Metamorphosen* and the destruction through bombing of the Munich Nationaltheater, which affected Strauss deeply; but also to admit the lack of such parallelism in the case of *Symphonie für Bläser*—subtitled "Cheerful workshop"—and the collapse of Germany and arrival of American soldiers at Strauss's home in Garmisch.

What interests Mr Del Mar much more than biography is the cultural history of Strauss's age, and of German literature in particular, not only during Strauss's long life, but going back, as he must, to Klopstock, Schiller and Goethe as well as on German writing by the literature of antiquity and that of Romance languages. With a composer who was inspired by the word in most of his instrumental works, and set words to music in his fifteen operas and 200 lieder, this is a formidable undertaking.

Deploying a well-nigh encyclopedic knowledge, Mr Del Mar acquits himself brilliantly of his task of disentangling and re-assembling the numerous strands that make up the backcloth of poetry and philosophy which Strauss, while not always understanding every intricacy, yet needed as a constant reference map for his composing.

Mr Del Mar's cunning method of ceaselessly switching between this background and the actual composition bears best results in his discussion of the operas, where he starts with a historical sketch of the subject and its sources, goes on to describe the "collaboration" (a euphemism more often than not) between Strauss and his librettist, and then analyses the opera act by act, scene by scene, with copious music examples, while reserving for himself the right to turn from motivic and thematic analysis to textual analysis, or to a point of stagecraft, or orchestration, as the occasion may arise.

In the course of this, not only do the lesser-known operas become extremely inviting, but one discovers new things about the well-known ones. Instructive as these analyses are, yet one wonders if Mr Del Mar could not have found the space (he certainly has the ability) for a fundamental investigation of Strauss's harmonic idiom and musical syntax and their development demonstrated with the help of some 100 music examples drawn from, say, two symphonic poems, two middle-period operas, one late opera and one late-period instrumental work. Admittedly, this would have added 100 pages to the book, but fifty of these could have been gained by curtailing the discussion of juvenilia, which are treated with touching conscientiousness, though at too great length.

In his essay on the songs, which forms a substantial part of Volume Three, Mr Del Mar shows the same sure, instinctive response and employs the same illuminating method as in the operas. In view of the fact that a song lasting three minutes has to be a fully characterized eventful musical entity, whereas not every three-minute stretch of an opera can, or even should be that, Mr Del Mar rightly takes more space here, and makes more of individual details. Although here again harmonic graphs, complete with functional notation, of the best-constructed songs or an intervallic graph on the lines of Schoenberg's analysis of Brahms's opus 121 no 3 would not have come amiss, those harmonic or structural features on which Mr Del Mar does alight are unfailingly of great importance; as, for instance, the subtle use made by Strauss of the cadential 6/4 chord in "Wasserrose", "Morgen" and others; the varying purpose of his chains of thirds and sixths; the melodic parallel between "Freundliche Vision" and "Traum durch die Dämmerung". And, of course, Mr Del Mar's comparisons between certain songs and certain passages from Strauss's operas, precedent, contemporaneous or subsequent to them, are highly instructive in that they enlarge by implication upon Strauss's well-known habit of improvising operatic fragments between the numbers of the song recitals he accompanied.

Four very small niggles in this context: the dark journey of "Spätboot" (opus 56 no 3) was certainly intended by Conrad Ferdinand Meyer to remind us of Charon's boat, as was amply proved in an essay of 1952 by the Swiss literary critic Emil Staiger; but it is not, in its brooding seriousness, a "windswept" journey; "The elaborate dedication [of *Des Knaben Wunderhorn*] was to none other than Goethe himself who, despite the liberties the authors had taken with their material, expressed his delight with the work . . ."—it was exactly those liberties which endeared the collection to Goethe and to all the composers who set these quasi-folk verses. If Brahms had seen the original of "In stiller Nacht" he would not have used it; Wolf's treatment of Goethe's "Erschaffen und Beleben" cannot conceivably be called "march-like"—it is lumbering or galumphing—hilariously so; in the course of an excellent exposition of Goethe's *West-östlicher Divan*, Mr Del Mar renders

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Book". It is, of course, "The Tavern Book", as is clear from its bibulous preoccupations.

This is, however, the only lapse in translation which the reviewer could find in all three volumes. Mr Del Mar has insufficient space to translate the song-texts, let alone scenes from the operas, but he does, often in a footnote, translate the gist of an operatic conversation or the punch-line of a poem—renderings that are exemplary in their unforced aptness. He also illuminates obscure passages in some of the poems, to the certain gratitude of all Strauss singers and their coaches, who are supposed to know everything but usually don't. One is grateful to him for telling us that "Bjelbogs Spoer", occurring in "An die Nacht" (opus 68 no 1), refers to the god of heavenly light in Czech mythology, and harks back to Brentano's romantic drama "Die Gründung Prags". It is also good to know that the puzzling text of "Der Stern" (opus 69 no 1) by the aristocratic Prussian Achim von Arnim celebrates the appearance in 1811 of the great comet which was hailed by the people as an encouraging omen in the fight against Napoleon.

On the thorny subject of original keys in lieder, Mr Del Mar quite rightly criticizes Universal Edition for publishing "all the songs of Op. 10, 19, 21, 26, 27, 29, 32, 36, and 37 thrown together into a meaningless jumble in four books and for high, medium and low voice—without even stating the original keys". Yet this is also done in the popular Peters editions of Schubert, Schumann and Brahms, although there the original keys are indicated. Naturally the recent Complete Edition of all Strauss lieder, where they are ordered according to opus number, is preferable for it gives ocular proof of key sequences and cyclic arrangements—a point admirably brought out by Mr Del Mar in his discussion of successive songs. But the Complete Edition is expensive, and its volumes so big that one would not dare use them for a performance. The best solution is still to use Universal Edition et alia, after due comparison with the Complete Edition.

Although he makes a valid point here, perhaps Mr Del Mar is a little too severe on the "virtually unlimited tonal juggling" to which lieder are subjected "in order to bring them into the repertoire of every and any singer regardless of vocal range and character". After all, not only did Strauss (as did Mahler) sanction the performance of "male" texts by female singers, but as Mr Del Mar himself informs us, Strauss was quite capable of opportunism in this matter, as when he transposed two of his opus 15 songs a tone down for publication because he had found a contralto ready to perform them. Moreover, even in Strauss's own concerts with his wife, Pauline de Ahna, songs belonging to different sets were juxtaposed to form "effective" groups. It is really all a question of fittingness: on the concert platform, more liberties with keys and groupings may be taken, while on a record or on the radio Strauss's original intentions may be revived with a didactic effect.

Yet these are minor quibbles. Taken as a whole, Mr Del Mar's chapter on the songs is as worthy of his discussion of Strauss's symphonic poems and operas. He makes strong pleas on behalf of some neglected songs, such as the Brentano settings, opus 68, the late Rückert settings for high baritone, Goethe's "Das Rosenband" and Weinheber's "Blick von oberen Belvedere". If these and other recommendations are followed by singers and promoters the latter will have contributed to an appreciation of Strauss. Indeed, the three volumes of this magnificent book should be studied by all lovers of late-romantic music, amateurs and professionals alike.

To the Editor

The Dark Lady

Sir,—I agree with most of the letter from Wilson Knight (May 11)—all but the end, where he deduces that the man addressed in the Sonnets cannot have been Southampton. People who try to solve historical puzzles (such as "Mr. W. H.") tend to assume that they must have been set fairly, as in an exam, and have proper answers; but the publisher would not feel any such duty, because he was trying to keep out of trouble. He wanted to set us guessing, and we are still at it. However, he seems to have been willing to allow a glimmer of the answer, to amuse people already in the know, as by giving the right initials in the wrong order: if ever came to an accusation, he could deny that convincingly enough. He would have been amused to hear that the initials stood for the third husband of Southampton's mother, but he can hardly have enjoyed this mild pleasure, as the word "beger" could not then carry the meaning which was later proposed for it.

The Sonnets addressed to a patron are almost necessarily for Southampton, the only person Shakespeare dedicated poems to, and many of the details fit in; but this theory is easier to believe if combined with a reflection made some time ago by Professor Wilson Knight, that Shakespeare may well have written sonnets to someone else, as much as fifteen years later, which got added in at the middle of the collection for the unauthorized printing. Sonnet 126, for instance; if he did write that to the patron, surely he must have been painfully deluded.

As to the main topic, it still seems very probable that Emilia Lanier was the Dark Lady, even if the text does not say that she was once brown; and that her husband was a William; because she fits at so many points.

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Sir,—Professor Wilson Knight has still not noticed the simple and obvious fact that Mr. W. H. is the publisher, Thomas Thorpe, and the dedicatee, *and not Shakespeare's young man at all*. It is impossible to dispute that he is Thorpe Mr W. H. That is all.

A. L. ROWSE.
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Sir,—I do not think that Wilson Knight can be familiar with my article, entitled "William Hervey And Shakespeare's Sonnets" that appeared in *Shakespeare Survey 21* (1968). I there pointed out that the Dedication to the Sonnets, in the original, has no punctuation; or rather a superfluity, since each word is followed by a full-stop. This means that *any* punctuated version is necessarily an emendation, and that if the Dedication can be punctuated (as it can) in two different ways, then each is of equal validity until further evidence, such as common-sense, logic and valid word-meanings, can be brought to bear.

My version places a full-stop at the end of the second line:

TO THE ONLIE BEGETTER OF
THESE INSVING SONNETS.

The meaning then becomes this, that *Mr. W. H.* is dedicating the volume to the *onlie begetter*, who is, of course, Shakespeare. The remainder of the Dedication then becomes a tribute by *Mr. W. H.* to the *well-wishing adventurer*, in modern English word order and syntax the passage would read:

Mr W. H. wishes all happiness and that eternity promised by our ever-living poet to the well-wishing adventurer on the occasion of his own departure.

The three words that have bedevilled commentators are *begetter, adventurer* and *setting-forth*, and I would point out that my version requires no strained meanings and no inventions, either. *Begetter* means (and meant then) no more than *he who begets or creates*. The first and obvious candidate for this role is Shakespeare, and he is almost the last that editors have thought of. *Setting-forth* does not, did not, and please God never will, mean "publishing". What it did mean was a departure, a journey. To suggest, as Wilson Knight does, that *adventurer* had something to do with boldness is quite incorrect. An *adventurer* in Elizabethan times was an investor; a shareholder in a risky venture. More precisely, he was someone who had a financial interest in a voyage, and this is by far the most usual context in which the word appears.

William Hervey—the Countess of Southampton's third husband—was, as I demonstrated in my article, two years younger than Shakespeare. Furthermore he was throughout his life engaged in matters concerning the sea. He distinguished himself against the Armada in 1588; was present at the Madre de Dios was taken in 1592, was taken prisoner on more disastrous voyages in 1590 and 1594, was present at the taking of Cadiz in 1596, and so on throughout his life, ending as an admiral and Navy Commissioner and as Baron Hervey of Kidbrook. Perhaps even more importantly, he was the executor of the Countess's will when she died in 1607, and if she was the person who collected the Sonnets, as I believe she was, then it was thus that they passed into Hervey's hands.

In 1609 an expedition to Virginia and the Somers Islands set sail within a matter of days after the known publication of the Sonnets. My own conclusion is that Shakespeare was a shareholder or *adventurer* in Hervey's voyage and had sent Hervey his own good wishes for success. He was thus the *well-wishing adventurer* of the Dedication. But Hervey had in his possession the bundle of Sonnets found among the Countess's papers, and to these added several poems in his own possession. These he handed to Thorpe, the publisher, before setting sail, together with the obligatory letter of dedication. This letter (which may or may not have been penned in the form by which we now know it) gracefully turned the compliment which Shakespeare himself had paid to Hervey. Now, the *happiness* and *eternitie* promised by Shakespeare are wished back upon him.

Lest there be misunderstanding, I should explain my position. Hervey is *Mr. W. H.* and a number of the Sonnets are in him. But a number, also, are to Henry Wriothesley, the 3rd Earl of Southampton. And the so-called Dark Lady poems are to the Countess of Southampton herself, the young Earl's mother. For the greatest of all problems in the Sonnet controversy, and one that has never yet been asked, is this: How did poems so apparently diverse as those to the Young Man, the Rival and the Dark Lady all appear in a single collection? And what about the Rival Poet, too?

Somewhere or other there must be a unifying factor. This factor, I suggest, is the Countess, who as a patron of the arts at Titchfield would naturally collect those poems written to her son and herself and who, later, would retain those poems written to her or to Hervey after their marriage. After her death Hervey saw a reason for publication and took the opportunity to add a few Sonnets received more recently.

Of Dr Rowse's recent contribution to the controversy I can say only this: that he was born some thousands of years too late. Such dexterity at making bricks without straw would have been of more use in Egypt; unless, of course, he had retained his present practice of dropping them.

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The Foreign Field

Sir,—The reviewer of Ginsberg's *The Fall of America* (April 27) compares the opening of one poem ("up up and away I've're off, thru America") to a song from *The Wizard of Oz*. The nostalgic American, of course, recognizes these as the words of Superman, heard daily by millions of radio-bred kids during the 1940s—a formula recited before every self-propelled flight. Apparently the allusion affects the poet's countrymen in a vastly different way than his English readers. The lines are not to be sung, but proclaimed!

R. F. HARDIN.
Department of English, University of Kansas, Lawrence, Kansas, USA.

Karl Helfferich

Sir,—I was naturally pleased that the *TLS* was able to give my book *Karl Helfferich* such full consideration (January 19). I was also gratified that your reviewer found so much of interest in my book, and that our differences over interpretative matters seem relatively minor. I would, however, like to take up two particular errors among those against which your reviewer warns potential readers in one paragraph of his review.

First, your reviewer says: "It is a little annoying to see the author referring to the diplomat and Foreign Minister Rosen consistently as Rosenberg." Your reviewer's slip puzzled me, because it is clear from context that only Rosenberg can have been meant. Rosenberg first appears as a principal in the Baghdad Railway negotiations in Berlin in 1913 and 1914, when Rosen was in Tokyo as German chargé and chargé d'affaires. Rosenberg next appears as Foreign Minister in the Cuno government of 1922-23. Rosen was Foreign Minister during the first Wirth government of 1921. Still, I do plead guilty to having spelt Rosenberg's first name "Friedrich" rather than "Frédéric", as is correct.

Second, I am alleged to have confused Alfred with Arthur Zimmermann, I believe on the ground that Arthur Zimmermann was in the Far East when Helfferich first entered the Foreign Office in 1902. But as Arthur Z. transferred to the regular foreign service from the consular service in 1902 (and not in 1904, as your reviewer states), there seems no good reason to doubt Helfferich's later statement of 1921 that their friendship dated from the days in 1902 when they had been *stündige Bettfreibeiter* together (see material cited page 239/n2). Still, having said this much, I remain somewhat puzzled about why the reviewer assumes that I (or Helfferich) meant Alfred when I said Arthur.

JOHN G. WILLIAMSON.
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❦ Our reviewer writes:—I apologize for saying that Mr Williamson mixed up Rosen and Rosenberg. Two different points (the Christian-name business and the missing names of Rosenberg; on pages 386 and 387) merged in my mind when I wrote the

The Pureloy Letters

provide a unique and fascinating picture of life in provincial England in the 18th century. A gentry family by lineage and inclination the Pureloys lived, worked in and dominated the parish of Sidlesham in Buckinghamshire.

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The Pureloy Letters will be published at £3.50 on 24 May.

Sidgwick & Jackson

9 Tavistock Chambers, Bloomsbury Way, London, WC1

T. S. Eliot and 'The Waste Land'

Sir,—May I reply to R. T. Prince's interesting letter (May 11)?

I put before Pound several passages from Blake, including that suggested by Professor Prince, in case he might have had at least one in mind. But he dismissed them: "It was a general, not a specific comment."

Pound could not remember what he had meant by "Marianne". I offered Tennyson and Miss Moore for his consideration, while I sought the name and "spectathe" in history, art, and literature. In a wild moment I wondered if he had confused Jane Austen's novel and thought it was Marianne Dashwood who had "learnt to love a hyacinth". Exactly he denied that "it might be Marianne."

The James allusion was deleted from my notes because Pound said it was "obvious". What I regret omitting, under the impression that it was known, is a reference linking the man ("bats" in the received text) who crept "head downward down a wall" (page 112) with the scene in *Dracula* where the Count crawls in a similar way.

Although Pound was unable to volunteer information, it seemed to assist his memory if possible interpretations were put forward. There was not only the intervening period to contend with, but also an emotional block caused by his anguish that he had ever criticized Eliot. "He should have ignored me. Why didn't he restore some of the cancelled passages when Liveright wanted more pages?"

VALERIE ELIOT.
Faber & Faber Ltd, 3 Queen Square, London WC1N 3AU.

Sir,—Many of your readers must have shared my astonishment at Craig Raine's reading of *The Waste Land* as a "Buddhist" poem (May 4). There would seem to be no limit to the eccentricities of interpretation to which the search for a "new thing" can lead. The article in question sets out to show that "it is a poem about ennui because it is a Buddhist poem about reincarnation" and concludes in effect that it is a Buddhist poem because it is about ennui and about reincarnation. It must however be pointed out that one can experience ennui without believing (or even disbelieving) in reincarnation without being a Buddhist, and that a preoccupation with either or both of these concepts does not make a writer a Buddhist nor his work a Buddhist poem. Eliot may have "seriously considered becoming a Buddhist" as Stephen Spender has testified, but he did not do so in fact; and in its context Spender's comment that "a Buddhist is as immanent in *The Waste Land* as a Christian" must mean simply that the poem is no more Christian than it is Buddhist: a proposition with which I am in full agreement.

Mr Raine quotes, from Bernard Bergonzi, Eliot's reference to his Sanskrit studies at Harvard under Charles Lanman and James Haughton Woods. Had he traced this passage to its source (in *After Strange Gods*), he would have found that Eliot added:

> I came to the conclusion that my only hope of really penetrating to the heart of that mystery [i.e. what the Indian philosophers were after?] would lie in forgetting how to think and feel as an American or a European; which for practical as well as sentimental reasons I did not wish to do.

This difficulty must have been as real at the time of composing *The Waste Land* as it had been some years earlier at Harvard. Mr Raine misquotes another saying of Eliot's which he gleaned from Bergonzi: the statement that his "own poetry shows the influence of Indian thought and mysticism" should read: "... of Indian thought and sensibility", and presumably refers to poetic rather than religious sensibility, since it immediately follows the comment: "I read a little poetry too". (*In* Indian poetry as well as Indian philosophy). It occurs in Eliot's 1946 broadcast on *The Unity of European Culture*, reprinted as an appendix to *Notes towards the Definition of Culture*.

Your contributor seems to have a somewhat hazy notion of what Buddhists, whether Theravada or Mahayana, believe, and in particular of where their beliefs differ from Hinduism. Indeed one is left with an uneasy suspicion that he imagines Prajapati to have been a Buddhist and regards the Bhagavad Gita as the Upanishads as Buddhist. Maybe there is a Hindu "humour" here too, and anyone who thinks so may exercise worth while might find great fun exhuming him.

Mr Raine advises us to resist the temptation to "discover Buddhism like oil, everywhere"; but of the same he evidently feels that Dante, Ovid, Baudelaire, Conrad, Joyce—to say nothing of Dante Gabriel or Arnaut Daniel—were all Buddhists at heart. Would it not be more sensible, and more in accordance with the facts, to conclude that the only thing about *The Waste Land* that is distinctively Buddhist is the reference to the Fire Sermon? To do this of course is not "a new way to say": it has been commonplace knowledge even to the least informed for half a century since the poem itself pointed it out in his notes.

JAYANTA PADMANABHAN
3 Walton Well Road, Oxford.

VAT

Sir,—I am one of the editors of the Proceedings of the Bertrand Russell Memorial Logic Conference, which is soon to be published. We do not include in the volume the letter to Russell's autobiography, but our publishers, George Allen & Unwin Ltd, readily gave us permission to print for a small fee. I have now been told that Value Added Tax is payable on this permission fee, because the sum of money involved is very small; in the case of a monology it would be much larger. The Chancellor of the Exchequer, I suppose, will be asked to remove what is in effect a tax on books.

ALAN SLOMSON
School of Mathematics, University of Leeds, Leeds LS2 9JT.

Dorothea's Husbands

Sir,—I wish to propose a new source, or analogue, for Dorothea's husbands, in *Middlemarch*, *perfectly*.

"There can be no disparity of age in marriage, like unsuitability of purpose." Annie Stroud's question haunts David Copperfield, recalled by him particularly in the sequence (Chapter 48) in which he resolves to "form Dora's mind". The mind was already formed, in the dictum about marriage. Dora, of course, in its generally equivalent number of unhappy marriages, had no special felicity at least on Dorothea's predicament. David Copperfield's marriage, which immediately follows, has particular parallel in David's marriage in her novel: it was for me to adapt myself to it, to bear on my own shoulders what must, and he still happily calls, or rather anticipates, the 81 of *Middlemarch*: "I accepted his narrowed life, his resignation. He had married a fragile creature [Rosamond] and had taken the burden of it upon his arms. He was able to carry it, carrying that burden gaily."

The imagery of carrying the burden and bearing on one's shoulders is hackneyed enough for this allusion to seem no more than coincidence, but there are other parallels. David, like Lydgate, is a professional man, with ambitions to creative quality, and "that is what he would have been if he had had a better for me [as David says of his wife] could have helped me to be, and shared the many things in which I had no partner." Dorothea's this might have been, if she had been differently educated, this might occur in either case.

The students I had were well read in English literature but would at the outset totally misunderstand the African writer and misjudge his work. This was not surprising because the standards of literary criticism do not exist in some Platonic realm outside literature. The standards by which African literature is to be understood issue from that literature itself, a concern for critical skills cannot be divorced from the study of one's cultural heritage. It is merely Mr McLoughlin's ethnocentricity that leads him to believe that the criteria of English literature are the criteria of literature as such. No self-respecting English critic would feel qualified to judge ancient Chinese literature without further study.

Those African students who prefer their own literature are by no means being merely nationalistic, for their own literature includes very great works: it was not for nothing that André Breton said of Aimé Césaire that he mastered the French language as no French man living could. To *prefer* one's own great writers to those of other continents is the *just* thing to do especially in a context where their greatness is being denied but more often ignored.

O. A. LADIMEJI.
Clare College, Cambridge.

'The Fall of America'

Sir,—The reviewer of Ginsberg's *The Fall of America* (April 27) compares the opening of one poem ("up up and away I've're off, thru America") to a song from *The Wizard of Oz*. The nostalgic American, of course, recognizes these as the words of Superman, heard daily by millions of radio-bred kids during the 1940s—a formula recited before every self-propelled flight. Apparently the allusion affects the poet's countrymen in a vastly different way than his English readers. The lines are not to be sung, but proclaimed!

R. F. HARDIN.
Department of English, University of Kansas, Lawrence, Kansas, USA.

Aid in Africa

Sir,—Tom McLoughlin's letter with some astonishment. Someone who engages in literary criticism, and has dissertations on African subjects, is qualified to make

Commentary

The Oxford Professorship of Poetry election promised to be an unusually dull affair, even by its own exacting standards, until the dramatic, last-hour entry of John Jones into what *The Sunday Times* excitably called the election "race". Up to this point it appeared that Stephen Spender would trot comfortably home, after some token jostling in the early furlongs from John Wain, leaving the five outsiders—Da. McNabb, a bard of the Oxonian countryside, Hugh Sykes Davies, a Cambridge man who is reputedly in it "strictly for laughs" (whose? one wonders), Nigel Frith, self-billed as "the New Renaissance candidate" and champion of the revived hexameter as well as transcendental-meditationalist readings of Wordsworth, George McAllister, the distinguished caretaker of Oxford County Hall, and Francis Warner—milling and rearing at the starting-posts. At the last election, more or less a landslide for Roy Fuller, the outsiders fared grotesquely: Caradog Prichard's vote-tally corresponded exactly to the number of occupied seats in the coach he had laid on for his supporters, and Alan Bold, deserted even by his nominators, clocked up no votes whatever. The present election looked like being still more of a one-horse race, what with no glamorously subversive figure, no Yevtushenko, to contribute spunk to the proceedings. What's more, no one seemed to care.

When Commentary visited Oxford last weekend the city appeared to regard the election with a quite brutal apathy. The several academics available for comment genially pointed out that they had no comments available. Resident poets threw up their hands and shook their heads. *TLS* contributors shied away with apologetic smiles. Undismayed, Commentary haunted various student venues—the libraries, the common-rooms, the pubs. When challenged with the question, "What do you think of the Oxford Poetry election?", the standard undergrad retort was: "What election's that?" To make sure that the indifference was shared by the townsfolk, and also out of mounting desperation, we took to the streets. Truck-drivers shook their heads despondently; a police officer declined to commit himself (assuring us that this was not an idiosyncratic stance but one shared by the force); Commentary retreated from a group of sunbathers, insulted, gestured at Traffic-wardens, porters and college scouts were equally blasé.

But now, with Mr Jones's entry, the issue threatens to become a real one. A certain undergraduate remarked that there could be only two reasonable criteria of preference: either the candidate was felt to be so distinguished a poet that his remarks on poetry would have an intrinsic interest (Mr Spender, conceivably) or, regardless of poetic merit, he was known to be able to talk about poetry interestingly (Mr Wain, perhaps). These categories overlap surprisingly little; as is well known, the *Preface to the Lyrical Ballads* is a fascinating document but as a piece of Wordsworthian criticism no tutor would give it more than a B-plus. Although Mr Jones has recently written a novel ("a stylish work of mature intelligence", according to the *TLS*), he has not, so far as we know, written any poetry. His stature as a critic, however, is beyond question, and his criticism is marked not only by its wit and stylishness but by the intensity of its response to poetry—as in his *John Keats's Dream of Truth*, arguably the most stimulating book on Keats we have. The undergraduate feeling (or what there is of it) appears to be that while Mr Wain has probably got five lectures' worth in him, Mr Spender has already said most of what he has to say. One hopes that Mr Jones's late arrival on the scene will make them sit up.

* * *

"We have here, very certainly, a greater assortment of nursery rhyme and nonsense books than it has hitherto been felt prudent to expose in one place at one time." Thus Iona and Peter Opie, in the introduction to the catalogue of their exhibition "Three Centuries of Nursery Rhymes and Poetry for Children", which opened at the National Book League for a fortnight from yesterday (including the Spring Holiday). This is a more than modest declaration about a display which takes us through 300 years of changing taste and fashion in that area of children's literature to which the Opies have brought a uniquely distinguished and stimulating scholarship. The last comparable exhibition was mounted for the Festival of Britain in 1951, and the present one represents a much larger selection from the Opies' huge personal store of nursery-rhyme publications, accumulated over thirty years.

Surprisingly, the recorded history of the nursery rhyme begins only in the sixteenth century, and the Opies here exhibit the first traceable quotation of a rhyme in print, in an Italian-English dictionary of 1611. Tiny printed collections of rhymes appear in the early and middle eighteenth century, at the same period as older children are first regaled with verses written especially for them as moral instruction (rare copies of Isaac Watts's, Charles Wesley's and Christopher Smart's poems for children are displayed in the "Poetry for Children" section of the exhibition). Thenceforward, the Opies chart the long, varied, and sometimes startling history of nursery rhymes in print. The books begin small and plain, perhaps embellished with "cute"; gradually achieve hand-painted, then printed, colour illustrations; grow in size and ambitiousness, faithfully reflecting in pictures the costumes and decor of a period, or dwindle again with the paper restrictions of the Second World War. Strong reminders that the adult designing for children is often indulging his own artistic temperament are present in such extraordinary items as Byam Shaw's Pre-Raphaelite "Goosey Gander" and Charles Addams's reordering of "Three Blind Mice" (at which the short-lived Nursery Rhyme Reform Society, not represented here, though some forerunners are, would have despaired . . .).

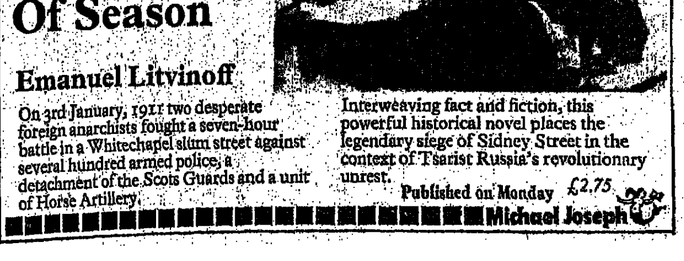
Fascinating ephemera of the kind the Opies have assembled here present, of course, a social history in themselves; happily, the exhibition is arranged chronologically so that the course of that history may be clearly seen. Almost miraculously, it has been possible to show most of the books in their original condition; the Opies' collection contains scores of items which seem somehow to have escaped even moderately strenuous handling by their owners. The entire display is organized in an unobtrusive, meticulously precise and yet unobtrusively attractive way, and the catalogue is itself a small but valuable further contribution to the bibliographical literature of the subject. The exhibition has been timed to accompany the publication yesterday of the Opies' *Oxford Book of Children's Verse*, which will be reviewed in the *TLS* Children's Books section on June 15.

* * *

Having recently taxed *Agenda* for dwelling too fondly on the minutiae of prosody (April 20), this column finds itself—initially at least—in something of a quandary. *Breakthrough Fictioneers* (360pp. Something Else Press, Inc. Paperback, $3.95), edited by Richard Kostelanetz, is an anthology of recent experimental writing, gone after gout, that is, of self-regarding whimsy, doggerel, unredeployed personal experience, whackiness, abstract rhetoric, philosophy, and mucking about with typewriters. For example: John Mello contributes a well-turned, highly-wrought shopping-list; John Furnival explores some variations on a bank-statement (zanily overdrawn, of course); José Luis Castillejo, for our amusement, has transcribed a series of consecutive dates; R. Meltzer sees what felicities can be derived from crossing out most of the words in newspaper reports—thus a mundane article about a migrant-labour housing shortage is honed down to the poignant "The migrant spring required normally existing contrast in May" (no better, is it?). And so on.

But Mr Kostelanetz's introduction to the volume is by no means 100 per cent nonsense and does set you wondering once again why experimental writing isn't any good. Mr Kostelanetz accurately points to five main subdivisions in modern experimental fiction: William Burroughs's collage or "cut-up" effects; "the minding of physically separated words and images pioneered in America by Kenneth Patchen" and other counter-cultural comix" (which we won't bother to dismiss); "the absurdity-haunted" prose of Samuel Beckett, etc; the obsessive, distorting, tricky narrations of, say, Donald Barthelme; and the ironic pseudo-scholarship of Vladimir Nabokov, among others. But compare Burroughs's *The Naked Lunch* with his opaque *Nova Express*; Beckett's *Waiting for Godot* and his minimalist home-work; Barthelme's *Dr Caligari* collection and his recent *City Life*; hotchpotch, Nabokov's *Pnin* or *Lolita* and his tediously introverted *Ada*, and we see that an increasing concern with experiment tends to produce an increasing indifference to, if not grinding contempt for, the reader.

We, along with Something Else Press, applaud originality, the attempt to extend the boundaries of fiction. However, we do not forget, first, that literature can only renew itself within its own conventions (as in *Ulysses*), and, secondly, that the attempts to extend these conventions are as old as fiction itself: the cut-up, for example—in which the wordsmith mutilates his typescript, chucks the bits up in the air, and creatively reassembles it—is only an extension of the cento technique and goes back at least as far as Virgilius Maro, who flourished in the sixth century. Nor, again, do we ask for dogged, infallible linear advance in fictional forms; but we do ask for *development* of some kind, and this Mr Kostelanetz's wads of meandering vowel-sounds simply do not give us.



In modern mood

BERNARD BERGONZI :

The Turn of a Century

222pp. Macmillan. £4.25.

The Turn of a Century is a collection of essays, all of which have previously been published in books and periodicals, either in Britain or in the United States. Such gatherings inevitably raise the question of whether reprinting is appropriate: are these essays and reviews worthy of preservation in this permanent form? The answer, in this case, is happily yes; the book has critical quality, and a wholeness, that makes it well worth having. For the past decade or so Bernard Bergonzi has been quietly establishing himself as one of the best literary historians of the modern period in England, and these essays, occasional as they are, confirm the security of his reputation.

A glance at the table of contents shows, as one would expect, that the luck of the reviewer's or the editor's draw has determined some subjects and left some large omissions. An essay on Tennyson's *Princess* was called for, so that poem is pulled rather improbably toward the twentieth century, and included; Chesterton and Belloc turned up for review; a new edition of John Gray's *Park* required an introduction. But no occasion arose for dealing with Conrad or Joyce or James or Yeats, and so the book seems at first *Hamlet* without Hamlet—or Claudius or Polonius. The great modern figures are indeed present, however, and they appear again and again as points of reference, the historical framework against which other, often lesser, figures are to be seen and understood. In the end one does have, to a surprising degree in such a volume, a sense of the period, and of what mattered in it. Mr Bergonzi claims for his book only that it has "a fair degree of continuity in subject-matter and theme"; but that is too modest. In fact the book has another, more important continuity—that which derives from an informed understanding of the period, and a defined critical point of view.

That point of view is a fairly orthodox one. Mr Bergonzi takes for granted that "what is of central importance in modern literature" is the Modern Movement—meaning Eliot, Pound, and the rest of what Wyndham Lewis called "the men of 1914"; and he dismisses revisionists like Graham Hough and Robert Conquest, who would argue for a more English modern tradition, as "counter-revolutionaries". But he is wisely aware that not everything of importance in the modern period has been Modern. He recovers Wells from the shadow of Virginia Woolf's disapproval, he separates the Chesterbelloc into its two more interesting parts, and he is fair, in a short essay, to poor Galsworthy. He can be sympathetic on the one hand to the Georgians and on the other to Wyndham Lewis, without over-praising either.

Occasionally, to be sure, literary history does need re-writing, and there the orthodox historian may disappoint us. Mr Bergonzi, for example, takes the 1890s pretty much on Holbrook Jackson's terms, and it is surely time to downgrade the Rhymers' Club and get on to more important writings of that interesting time. But perhaps it is asking too much of a critic, on such occasions as these, to dissipate the Yellowness and Naughtiness of the Nineties in one short essay.

A number of these essays were occasioned by critical books up for review, and it is not surprising that Mr Bergonzi, like most reviewers, has responded best to the best work. Thus William Pritchard's excellent study of Wyndham Lewis stimulates a judicious response, while John Harrison's thin book, *The Reactionaries*, produces a thin and not very interesting notice. On the whole, though, the essays are properly essays, the level of criticism is high, the writing easy and interesting, the historical content precisely accurate. In the emerging literary history of the modern period, the book has a place, as its author clearly does.

From glorious fragments

M. M. BADAWI :

Coleridge : Critic of Shakespeare

222pp. Cambridge University Press. £4.50.

We have every reason to be thankful for the glorious fragments of Coleridge's Shakespearean criticism; but it is as well to remember that they *are* fragments, based either on newspaper reports of his lectures, on John Payne Collier's shorthand transcripts of the 1811-12 series (taken down when Collier was twenty-two and printed by him forty-five years later, a state of affairs with which R. A. Foakes has dealt somewhat severely in his recent reprint of the original transcripts), on Crabb Robinson's terse and sometimes gruff observations in the *Diary*, and—for by far the greater part—on the chaos that H. N. Coleridge found among his uncle's papers after his death and battered into what shape he could in the *Literary Remains*.

It does not, at first sight, seem a very solid foundation on which to erect a temple, complete to the last pinnacle, but that is precisely what M. M. Badawi has attempted in this book, which is described as the first full-length study of the subject. That the book covers the ground, more than covers the ground, no one in his senses would venture to deny; it is remarkable, however, that nowhere in it is there any suggestion that what the ordinary reader values in Coleridge's Shakespearean pronouncements are not so much the vast and cloudy shapes which at intervals loom up out of the mists as the wonderful incidental phrases—Iago's motiveless malignity, the total absence in Shakespeare of benevolent butchers and sentimental rat-catchers, and so on. Furthermore, the same reader must naturally be very grateful to Coleridge for popularizing the relatively new idea that Shakespeare was not a barbarian of genius but a cool and conscious artist—a point of view which, as Wordsworth observed in 1815 (greatly to Coleridge's annoyance), we owed to the Germans, above all to August Wilhelm von Schlegel. Dr Badawi is inclined to be coy about this German influence. It may, he says, exist, but if so it does not matter. Perhaps this is true up to a point, though one doubts whether Dr Badawi would have been so offhand about it if he had looked at Chapter 14 of Norman Fruman's recent Coleridgean bombshell, *The Damaged Archangel*, in which, among many other things of the same kind, are printed in parallel columns the German text of Schlegel's central doctrine of organic form, and Coleridge's almost word-for-word translation of it.

Charles Lamb once attended with Crabb Robinson one of the 1811 lectures in which Coleridge, who had been supposed to discuss among other matters the character of Juliet's Nurse, suddenly shot off at a tangent on to the Lancaster system of education. "This", Lamb whispered to Robinson, "is not much amiss. He promised a lecture on the Nurse in *Romeo and Juliet*, and in its place he has given us one in the *manner* of the Nurse." While we would not suggest that Dr Badawi's painstaking book is at all in the garrulous vein of Juliet's nurse, we cannot help feeling that, based as it is on a PhD thesis, there is much in it of the higher garrulity which all too often accompanies such exercises. It is omniscient, it bristles with "Dryden said" and "in Gerard's opinion" and "Beattie said", and so forth, and it makes out far too elaborate a case for the coherence and completeness of this collection of superb *disjecta membra*, which (to borrow Coleridge's own phrase) gives us the sensation that we are reading Shakespeare by flashes of lightning. Besides, Dr Badawi destroys the validity of his whole construction when he remarks plaintively that it is a "baffling phenomenon in the history of criticism and ideas" that various people "representing diametrically opposite views" all "claim allegiance" to Coleridge's critical credos. So they do; and there then follow the names of these various people—Bradley, Herbert Read, I. A. Richards, J. S. Mill, and Cardinal Newman.

John Betjeman

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John Lehmann, CBE, President,
The Royal Literary Fund (Dept. A),
11 Ludgate Hill,
London, EC4

Photo : Mark Gerson

Interventionists

LOUIS CAZAMIAN :

The Social Novel in England 1830-1850

Translated by Martin Fido

369pp. Routledge and Kegan Paul. £4.

Louis Cazamian's *Le Roman social en Angleterre* was first published in 1903 and, although regarded ever since as the standard survey of early Victorian social-problem fiction, has never before been translated into English. It now seems clear that the respect traditionally given to *The Social Novel in England* owes more to the fact that it had, and in one sense still has, no competitors in this particular field rather than to any lasting value it possesses as a work of literary history (though no doubt generations of English scholars plodding through the original have contributed much to its reputation).

Cazamian's thesis is that early Victorian England saw a conflict between two opposing social philosophies. On the one hand "individualism", represented by utilitarians and laisser-faire economists, and on the other "interventionism", inspired by Carlyle and supported by advocates of greater state control and democratic representation. Individualism—"as cold-blooded as it was abstract"—reached a peak around 1830, and provoked a reaction by a group of writers whose work can now be seen to epitomize "the emotional tone and generous idealism of the age". Cazamian explores the ways in which this conflict is reflected in fiction, with Bulwer Lytton and Harriet Martineau representing individualism, and Dickens, Disraeli, Mrs Gaskell and Kingsley heading the "idealist and interventionist reaction".

Cazamian is concerned mainly with the interventionists, but he is careful never to treat them merely as members of a clearly defined school of thought. What they share is a distrust of abstract individualism and a faith in the novel as an effective medium for the portrayal of social ills. In both their social analysis and their suggestions for reform these four novelists differ greatly. Dickens's interventionism is confused in its aims and rarely extends beyond a vaguely defined humanitarian concern; Mrs Gaskell's Christian interventionism gives to her novels an air of "cautious didacticism"; Disraeli's social Toryism makes him the very model of a "reactionary interventionist"; while Kingsley becomes the hero of this kind of approach because his novels are the most informative and definite in their social aims.

Had *Le Roman social en Angleterre* appeared in English seventy years ago, it could be acc[illegible] what it so obviously is—a p[illegible] study which took the Victo[illegible] seriously at a time when [illegible] was a more common respo[illegible] its importance in this re[illegible] mains. But what is [illegible] Cazamian's thesis has long [illegible] absorbed into the main[illegible] Victorian studies and it is [illegible] to see what purpose the [illegible] translation serves.

Cazamian's historical [illegible] dated and his isolation of the [illegible] Victorian period a mislead[illegible] simplification. Few students [illegible] nineteenth century today [illegible] believe, for example, that "[illegible] prosperity, intellectual [illegible] enthusiastic or resigned [illegible] of inevitable democracy—in [illegible] peaceful progress—was the [illegible] ter of England between [illegible] about 1880". Even for a [illegible] minded student of Victorian [illegible] ture wanting some background [illegible] ledge, there are many [illegible] studies more reliable and [illegible] than the present book.

And this is equally true [illegible] mian's discussion of the nove[illegible] Dickens, Disraeli, Mrs Gas[illegible] Kingsley have still not been [illegible] collectively by modern schol[illegible] have individually often been [illegible] with much greater penetra[illegible] understanding. Cazamian's [illegible] ment of Dickens is [illegible] inadequate ("*The Chimes* [illegible] ten in 1844 and has all the [illegible] of Dickens's mature genius"[illegible] estimate of Mrs Gaskell is [illegible] he seriously over-values Disr[illegible] Kingsley. Nor does his [illegible] method help. Descriptive ra[illegible] analytical, it allows a [illegible] amount of space to do [illegible] than outline the plots of [illegible] novels—fourteen pages for [illegible] *Locke*, nine for the much [illegible] "Chimes".

In a brief foreword, M[illegible] shows himself to be fully [illegible] the weaknesses of *The S*[illegible] *in England*. After catalo[illegible] book's limitations, he de[illegible] heartedly that it is "well w[illegible] printing" as a pioneering [illegible] before finally committing h[illegible] the belief that, "in fact it re[illegible] work of great importance"[illegible] half-hearted judgment is the [illegible] the two, and had it been [illegible] a guiding principle there [illegible] and more useful, emphasi[illegible] have been given to this [illegible] A discussion of Cazamian's [illegible] tion to the study of English [illegible] would have made a relevant [illegible] come introduction, and the [illegible] graphy (reprinted inexplic[illegible] the 1903 original) could [illegible] brought up to date. But [illegible] something drastic would [illegible] to be done to Cazamian's [illegible] logy. There must be [illegible] fundamentally wrong with a [illegible] this kind which once trans[illegible] requires a glossary.

Byron's best

T. G. STEFFAN, E. STEFFAN and W. W. PRATT (Editors) :

Lord Byron : Don Juan

752pp. Penguin. Paperback, £1.50.

Goethe thought *Don Juan* "a work of boundless genius"; Wordsworth shrank from it as an "infamous publication"; Hazlitt shrewdly judged it "a poem written about itself"; Carlyle described it as "the only thing approaching to a *sincere* work" that Byron ever produced; and Swinburne found it "as honest as the sunlight, as frank as the sea-wind". It still retains its power to delight and to provoke. Is any other of our really long poems so often read through from beginning to end by people with no ulterior motive for doing so?

Byron could assume in his readers a fair acquaintance with many matters that have ceased to be common knowledge. We are separated by more than a century and a half from the world in which he set his story. Branches of learning generally valued in that world—biblical, Greek, and Roman history, for example—have become the concern of specialists. Though a lack of annotation seems never to have deterred readers of *Don Juan*, annotation can now greatly [illegible] experience of most of them[illegible]

The fourth and last vo[illegible] Variorum *Don Juan* of [illegible] supplied what was needed [illegible] earlier volumes first pre[illegible] complete textual variants [illegible] order of composition. A [illegible] tion appeared in 1971 [illegible] now joins the original edit[illegible] Steffan and W. W. Pratt, to [illegible] material as fully available as [illegible] in a single volume.

Since the new edition is [illegible] non-specialists, the spelling [illegible] punctuation of the text have [illegible] tactfully adjusted to modern [illegible] The text incorporates a few [illegible] which distinguish it subst[illegible] from its predecessors. Th[illegible] editors could include in their [illegible] only a selection of the [illegible] variants, they illustrate very [illegible] process of revision as carried [illegible] Byron. Their notes contain [illegible] tation from his literary sources [illegible] in 1957, but much more expl[illegible] of allusions that might [illegible] expert readers: boxing wi[illegible] muffle, for instance, a dry [illegible] Sawney's violin. The general [illegible] given all that can serve him [illegible] the Variorum *Don Juan*, [illegible] with a good deal that was not [illegible] there, can now enter more com[illegible] than ever into possession of [illegible] masterpiece.

Now and Zen today

[illegible] C. C. CHANG :

[illegible] Buddhist Teaching of Totality [illegible] Philosophy of Hwa Yen [illegible]

[illegible] Allen and Unwin. £3.95.

[illegible] SATO :

[illegible] Zen Life

[illegible]graphs by Sosei Kuzunishi

[illegible] by Ryojun Victoria.

[illegible] including 101 plates. New [illegible] Weatherhill. Distributed by [illegible] £2.50.

[illegible] KAPLEAU with PATERSON [illegible] (Editors) :

[illegible] Wheel of Death

[illegible] Allen and Unwin. £2.50 [illegible]back, 95p).

[illegible] seems to be no limit to the [illegible] of a not easily defined public [illegible] on Zen. This is the odder in [illegible] self-respecting Zen master [illegible] condescend to attempt to define [illegible] ineffable experience of Satori [illegible] words—which seems sensible [illegible] since the experience *is* by all [illegible] ineffable, which is simply [illegible] way of saying it cannot be [illegible] words. When they do emerge [illegible] the lofty heights of contemplation [illegible] words are at last coaxed out [illegible] the result is usually that in [illegible] the "non-ego" in man [illegible] with the whole universe—[illegible] conception long ago enunciated [illegible] in the West.

[illegible] Zen Buddhism is and remains firmly rooted in the main[illegible] of Mahayana Buddhism as it [illegible] in China in its action and [illegible] with the native Taoism. [illegible] more and more texts of the [illegible] version of Mahayana [illegible] have appeared in translation [illegible] recent times. Any serious student of Mahayana must be grateful for these. But it would be a great mistake to think that a new abundance of material will do anything to increase his understanding of this most abstruse of all philosophies. It may make matters even worse since the purpose of Mahayana philosophy appears to be to *prove* the unintelligibility of what it understands by reality: its aim is to nullify the validity of any form of discursive reasoning. Any reader who does not understand this will be well advised to steer clear of Garma Chang's book, where the "inadequacy of thoughts and concepts as a means of approaching 'Sunyata'" is repeatedly emphasized.

The "teaching of totality" which is the subject of Professor Chang's book, is based on the Hwa Yen school of Chinese Mahayana, itself based on the Sanskrit *Avatamsaka Sutra*, the Chinese version of which runs to eighty volumes!

To summarize the quintessence of all this is the task Professor Chang set himself. The point of the book seems to be to show how the "holism" of Hwa Yen corrects and complements the apparent negativity of the Madhyamaka school of "Emptiness" and the more positive "Mind only" school of the Yogacarins. As a result "we can clearly see that the principle of mutual identity is essentially a state of non-differentiation and all-inclusiveness realized by the merging of all antithetical entities, such as being and not-being, samsara and Nivana [*sic*], the conditioned and unconditioned dharmas, and so forth". In other words, once the intellectual fog has become impenetrable, enlightenment will break through. That is the optimistic theory of it at least. Zen is the theory put into practice, and Koji Sato's and Sosei Kuzunishi's little book is about the day-to-day life as lived by Zen monks in Japan, Mr Kuzunishi supplying the excellent photographs and Mr Sato the text.

To judge from the photographs which constitute the bulk of the book, as well as from the text, life in a Zen monastery seems to be even more meticulously organized than that of our own Benedictines. There seems to be little room for the glorious spontaneity so widely advertised by the late Daisetz Suzuki and Alan Watts. The book is avowedly popular and clearly orientated to the American general public—hence the curious chapter on "Monks and Drinking". Despite the Buddha's explicit prohibition of intoxicants Mr Sato is at pains to point out that quite a lot of recent Zen masters have not been averse to a little private tippling now and again. However, the book's value lies in the photographs, not in the rather silly text.

And then there is Philip Kapleau, an American convert to Zen telling us how to die. His earlier book *The Three Pillars of Zen* was interesting mainly for its case histories of Zen enlightenment. In *The Wheel of Death* he tells us how Zen masters (and others, including Socrates who has a serene dignity that many of the others lack) have faced death (and, of course, rebirth which he takes for granted). Little of all this is comforting or edifying. As for Mr Kapleau's homily to the dying, you will need to be a very advanced adept in Neo-Zen to derive much comfort from these concluding words:

> Hear then the great dha-ra-ni,
> the ra-diant, peer-less man-tra,
> the Praj-na Pa-ra-mi-ta,
> whose words al-lay all pain,
> Taught by High-est Wis-dom,
> true be-yond all doubt,
> Hear and know its truth:
>
> Ga-te ga-te
> par-a-ga-te
> par-a-sam-ga-te
> bod-hi, sva-há!

[illegible] God's future

[illegible]ART PANNENBERG :

[illegible]stles' Creed

[illegible] by Margaret Kohl

[illegible]CM Press. £1.95.

[illegible] Temple frequently used to [illegible] "I don't believe in the Creeds; [illegible] in God." How far is such a [illegible] valid? How is faith re[illegible] "the faith", as meaning the [illegible] of Christian beliefs? Faith is [illegible] widely understood as existential [illegible] and commitment—believing in [illegible] Lord Jesus Christ, not primarily [illegible] things about him—and no [illegible] that may be a liberating [illegible] But surely there is no [illegible] distinction. Personal trust [illegible] person is bound up with at least [illegible] factual information which is [illegible] to justify that trust. Could we [illegible] ourselves for life and death [illegible] of whom we knew virtually [illegible]? It seems as though belief [illegible] Christ implies and is bound [illegible] believing the fundamental [illegible] affirmations, such as are [illegible] in the Creeds. The Creeds [illegible] declarations of faith, but they [illegible] declare that that faith has a [illegible] content, and profess belief in [illegible] of certain statements.

[illegible] today setting out to write [illegible] as a declaration of faith for [illegible] worship, would do it quite [illegible] form that has come down to [illegible] There is constant demand for [illegible] and rewriting. But that [illegible] have to be done every twenty [illegible] and what standard of reference [illegible] would remain to us? The [illegible] are not meant to be down-to-[illegible] theology; they are meant to be [illegible]; they are symbols. In [illegible] classic form they are signs of [illegible] continuity of Christian faith and [illegible] in history, through all [illegible] changes in outward circum[illegible] and constantly shifting [illegible] of thought. But how far [illegible] the twentieth-century Christian [illegible] himself with the credal [illegible]?

[illegible] this collection of impressive [illegible] Wolfhart Pannenberg ex[illegible] and interprets the Apostles' [illegible] "in the light of today's [illegible]". First of all, we must [illegible] what it meant to those who originally recited it, and then ask what it may mean for the modern Christian "in the context of the problems and convictions of the present-day understanding of reality". Everything must start from the Lord Himself, and the author holds that his message of the Kingdom was, without qualification, eschatological. Indeed, the central theme of the whole book—and some readers will certainly find it hard to take—is that "the world's Creator is its future". Therefore its meaning is held in "God's future" or the End-time, realized already and revealed in Jesus, through his resurrection and exaltation as Lord, yet to be fulfilled in a redeemed creation.

Here we have no diluted Christianity made palatable for the mass-media, but what the author presents as the thing itself, in its challenging, pristine strangeness and distinctiveness. Yet all the way it is closely related to the everyday thinking of twentieth-century men, and to Chrstian life in a pluralist society.

So, proceeding clause by clause through the Creed, we are given a compendium of theology in the high style of post-Barthian dogmatics. It is, of course, far more solid fare than most of the popular manuals of doctrine; but it is intended for the general reader. It may not take all of us all the way along with it, but it makes us think. This is an important book.

All Paul's?

J. C. O'NEILL :

The Recovery of Paul's Letter to the Galatians

87pp. SPCK. £2.60.

J. C. O'Neill now applies to Galatians, hitherto regarded as one of the most likely of all the Pauline epistles to be genuine, the scissors that he has already applied to I John (*The Puzzle of I John*). He detects in Galatians, as it stands, a number of "obscurities, contradictions, improbable remarks, and *non sequiturs*", which can scarcely be attributed to St Paul. Nor, in his opinion, can they be attributed to any other single author, writing later under St Paul's name. But much of the Epistle is indubitably St Paul's. Consequently, the obscurities, contradictions, and the rest, are to be accounted for by supposing that the original was glossed, interpolated, and adapted by subsequent scribes and interpreters, in order to make St Paul speak more directly to the changed and changing circumstances of their own, later, day.

No one will wish to deny the possibility of such an hypothesis. The original epistles of Ignatius, for example, as Dr O'Neill points out, suffered a very similar fate to that which he proposes for the original of Galatians. The essential difference here, however, is that, whereas both "long" and "short" recensions of the Ignatian epistles are still extant, and are thus available for comparison, of Galatians only a single (presumed) "long" recension survives.

The questions, therefore, that naturally arise are: (1) are the "obscurities, contradictions, improbable remarks, and *non sequiturs*" in Galatians really so considerable that St Paul cannot by any stretch of the imagination be thought to have perpetrated them, even if he were writing (in fact dictating) in a highly disturbed emotional state; and (2) even if it be granted that Galatians, as it stands, is a glossed and interpolated document, how is it possible to arrive at any satisfactory objective criteria, by which the glosses and interpolations can be identified? And it is the second of these questions which is the more pressing.

C of E sick

TREVOR BEESON :

The Church of England in Crisis

194pp. Davis-Poynter. £2.50.

Those familiar with the structure and workings of the Church of England will find that Trevor Beeson's book adds little to their knowledge. Most of it is a recital of well-known facts, repetition of material from such sources as the Paul Report (on clergy deployment) and the Morley Report (on clergy appointments), and general historical material on developments in the Church during this century. For those who know little about the affairs of the Church, it will be a useful, probably the most useful guide. There have been similar accounts—by David Edwards, Guy Mayfield and Paul Ferris among others—which have attempted the same kind of operation, but this book is more satisfactory because it assumes very little ecclesiastical knowledge.

The style is journalistic—Mr Beeson was formerly editor of *New Christian*—and the author does not come out with his own ideas until the end of the book. The chapters deal with the social and class structure of the Church, with property, with the statistics of decline, with deployment of manpower and pastoral reorganization, with liturgy, establishment, synods and finance. All this is a useful accumulation of material.

Yet Mr Beeson usually does little more than recite facts, and drop hints without following them through. Thus we are told that "the Church of England's crisis has a deep psychological content, and this, rather than theological inadequacy, posits the greatest threat to the recovery of its well-being", and that "lack of vision and sensitivity is a more serious problem for the Church of England today than administrative inefficiency". Neither of these highly questionable suggestions is followed up. It could equally be argued that theological inadequacy is, in fact, crucial to the present crisis, and that there is a lot of vision and sensitivity which turns to lethargy and disillusionment because of the bureaucratic machine.

Again, it is rightly pointed out that

> the number of church leaders who can operate effectively at any of these points of intersection [i e, between church and society] remains small . . . the church leaders who have any real grasp of the way in which a technologically dominated society functions and coheres can be counted on the fingers of one hand.

But at that point that facet of the crisis is left, and we are given no further guidance.

Contrary to the prediction in the blurb, it is unlikely that most devout Anglican readers will find the book "disagreeable" or "absurd". They are more likely to find it simply disappointing. The last chapter, which is about "reality and locality", does little more than refer to experimental patterns of Christian life, and call for parishes to be "centres of reflection, reconciliation, celebration and concern for the underprivileged". So this book will inform about the crisis, but not help much towards its solution.

The Fourth Lesson, edited by Christopher Campling (Book One. 367pp. Darton Longman and Todd. £3.50), is a well-chosen set of readings for every day of the year, from extra-biblical sources. The readings are planned to fit into the lectionary of the Daily Office of the Joint Liturgical Group ("Series II, Revised").

Religions of the Ancient Near East
HELMER RINGGREN £3.50
Translated by John Sturdy
This book is one of Scandinavian series of University textbooks and complements Ringgren's Israelite Religion. The three chapters on Sumerian religion, Babylonian and Assyrian religion, and West Semite (Canaanite) religion are followed by 11 pages of notes and a 2-page bibliography and index.

History of the Israelite Religion
GEORG FOHRER £4.95
Translated by David E. Green
This is a useful textbook which, built up from extensive analysis of the Old Testament, combines a full account of modern discussion with the author's own point of view. There are extensive bibliographical references.

Introduction to the Bible
JOHN H. HAYES £2.95
The author assumes no technical knowledge, and uses archaeological research and scholarly findings in this book about the life and literature of Ancient Israel, Post-Exilic Judaism, and the Christians of the New Testament period. Fully illustrated, with indexes and a bibliography arranged by subject.

This Sumptuous Church
The Story of Durham Cathedral
C. J. STRANKS 95p
An illustrated account of the building and life of Durham Cathedral from its foundation to the present day which, while not neglecting the glories of its architecture, does full justice to the many interesting people who have served it and worshipped in it.

Cranmer and the Reformation under Edward VI
C. H. SMYTH June 7 £3.50
Professor E. Gordon Rupp has written a Foreword for this edition in which he commends the book, not only for its stylistic merits as a piece of distinguished historical writing, but also for its continuing value to historians. The book deals with themes which are today still not fully explored and Canon Smyth shows greater insight into Cranmer than many more recent writers.

SPCK

Preparing the way

PHILIP POMPER:

Peter Lavrov and the Russian Revolutionary Movement

250pp. University of Chicago Press. £3.60.

When Peter Lavrov died in Paris in February 1900, his place in history seemed assured. The telegrams, letters and other signs of sympathy and admiration showed that his personality and work were both understood and appreciated by his fellow-countrymen and by foreigners. A subscription for the erection of a memorial on his grave was widely supported, and there were numerous tributes in the European press to the "friend, teacher, philosopher, revolutionist and untiring fighter for freedom, scientific thought and international socialism". Yet Philip Pomper can claim with some justification that Lavrov now is "probably the most neglected of all the major figures in the history of the Russian revolutionary movement".

This was certainly the case a few years ago. Years of deliberate neglect in the Soviet Union and lack of interest elsewhere had resulted in making Lavrov an obscure figure and almost an unknown one in the English-speaking world. Recently, however, the picture has changed considerably. In 1965 a two-volume anthology of his writings was published in the Soviet Union, and there have been some useful studies of different aspects of his career and his thought, occasionally introducing previously unpublished material, in recent Soviet writing on Populism.

In the West James P. Scanlan's edition and translation of Lavrov's *Historical Letters*, published in 1967, made his chief and most influential work available for the first time to readers of English, as well as providing, in a fine introductory essay, the most complete account so far of Lavrov's life, thought and writings. More recently Boris Sapir's two-volume study of the journal *Vpered!*, based largely on the important materials in the International Institute for Social History in Amsterdam, has given the specialist in the history of the Russian revolutionary movement a mass of new material on Lavrov's role in the émigré revolutionary journalism of the 1870s.

There has, however, been no full biography of the man and, as Dr Pomper writes in his introduction, "although Lavrov's name has long been associated with a theoretical tendency and a strategy of Russian revolutionary populism, he himself has never been presented fully as a thinker and actor in the movement". This is what Dr Pomper seeks to do. In a work which began as a doctoral dissertation but which has evidently been considerably revised and amplified in the light of recent writing and additional archival research, he traces the history of Lavrov's revolutionary career from his role as a prophet of the "preparationist strategy" of the early 1870s through his involvement in the strategic debates and innovations that marked the period from the mid-1870s to the end of the century.

The first three chapters set the scene by examining Lavrov's early career, the formulation of the philosophical bases for his later revolutionary theories in the 1850s, and his association with student rebels and radical publishing ventures in the 1860s, while the fourth chapter covers familiar ground in examining the genesis of and the arguments advanced in the *Historical Letters*. The chapters on Lavrov the émigré, however, constitute Dr Pomper's most important contribution to knowledge and make his work the most valuable study of Lavrov in any language.

The debate between the Lavrovists and Bakuninists, the story of personal feuds and intrigue which bedevilled *Vpered!*, Lavrov's concessions to Bakuninism and his eventual acceptance of terrorism as an instrument of revolution, his strong reaction to the revival of Russian liberalism in the 1890s, and his relations with Marx and the Marxists are all reconstructed with impressive skill, and Dr Pomper deals thoughtfully with the ambiguities and incongruities which complicated Lavrov's life without depriving it, he argues, of integrity. The result is a challenging and generally convincing picture of Lavrov's complex evolution, and it is a tribute to Dr Pomper's scholarship that when he deals with Lavrov's relations with Valerian Smirnov and the other members of the London commune that published *Vpered!* his account seems ultimately more satisfactory than that of Mr Sapir.

Certain gaps remain to be filled. Lavrov's relations with Stepniak and what Dr Pomper calls the "liberal Free Russia group" in London (i e, the English Society of Friends of Russian Freedom) might have been further explored, as well as the origins of the Agrarian Socialist League. A more detailed critical reappraisal of Lavrov's philosophical works than that undertaken by Dr Pomper is also needed, with a recent Soviet monograph by V. V. Bogatov providing some signposts. But this is in many ways a pioneering study. "What has been attempted in this biography", Dr Pomper concludes, "is the exploration of the dynamics of personality as well as of the ideas, events, and generations which helped to make Lavrov a unique—and in some ways uniquely lonely—figure in the revolutionary movement". In that attempt he has been remarkably successful.

The fifth wheel

S. FREDERICK STARR:

Decentralization and Self-Government in Russia, 1830-1870

386pp. Princeton University Press. London: Oxford University Press. £7.50 (paperback, £4.50).

In recent years much more attention than previously has been devoted both by Russian and by Western historians to the reforms of the institutions of the Russian Empire in the reign of Alexander II. It has generally been held that the new social and economic situation created by the Emancipation of the Serfs in 1861 forced the Tsarist government to reconstitute the decrepit system of provincial government in Russia, and the Zemstvo Act of 1864, which established new institutions for the administration of provincial and district economic affairs, has generally been viewed as a corollary of the emancipation.

It is the contention of Frederick Starr in *Decentralization and Self-Government in Russia 1830-1870* that this approach has led to "a general underestimation of the breadth and intensity of the impulse for local reform *per se*, a concern shared by gentry abolitionists, by planters who vigorously opposed emancipation, by westward-looking publicists, and by many stolid bureaucrats within the St Petersburg ministries and in the provinces". He certainly makes clear that Russians of the 1840s needed no special expertise to discern that their provinces were misgoverned, and he provides an exhaustive account both of the ideological sources of the reform and of the legislative process by which administrative decentralization and public self-government were instituted. Finally, in a concluding chapter, he examines the reasons why a third alternative — administrative concentration—ultimately prevailed, as emerging economic forces, the continuity of long-established administrative habits, and heightened pressures on the state from without and within combined to make decentralization and self-government, as preached in the late 1850s and early 1860s, unrealizable models.

The core of the book, however, is Mr Starr's analysis of the ideology of reform as it emerged in the late 1850s, and his lengthy examination of the stages in the legislative process by which decentralization and self-government were instituted. In these chapters he enables us to see the roles of individuals like Lanskoy, Miliutin, Valuyev and Korf, showing how the reform of provincial institutions was taken up at almost the same time, but independently, both by the central government and by the local public. This leads him to challenge the widespread view that self-government was a programme evolved by society and accepted by the state only under duress. Mr Starr also feels that the significance of the efforts of the central government to bridle provincial initiatives after 1864 has been exaggerated by historians of the zemstvos, and by contrast stresses the importance of constraints imposed on local authorities by the practical circumstances in which they existed, by their own heritage, and by the reforms themselves.

The work thus provides much useful information on the attitudes and institutions that defined local government in mid-nineteenth-century Russia, including some telling detail culled from archival materials in the Soviet Union. There are some surprising statements, notably Mr Starr's declaration that Russia was not engaged in any full-scale wars between the departure of Napoleon until the outbreak of the Crimean War. Of course it depends on what is meant by "full-scale", but there were two wars with Persia and Turkey in the 1820s, military offensives against the Poles in 1830-31, constant warfare in the Caucasus, and the use of troops in Hungary in 1848-49. P. V. Dolgorukov was not a serious candidate for the post of Minister of Internal Affairs, and he died not in Paris but in Geneva. N. I. Turgenev did not flee abroad after the Decembrist rising, but was in France when it occurred. But these are minor points in what is generally a painstaking and thorough study of an important area of governmental activity. It must be admitted that it does not make exciting reading, but it does tell us a great deal about the making and operation of what Lenin once referred to as "the fifth wheel on the coach of Russian state administration".

Trotting on

Leon Trotsky Speaks

333pp. £3.75 (paperback, £1.45).

The Spanish Revolution

446pp. £4.15 (paperback, £1.65).

Writings of Leon Trotsky 1932-33

365pp. £3.75 (paperback, £1.45).

Pathfinder Press.

Trotsky is a major figure as a writer no less than as a man of action. Circumstances make it unlikely that we shall have in any predictable future a complete edition of his works. But his followers in this country and the United States are making a laudable effort to keep as many as possible of them in print in English—a language in which none of them was originally written.

Of these three volumes, all issued by the Pathfinder Press in New York, *Leon Trotsky Speaks* is a somewhat miscellaneous selection of his speeches, spread over his whole career; *The Spanish Revolution* contains his articles on the revolution and civil war in Spain, ranging from 1931 to 1939; *Writings of Leon Trotsky 1932-33* is a contribution to a series designed to include all Trotsky's journalistic output during his exile. The second and third volumes contain a good deal of fugitive material of transient interest, and are for the student or disciple rather than the general reader.

Old risings

PAUL AVRICH:

Russian Rebels 1600-1800

309pp. Allen Lane, £4.50.

"When I studied Ustryalov and Karamzin, it always seemed strange to me why in their histories one does not see rural Russia, a history of the masses, the so-called simple, dark people. Must the majority remain inaudible, passive and outside of history?" These words of the nineteenth-century populist historian, A. P. Shchapov, are quoted by Paul Avrich in his study of the four great popular revolts which shook Russia in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. The answer to Shchapov's question is, of course, that the masses have not remained inaudible. Soviet historians have found the peasant rebellions of the past an especially attractive theme, applying to them the label "peasant wars", borrowed from Engels's study of the great jacquerie in sixteenth-century Germany. In the West, too, the study of spontaneous mass movements in shaping history has become fashionable, with the writing of Eric Hobsbawm, George Rudé and E. P. Thompson commanding a great deal of attention and comment.

Western writing on Russian history, however, has remained relatively unaffected by this trend. Apart from one monograph and a few articles on the Pugachev revolt, Philip Longworth's general history of the Cossacks, and a couple of articles on banditry in Muscovy, Western historical scholarship has little to offer on this theme. Paul Avrich, an American historian whose previous works have included a valuable survey of *The Russian Anarchists* and a detailed study of the Kronstadt rising of 1921, has now attempted to fill the gap and to provide a comparative account of the rebellions led by Bolotnikov, Razin, Bulavin and Pugachev, examining their nature, course and outcome, and analysing their ultimate historical significance. As he modestly says in his introduction, his work is a general history of a very complex phenomenon and makes no claim to be definitive. It is, in fact, a most useful work of synthesis, making extensive use of the works of Soviet scholars, especially of the wealth of information which they have provided on the social composition of the rebellions, but rejecting or challenging the doctrinaire approach which has marred so much Soviet [...] scholarship.

Using much illustrative [...] Professor Avrich shows [...] immensely complicated the [...] ular revolts were: "They co[...] Cossack insurrections with [...] risings, peasant jacqueries, [...] nial resistance, religious [...] tional conflict, and politica[...] trigue." Yet, as he indicates, [...] all had much in common, be[...] in each case by a Don Cossa[...] in Bolotnikov's case, by a sla[...] had run off to the Cossacks [...] line between banditry and reb[...] being exceedingly thin in each [...] being directed in each ca[...] against the Tsar but agains[...] nobility and bureaucrats, [...] ing in each case in the [...] frontier during or soon a[...] major war. All were mark[...] great brutality and savage [...] and religious and social [...] played a key part in inciting [...] bellions. They all lack[...] coherent programme and a c[...] organization and were supp[...] with great bloodshed, all the l[...] being victims of betrayal.

At the same time Pr[...] Avrich indicates the sig[...] differences, stressing the fac[...] in two of the revolts (th[...] Bolotnikov and Bulavin) the [...] ant component was small, th[...] Bulavin revolt failed to pu[...] ward a pretender or to take [...] the towns, which in the seve[...] century revolts constituted th[...] cipal rebel strongholds. His [...] of the Pugachev rebellion, the [...] and most famous of them [...] particularly impressive in exp[...] these differences. He finds t[...] ment of banditry less cons[...] stresses that the Pugachev[...] also failed to take root in the [...] where Bolotnikov and Razi[...] won their greatest suppor[...] notes the new elements in the [...] composition of the revolt.

Russian Rebels 1600-1800 [...] a solid contribution to R[...] social history and should fu[...] fessor Avrich's hope of stim[...] further research into the s[...] His bibliography, while mak[...] attempt to be exhaustive, is [...] able in covering recent hi[...] writing, although it omits a [...] collection of foreigners' acco[...] the Razin rebellion, edited by [...] Man'kov and published in L[...] grad in 1968, and R. V. Ov[...] kov's monograph on Pushkin's [...] of the Pugachev revolt, [...] appeared in 1969.

New reapings

LESLIE SYMONS:

Russian Agriculture: A Geographic Survey

348pp. Bell. £4.

As time goes on, the longevity of the Brezhnev-Kosygin regime, vexing to civilized men in view of its nastiness to dissident authors, scholars, and Jews, becomes increasingly capable of rational explanation. One of the most important successes of the regime has been the rapid progress in agriculture since 1963, seriously undermined only by the bad harvest of 1972. Leslie Symons's survey brings out well the major elements in this success, but, unfortunately, though completed in 1971, it says virtually nothing about developments after 1968, and is thus no more up to date than Erich Strauss's *Soviet Agriculture in Perspective* (reviewed in the *TLS* on April 9, 1970).

As proves to be the case in almost every economy, the advances in production turn out to be primarily the result of substantial investment. Dr Symons describes in detail the marked increase in mechanization of almost all branches of agriculture, and in rural electrification. Some of the agricultural triumphs of Brezhnev and Kosygin must ironically enough be attributed to policy decisions taken in the days of Khrushchev, who encouraged a large expansion in artificial fertilizer capacity as part of his attempt to improve the chemical industry, and turned agricultural aviation work from [...] not much more than a prop[...] gimmick into a major elem[...] agricultural life by greatly in[...] ing the use of aircraft for fer[...] application, weed control and [...] protection.

Dr Symons is much less a[...] in the historical than in the co[...] porary geography of Russia[...] culture. Prewar dates and [...] are too often inaccurately [...] The antecedents of current [...] ments are treated somewhat s[...] ficially: thus the recent rene[...] a shelter-belt scheme is repor[...] some detail, but no attempt is [...] to examine the differences a[...] semblances between these rec[...] velopments and the "Plan f[...] Transformation of Nature" d[...] after Stalin's death in 1953.

The strength of the study li[...] its detailed examination of co[...] porary land and climate, and s[...] specialization, based on a c[...] examination of the publishe[...] search of Soviet geographers a[...] Symons's own computer analy[...] regional agricultural statistics[...] surveys of regional patterns m[...] important contribution to We[...] knowledge of Soviet agricultu[...] its geographical aspects. His u[...] standing of Russian regional [...] graphy has obviously been g[...] facilitated by his periods of [...] work in various parts of the [...] Union. Here he had a rare d[...] of success: he is perhaps the [...] Western specialist who has h[...] to thank Intourist guides fo[...] ing him in his work!

Stuarts in power

[...]IN J. HAVRAN:

[...] Courtier
[...] Life of Lord Cottington.

[...] Macmillan, £3.95.

[...]ope and effectiveness of [...] biography is almost bound [...] on the survival of cor[...]dence or other private papers. [...] this is true regardless of [...] subject's intrinsic interest. [...], the different phases of [...]'s career are very often un[...] documented without regard [...] objective importance.

[...] Cottington (later created [...] and only—Lord Cottington of [...]) is best known as one of [...]'s leading ministers during [...] years' personal rule without Parliament. In this carefully [...], well-written and sensibly [...] study, Martin J. Havran inti[...] that his main emphasis will [...] rest of Cottington's career, [...] the years before 1629 and [...] after 1640. In practice the [...] tation is fullest for Cottington's [...] years of diplomatic service in [...] during the reign of James I [...] strangely—for his final [...] exile, from the King's defeat [...] to his own death in 1652.

[...] is little political correspon[...] to or from Cottington in the [...] his political ups and downs [...] Buckingham's predominance, [...] his political career at Oxford [...] the Civil War. And even [...] the personal rule our first-[...] knowledge of his activities, [...] through purely formal ad[...] documents, comes largely [...] the archives of his famous [...] secretaries with whom his relations [...] were, to say the least, highly [...]: Archbishop William [...] and Thomas Wentworth, Earl [...] Strafford.

[...] Professor Havran does [...] speculate on this point, it seems [...] that at some stage Cottington's [...] papers were either lost or [...] destroyed. The interest[...] chapter included on his relations [...] with Laud is necessarily de[...] on the Primate's own and [...]'s correspondence. The [...] letters between Cottington [...] Richard Weston, Earl of [...] or Francis Windebank, [...] makes our knowledge of [...] factional groupings inside [...] government exceedingly one-sided. None the less a little more might perhaps have been made of Cottington's relations with Windebank.

Granted these limitations, Professor Havran succeeds in bringing his subject to life and makes some effective points. Although he did eventually become a Roman Catholic and died in the care of the Jesuits in Valladolid, there is no good evidence that Cottington became "Spaniolized" or was a secret Papist during his years of diplomatic service. Moreover, his courageous—if hesitant (and dubiously documented)—opposition to the Madrid trip by Buckingham and Prince Charles in 1623, which earned him the favourite's disapproval if not enmity, implies a greater measure of integrity than he is often credited with. However, the masterful Spanish ambassador Sarmiento de Acuña, Count Gondomar, appears to have exercised some fascination over the self-made young man from clothier-cum-minor gentry origins in Somerset, even if less than that which he exerted over Cottington's royal master, the first king of Great Britain.

For general background on early seventeenth-century Spain, it is a little odd to find the works of the late Trevor Davies being cited rather than those of J. H. Elliott, John Lynch or J. H. Parry. Nor do sufficiently probing questions always seem to have been asked of the materials which are available.

Letters are frequently cited from the Trumbull Papers, but it is merely stated that Cottington was a close friend of the elder William Trumbull, James I's Agent at Brussels, without explanation of how this had come about. Nor is it made clear why George Villiers, then Marquis of Buckingham, took Cottington up and procured for him the office of Secretary to the Prince of Wales in 1622. If it was on the calculation that he would prove a serviceable tool in the Spanish marriage negotiations then in progress, even though it was to prove somewhat mistaken, this does suggest a greater degree of forward planning on Buckingham's part than is often assumed. His fluctuating relations with Buckingham do indeed probably provide the key to Cottington's political standing in the 1620s. At the same time the inception and ripening of his friendship with Weston, then Chancellor of the Exchequer, which was to be of crucial significance for the rest of Cottington's career, remain unavoidably mysterious.

Another mystery in Cottington's career is why he was not attacked by the Long Parliament in 1640-41. Professor Havran tends to favour the view that he would have become the object of unwelcome attention if he had not resigned all his public positions and withdrawn from the political scene in May, 1641. This may well be correct. But the fact that he was known to have fallen out with Strafford and Laud, and so may possibly have been regarded by the opposition as a potential instrument to be used against them, is also worth considering. The near-immunity of the man who had been second-in-command of Charles I's finances throughout the eleven years without parliament remains an unsolved puzzle. Cottington's role in connexion with Ship Money, the additional customs "Impositions", and other revenue measures such as monopolies might have been explored a little more. On the spending as opposed to the getting side of Crown finance, the Board of Greencloth was not a part of the Chamber.

While adding to our understanding of government and society in early Stuart England, this biography is mainly successful in rehabilitating Cottington, effectively rebutting the charges that he was idle and easy-going, or—by contemporary standards—notably corrupt. The case is, on the contrary, well made that he was dutiful and industrious often to a fault; but the alleged exploitation for private gain of the monopoly over dice and playing cards through his agent Lawrence Squibb should surely have been discussed, even if to be discounted. On the timing and significance of Cottington's final conversion to Rome and (presumably simultaneous) Spaniolization Professor Havran is less conclusive, unavoidably so in view of the meagre evidence other than hostile gossip. Did Francis Cottington's career affect the broader course of history? Paradoxically, the cause of the Stuart monarchy probably suffered less harm from his and his ally Weston's services than from those of their critics—the great exponents of Thorough.

Stuarts in exile

[...]AICHES:

[...] Edward Stuart
[...] and Times of Bonnie Prince [...]

[...] including 31 illustrations. [...] and Hudson. £3.50.

[...]LBY:

[...] Sea to Skye

[...] Hamish Hamilton. £3.90.

[...] impression left by both [...] books is merely that we have [...] all before. To some that [...] matter. The continuing [...] for the story of Bonnie [...] Charlie and the '45 can be [...] even by authors who have [...] information to offer nor any [...] interpretation of the old. [...] *Edward Stuart* and *Over* [...] *to Skye* have, none the less, [...] difference. David Daiches [...] wider sweep—though the [...] "times" in his subtitle is [...] fulfilled by an occasional [...] to Continental affairs. [...] four chapters are devoted [...] of the royal Stuarts and [...] well-known passages of [...] history—the massacre of [...] the Darien fiasco, and the [...] Union (though not the [...] Plot)—on the theory that [...] the growth of Jacobitism. [...] the '15 and the '19 are [...] in another chapter. Then [...] of the book is given to the [...] Prince's "sculking" in [...] lands; and the remainder [...] the sad after-years of his [...] Selby, on the other hand, [...] with the battle of Fontenoy, [...] the Duke of Cumber[...] then describes the '45 and [...] adventures after it, [...] his escape to France.

Professor Daiches, as befits a scholar, is accurate in details, apart from the curious habit of always inserting an "of" in the title of the Earl Marischal. Mr Selby has a number of small slips, but the only one really calling for correction is his ascribing the notable defence of Blair Castle to the Argyll militia instead of the Royal Scots Fusiliers; "a claniate chief" (page 37) is presumably a misprint. He is rather more up to date with recent research than Professor Daiches, and gives due attention to the last battle of the '45, the six-hour sea-fight in Loch-nan-Uamh.

Professor Daiches tells much of his story of the rising in quotations from the familiar recollections of participants. This gives it vividness and immediacy but his selection, besides being from Jacobites only, is uncritical. He quotes fully, for example, without any comment, the fanciful account of panic in London in December 1745 written by Chevalier de Johnstone—who was not there and of whom Henrietta Tayler used to say that not one statement of his could be accepted without corroboration. Mr Selby digests his material and tells it in his own way—often with very good effect, as in his gripping account of the day and night before Culloden. Both books are well printed, and Mr Selby's is particularly well illustrated.

The trouble with almost all historians of the '45, as here, is their blinkered view of their subject, which was after all no more than an episode. This leads once again to an absurdly exaggerated estimate of the position after Prestonpans. Professor Daiches: "Charles was now, in the words of the Chevalier de Johnstone, 'entirely master of the kingdom of Scotland'." Mr Selby: "With the exception of the castles at Edinburgh, Stirling and Dumbarton, and a few forts in the north, the whole of Scotland was now under his control."

For dramatic purposes the peak must be high to make the fall more tragic. Characterization must be similarly handled in contrasts. If the prince is to be hero, the noble figure of Duncan Forbes, who tried to prevent his taking the stage, must be obscured, and there must once again be much emphasis on Lord George Murray's bad temper but none on his really brilliant tactics, which alone got the Highland army to Derby and back again. And further, some justification has to be found for all the futile bloodshed and suffering caused by Prince Charles Edward's selfish thirst for glory. Professor Daiches makes this attempt:

> Born in Rome though he was, ill-educated as a potential British monarch, ignorant of so much in Scottish history, society and language, he managed in asserting his personal claims in Scotland to strike something deep in the Scottish imagination, so that even those Scots who did not come out for him in 1745 and who actually opposed him felt something of his appeal.

It would be very difficult to find the smallest evidence of that "appeal" in contemporary writings. Sentimental Jacobitism did not appear till real Jacobitism was safely dead, and Professor Daiches is right in finding its earliest expression in some of the worst lines of Robert Burns. But what began then is still lively enough, it seems, to welcome any re-telling of the old tale.

House journal

HENRY HORWITZ (Editor):

The Parliamentary Diary of Narcissus Luttrell, 1691-1693

538pp. Clarendon Press: Oxford University Press. £10.

Whatever doubts may be held about the literary achievements of the third quarter of the twentieth century, it has been a veritable silver age in English historical research. Transatlantic scholarship and financial aid have been powerful factors in attaining present standards. Yale's generosity is well known, and now the University of Iowa has spared Henry Horwitz for a year in which to disinter a neglected manuscript diary in the Library of All Souls College, where it appears to have been disregarded since its presentation to the College in 1786.

Luttrell was a man of Devon whose mother perhaps insensitively labelled him Narcissus in honour of his grandfather, and to whom Professor Horwitz now adds the solecistic description of "Devonshireman". He was a practising lawyer and a devoted member of the House of Commons. In that capacity he wrote from November 6, 1691, his first day in Parliament as MP for Saltash, a remarkable diary which contains a very detailed record of debates and speeches in the two sessions 1691-2 and 1692-3. When the House was prorogued on October 26, 1693, the diary ceases; Luttrell was then only thirty-six years of age.

No trace of any continuation has been found, although his intellectual activity suggests that he would scarcely have abandoned his meticulous keeping of records. His service as Middlesex Justice of the Peace between 1693 and 1723, as well as his appointments in several other public offices, were no doubt time-consuming, but he is known to have had, in the fine house in Chelsea which he purchased for £1,200 from the Earl of Shaftesbury, "great and amazing collections of English History and Antiquities".

After so many years in obscurity, Luttrell's parliamentary diary is now published for the first time. It is the most detailed and informative of all records of these critical early years of William III's reign. The other great diarists of the reign, Anchitell Grey and later Sir Richard Cocks, are not his superiors in descriptive accuracy. On November 21, 1691, for example, the Commons Journal only records the presentation of a Bill to suppress hawkers and pedlars. Luttrell, however, no doubt with his West Country interest in the forefront of his thought, noted "a Petition from the town of Taunton against Scotch pedlars" which was ordered to be read when the Bill came up for Second Reading.

The continuing and still wholly typical concern of the House with its own premises and domestic affairs is also demonstrated in the diary by Members' demands for reassurance about the state of the roof. The King's surveyor, Sir Christopher Wren, who had inspected the roof eight years previously and put in timber to the extent he had thought necessary, now viewed it again,

> and did not find any of the timber shrunk or decayed to give any cause of fear.... But the ceiling being plaster of Paris and a way not now used, it was not so well understood. And therefore in a recess of Parliament he thought it fit to be altered and a new ceiling made.

There were the perennial affronts to Parliament to be recorded:

> The Speaker took notice of a packet of seditious papers which he had sent him, which he believed came from Mr Stafford, in Bedlam. It was recommended to Sir William Turner, Governor thereof, to take care that he should by no means have pen, ink, or paper, to prevent his writing such scandalous papers.

Apart from the dignity of the House, subsequent events were to suggest another underlying ground for the Speaker's sensitivity; for this was the notorious Sir John Trevor who later, in 1695, was exposed as financially corrupt and compelled to resign.

The many closely observed descriptions of procedure, the wisdom and folly contained in speeches on Ireland, the finances and extravagances of the war against France are all illuminating. What might be called Parliament's orange period was a crucial time in the realignment of English politics after the Revolution, and Narcissus Luttrell holds up a clear mirror for those who wish to survey the scene.

Shear profit

T. H. LLOYD:

The Movement of Wool Prices in Medieval England

75pp. Cambridge University Press. Paperback, £1.90.

The price series presented in the statistical appendix to T. H. Lloyd's *The Movement of Wool Prices in Medieval England* (which appears as supplement No 6 of *The Economic History Review*) have been derived partly from the Beveridge material, partly from Thorold Rogers, and partly direct from manuscript sources. The thirty-page text discusses the problems of using these sources, followed by a consideration of contracts in the wool trade and the price lists compiled by foreign merchants. In discussing the demographic and monetary influences which affected the prices, Mr Lloyd argues that in the thirteenth century, with a growing European population, the demand for wool was probably outrunning supply; while in the later Middle Ages the greater fall in wool prices than in those of wheat reflected the decline in exports, which was not sufficiently compensated by the demand of home cloth-manufacturing.

There follow some interesting remarks on the growth of sheep farming in the later Middle Ages with its much-discussed consequences of enclosure, depopulation, and deserted villages. Mr Lloyd points out that losses experienced in sheep farming on two estates, the duchy of Lancaster and Bruton priory in Gloucestershire, show that sheep were far from being profitable for landlords in the fifteenth century. Wool supplies probably increased because of the decline in arable which followed the fall in population; and, while wool prices may have been adequate for peasant wool clips, they failed to meet the higher costs of estate production. At no time in the fifteenth century, and certainly not before the 1460s, Mr Lloyd argues, was the price high enough to encourage landowners to shift from corn to wool. Those who did so were impelled by desperation rather than prospects of profit; with the difficulty in finding tenants for some arable land the alternative was to leave land idle or use it for sheep pasture; and, he concludes, those townships which were depopulated to make way for sheep were already far gone in decay before the change was effected—the sheep dispossessed only the last remaining survivors.

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Crime in short

MARGERY ALLINGHAM :
The Allingham Minibus
210pp. Chatto and Windus. £2.10.

These short stories by the late Margery Allingham are varied and clever, often eerie. It's a pity that the dates of original publication weren't appended.

PIERRE AUDEMARS :
The Delicate Dust of Death
175pp. John Long. £1.95.

The town of Gorion, where the evil, aristocratic traveller in jewelry has been symbolically killed, is variously indicated as being right in the heart of the south, to the south-east of Tours, in the Massif and in Ain. Apart from this surprising geographical confusion, Pierre Audemars's latest story of amorous, food-loving Inspector Pinaud is as evocatively emotional as ever.

LESLEY EGAN :
Paper Chase
233pp. Gollancz. £1.80.

One of Lesley Egan's Jesse Falkenstein stories: people and dogs gratingly trying; central crime, about an apparently silly spinster with an intelligent hobby, is a good one.

ANNE HOLDEN :
The Girl on the Beach
189pp. Macmillan. £1.85.

Superficially, a frightened-woman story, about a New Zealand wife who, while her husband is in Europe, gets back to her painting and falls into a maelstrom of nasty young people. But it proves to be a cleverer story than merely that, and finally very nasty indeed.

DAVID JORDAN :
Nile Green
249pp. Michael Joseph. £2.50.

International banking is proving wonderfully exciting, and much more informatively sophisticated than the secret service, with Lord Magnus, here, a father-figure to outpaternalize any mere C or M. David Jordan's second excellent thriller centres on a merchant bank's potential monster-loan to Egypt, and is devised with exceptional cleverness, covering our every guess with another strange secret.

EMMA LATHEN :
Murder Without Icing
236pp. Gollancz. £1.80

Not only the irresistible enchantments of high finance under the aegis of John Thatcher and the Sloane Guaranty Trust but, as always, some solid novel information as well, this time about ice-hockey. There is, of course, murder and its detection, too.

THOMAS PATRICK McMAHON :
The Issue of the Bishop's Blood
256pp. Collins. £1.70.

For the first of what is to be a series featuring an American RC bishop and a toughly sensitive Protestant private eye, Mr McMahon has a very pretty set-up indeed: an American girl, the daughter of a top crime operator, apparently has the stigmata. There are those who want to groom her for an all-American saint, with all the profits that could accrue. The bishop, backed by Rome, does not, and proposes a snatch. The storytelling is first-class, and effectively tactful with its difficult theme.

DOUGLAS ORGILL :
The "Jasius" Pursuit
159pp. Macmillan. £1.75.

This short thriller, about an amateur bug-hunter living near Cannes who falls foul of a corrupt young gang, makes good use of both the terrain and the hero's capacities.

ROGER PARKES :
The Guardians
239pp. Constable. £2.

A corrupt London world of frantic overstretched policemen, pop culture at its ugliest, and a well meaning reporter trying to make sense of it all; an all-right toughie.

DIANA RAMSAY :
Deadly Discretion
192pp. Collins. £1.70.

An above-average frightened-girl story set in New York.

RUTH RENDELL :
Some Lie and Some Die
191pp. Hutchinson. £2.

Murder at a pop festival outside a small country town, solved by Chief-Inspector Wexford who has a way with the young but a healthy distaste for their clay-footed idols. Ruth Rendell's latest is as good as ever; she and Ellis Peters have very similar and equally likable gifts for this kind of detection.

DELL SHANNON :
With Intent to Kill
255pp. Gollancz. £1.80

Another Los Angeles Homicide Squad story with Luis Mendoza leading. The pile-up of crime improves but there is, this time, a sour note about Europe.

JOYCE SHUB :
Moscow by Nightmare
190pp. Collins. £1.80.

A naive little American wife in Moscow harks back to her own Russian forebears and believes that she, unlike others, can make real human Russian contacts. Of course she discovers, this being an American book, that simple American loving-kindness is, to the Russians, there only for exploiting. But the kick in the tail is sour and far from naive.

JEAN STUBBS :
Dear Laura
256pp. Macmillan. £1.95.

Jean Stubbs has succeeded in that most difficult genre, the historical pastiche, with a novel of upper-middle-class domestic death in late-Victorian England. She has smoothly mastered the minutiae of her period and confined her characters neatly within its possibilities, while still individualizing each one. Her Inspector Lintott, clever, indefatigable, just, is a fine creation, and so are the servants of the household where the poisoned master died. Altogether, a highly successful small tour de force.

JAMES WOOD :
North Beat
185pp. Hutchinson. £1.95.

Readers who enjoy the Californian police novels of Dell Shannon, Lesley Egan, etc, may well like this Scottish police-procedural even more. The crimes are as authentic, the policemen more so, and the police domesticities muted.

Power politics

FRANCO CORDERO :
Pavana
206pp. Turin: Einaudi. L.3,000.

Pavana, Franco Cordero's fourth novel, is named after a sixteenth-century dance which develops in four "quarters". Here the dance is life itself, and the action develops round four figures—Piero Lete, an unscrupulous lawyer who lives out his savage vocation for success to the full, his wife Lisa, who lives painfully and falteringly in the shadow of her husband, trying to scrape together a life and moral code of her own, Glauco, who dissipates money and health in a quest for the enjoyment (and celebration) of women, and Aligi, an adolescent boy of unusual courage and intelligence, too innocent to resist an environment of crude egoism and masked hypocrisy.

Pavana offers an exceptionally penetrating view in cross-section of the political and social substance of contemporary Italy. The power nexus, and the abject conformity and even sexual frustration it leads to, are seen through the minds of one of the four figures in the "dance". In the end the system absorbs Piero Lete as one of its own creatures, destroys Lisa morally, leaving her a victim to Lesbian advances, allows Glauco to live as a marginal figure serving the interests of the dominant party by doing "intellectual piece-work", and physically liquidates Aligi, who has given evidence against the killer of a left-wing lawyer whose presence was inconvenient to the regime.

With extreme economy [...] Cordero anatomizes the [...] tion and corruption of a [...] society. Politicians, judges, [...] teachers, colleagues, everyone [...] submit to the imposition of a "[...] venient" truth, whose smiling [...] covers a spectrum of vice [...] calculated violence. In this [...] State, Government and Law [...] abandon their institutional [...] favour of private interests of [...] most sordid kind, and those [...] uals who try to save the institu[...] are either forced to resign, like [...] who leaves her teaching job, [...] when the situation demands [...] with Aligi, are "suicided".

After a slow start *Pavana* [...] up to a crescendo of moral [...] emotional involvement, in a [...] and successful mixture of [...] and violence.

The sexual fantasies of Lisa [...] Glauco especially are conveyed [...] great skill, and the failure of [...] two to meet or accept each other [...] the end of the book, each [...] downtrodden to imagine that [...] other would respond, is a poi[...] tragedy equal to the "fall" of [...] from the city's highest [...] arranged by the hired thugs [...] persuade him to get in their [...] "show them the way".

The relationship between [...] and Lisa Lete, too, is pre[...] with great psychological acum[...] subtlety, and demonstrates [...] that *Pavana* is a fresh advance [...] Signor Cordero's already [...] achievements as a novelist.

Tree surgery

GIOVANNI ARPINO :
Randagio è l'eroe
140pp. Milan: Rizzoli.

Giovanni Arpino's eighth novel, *Randagio è l'eroe* (A Hero has no Home) transposes various events in the story of Christ into a contemporary setting. After starting out as an orthodox modern novel, it develops a sedentary longing for good into a desperate attempt to find a place for charity in a modern city.

Arpino's Everyman-Christ is an amiable giant, called Giuan, happily married to a placid shock-absorber of a wife, Olona, built on the same scale as himself. Both feel a growing sense of emptiness in the automatism and rapacity of their poisoned city (Milan) and for some time have been cycling round the streets at dead of night, changing the slogans painted on walls from messages of hate to messages like "*You* are Judas" or "Respect nature. Don't kill your complexes".

Giuan's crisis deepens, he leaves home and passes through a [...] picturesque spiritual adventu[...] the city. Finally he visits a [...] People's Home run by nuns. [...] he goes into an inner courtya[...] kisses the ground. A tree spri[...] miraculously from the earth [...] grows to a great height, sprea[...] wonderful perfume and deli[...] the old people with its fir[...] Giuan dies the same night, w[...] words "Follow your heart".

Randagio è l'eroe is surpr[...] successful in making credib[...] inarticulate need to find [...] contact. The links with the [...] story are cleverly achieved [...] the novel defines well [...] obscure, generally ineffective [...] tions of good people to the [...] sible degradation of city life [...] cut-throat rivalry, where [...] cliques and industrial comple[...] little better than organized [...] Its weakness is that it stops sh[...] inquiring into the social, [...] and ideological roots of [...] situation. Inevitably, there[...] Giuan's last days stand as a [...] did but isolated gesture of [...]

SF in short

WILLIAM HJORTSBERG :
Gray Matters
160pp. Gollancz. £1.80.

The gray matters under observation are the brains of humans, stored in vats and tended by robots who maliciously torment their charges. Unfortunately, despite a certain panache that commands attention, the plot is also somewhat disembodied. The prose is at times lyrical, at others savagely lucid, but all too often the narration rambles on with no apparent purpose other than taking a wild satirical swipe at the world we live in.

ROGER ZELAZNY :
Jack of Shadows
207pp. Faber and Faber. £2.

Roger Zelazny has become something of a cult figure among modern fantasy aficionados in the United States. This is another of his extravagant fables set in a quasi-medieval landscape of revenge and paranoia. To many the whole paranormal affair might seem an extraordinary mish-mash of new and old literary ideas, couched in inferior Moorcockian prose, with confusion absolute. But there are obviously some who like things that way.

KENNETH BULMER (Editor) :
New Writings in SF 21
189pp. Sidgwick and Jackson. £1.75.

John Carnell's death has clearly not adversely affected the high standard that *New Writings* established under his direction. As usual the mood-spectrum is wide. The two best contributions come from the extremes: Harry Harrison at his witty best and a sinister sequence from Sydney J. Bounds.

The Best of J. W. Campbell
278pp. Sidgwick and Jackson. £2.25.

This collection is strictly for nostalgic old-school SF fans. The author was doubtless the excellent innovative editor that his stable of writers frequently avows, but his own stories (even the recent ones) are somewhat dated. Surviving *Boys' Own* adventurers will, however, love the gangly Ganymedians and the ray guns.

ISAAC ASIMOV :
The Early Asimov
540pp. Gollancz. £2.75.

This is another selection that will find only a limited audience among Isaac Asimov's most diehard readers. Rather more interesting than the stories themselves are the lengthy asides Dr Asimov has inserted. These include the incidental intelligence that his famous Three Laws of Robotics were in fact worked out by the above-mentioned John Campbell—a bombshell indeed!

GENE WOLFE :
The Fifth Head of Cerberus
244pp. Gollancz. £1.90.

Except for the odd outstanding novel, the short story and novella seem to be the forms most suited to SF. Gene Wolfe demonstrates how skilfully he has mastered the latter with three linked but dissimilar tales, each excellent, sensitive and much enhanced by its compactness.

WILSON TUCKER :
The Time Masters
186pp. Gollancz. £1.80.

A nearly-immortal latter-day Crusoe stranded on Earth for ten thousand years provides the basis for Wilson Tucker's new novel. The tale and its telling are generally a good deal superior to most of its kind; disappointingly, there is the mandatory with-a-giant-bound-Jack-jumped-free finale.

KEITH ROBERTS :
Machines and Men
286pp. Hutchinson. £2.75.

Ten entertaining stories have here been arbitrarily divided into two categories. The division between the two is blurred, but this is varied, well-researched lightweight SF at its best.

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Trouble spots

SIEGFRIED STANDER :
Leopard in the Sun
207pp. Gollancz. £1.90.

Six years ago Nadine Gordimer, talking of South African writers under censorship, said:

> Any piece of writing that thrusts deep into life, here, will find itself not in the bookshops and libraries, but in the desk-drawer, waiting, as the work of many writers did in Germany and Russia, for times to change, and for the dialogue in which truth begins, to be heard again. Only then shall we be able to speak of a South African literature.

But censorship need hold no fear for such a writer as Siegfried Stander, judging by his tame response to the human situation in his country. In the context of South Africa, *Leopard in the Sun* is escapist, and therefore distorts and trivializes.

Mrs Mandy-Bennett, an eccentric English-speaking white South African, runs a dairy farm at The Bay, a holiday resort on the East Cape coast, where a leopard attacks a twelve-year-old girl holidaying with her wealthy Johannesburg parents. The sentimental old woman tri[...] protect the leopard from the [...] organized to destroy it. Mrs M[...] Bennett's husband, Philip, had [...] a novelist (by a remarkable co[...] dence he wrote a book called [...] *Leopard*), but left his wife [...] "in the bed of his young [...] mistress in a New York [...]" Mr S[...] at the age of sixty-one". Mr [...] der doesn't seem to think this [...] comic but enviable way [...] Philip "had been a journalist [...] once, but he had always des[...] easy catch phrases, the [...] clichés of his trade". Mr Sta[...] has been a journalist, also [...] though he tries to avoid clichés [...] vocabulary is limited.

The hunter hired to kill [...] leopard, Hendrik Verster, [...] only successfully evoked perso[...] the book; an odd and [...] humorous figure, he is [...] not borrowed from Hemingway [...] wards the end of the [...] Stander introduces two [...] "hippies" and a Brigadier [...] ford, who is hardly even [...] cature. William Plomer has [...] Mr Stander "a compulsive [...] teller". That may be so [...] doesn't necessarily make for [...] pulsive reading.

The producer's part

[...] from David O. Selznick
[...] by Rudy Behlmer
[...] Macmillan. £5.95.

[...]ducer has always been hard [...] in the writings of film historians and theoreticians. The main [...] is that he just does not fit [...] into any respectable pattern. [...] make matters worse, creative [...] who leave their mark on [...] more strongly than any [...] single person involved, from [...] actor and writer down, are not [...] known in France, where most [...] fashionable film theory [...] The famous "auteur" [...] of film creation may well be [...] far wrong, at least as a [...] for something we all feel [...] the distinction between the [...] and the craftsman, but it prob[...] needs to be modified by [...] of the possibility that [...] other than the director [...] the *auteur*—a writer, a star, [...] costume designer, but, above [...] producer along the lines of [...] O. Selznick.

Although Selznick in the course [...] career employed a number of [...] directors — Alfred [...], King Vidor, George [...], Vittorio de Sica, among [...]—his producing permeated [...] of his films, to the extent [...] would nearly always think [...] as Selznick films first [...] foremost. This is notably [...] his most famous film *Gone [with] the Wind*, which though [...] to just one director, Victor [...], was actually directed [...] three others as well [...] Selznick's constant super[vision] and worked through an army [...], designers, photographers, [...] virtually the only element [...] continuity being provided [...] himself: that the result [...] is as coherent as it is, and as [...] on just about every level [...] must be credited to Selznick [...] else. The question is, how [...] it? And to that question a [...] and detailed answer is [...] *Memo*.

Selznick was famous, or notorious, in Hollywood for his memoranda. Throughout thirty years of involvement in film production he kept tabs on every aspect of his films, pouring out an endless stream of suggestions, commands, observations. He could not resist interfering; but then, interfering was his job. He wanted the best possible results, and worked tirelessly to get them. Of course his judgment of what the best results might be was fallible, but one would have to admit that he was right at least as many times as he was wrong. To read the five-page memo to Hitchcock about the deficiencies of the first draft script of *Rebecca* is to receive a vivid and enlightening lesson in constructive criticism, and one which Hitchcock, himself famously a master of script construction, must really have learnt. But nothing was too small for Selznick's attention: on another page we find him commenting on the size of Clark Gable's collars in *Gone With the Wind*, suggesting that they should be made slightly larger: "The trick about collars on any man with a large neck, a trick which should be known to any costumer, is to make the collars slightly large so that they don't press against the neck and make it look as though it is bulging."

By and large Rudy Behlmer has done a splendid job of selection and compression. Inevitably there are some loose ends: plans are mooted but then disappear from view, and we never know whether they were put into operation or not (there are some particularly irritating examples of this connected with Selznick's frequent replacement of directors, without mention on the credits of the films concerned, to obtain results rather nearer his heart's desire—film historians would really like to know, for instance, whether George Cukor actually did reshoot the renunciation scene in *The Prisoner of Zenda*). But generally when some gap seems now to be unfillable, like the whole question of Cukor's replacement on *Gone With the Wind*, Mr Behlmer plays fair with us and lets us know what the lacks in the archives are. If anything he over-annotates, explaining references which should hardly need explanation for any literate person.

The overall effect of the book is to create renewed respect for Selznick himself and for the kind of producer he represents. One can understand that he might well be infuriating to people working with him; one can also understand why he inspired devotion sufficient for many to come back and work with him over and over again. Every stage of his career is covered in a coherent narrative, through his early years at Paramount and RKO, his first heyday at M-G-M, where as Louis B. Mayer's son-in-law he ran into quips like "the son-in-law also rises", but managed to make *Dinner at Eight*, *David Copperfield* and *Anna Karenina*, among others, and then his years as an independent, crowned by *Gone With the Wind* but including also *Nothing Sacred*, *Rebecca*, *Duel in the Sun* and *The Third Man*.

The book really does not much illuminate the recurrent pattern in Selznick's professional life whereby he, though obviously obsessively dedicated to film-making, surprisingly often set up entire productions only to sell them, lock stock and barrel, to someone else to carry through; there seems to be an unresolved contradiction here which Mr Behlmer does not succeed in explaining. On the other hand, he might well reply that it is not his aim to do more than let Selznick speak for himself—and that he does, loud and clear. The book is a mine of fascinating and valuable information for any full history of American film-making, and is even, in the intervals from its professional preoccupations, an occasionally touching picture of the private man. His letter of August 9, 1939, to his then wife is funny and easy and true—a model, in fact, of what a love letter should be. But then *Memo* has many unexpected pleasures as well as its expected values. Not least, it is thoroughly readable from first to last: of how many film books can one say that?

Who's right

DONALD RICHIE :
Japanese Cinema
Film Style and National Character.
250pp. Secker and Warburg. £3.25.

Donald Richie's pre-eminence in the Anglo-Saxon world as a critic of the Japanese cinema has no parallel in other fields or in other countries. Up to now his works have received a generally uncritical and appreciative welcome. This is only fair, in view of his important role in bringing the wonders of one of the world's great cinema cultures to the attention of a small number of cinephiles in the Anglo-Saxon countries. But perhaps the time has come to register the fact that many of his critical and methodological assumptions are highly questionable.

The most obvious thesis which is open to question is Mr Richie's claim that Akira Kurosawa is not only a "completely great" director, but one of the two greatest Japanese directors, along with Yasujiro Ozu. In his hierarchy Kenji Mizoguchi figures a good way below these two, and is given far less space than Kurosawa. Yet in France, for example, the late André Bazin once wrote to François Truffaut: "Unquestionably anyone who prefers Kurosawa (to Mizoguchi) must be incurably blind...." So far, this difference of opinion might be just a question of taste—although Bazin's opinions have, on the whole, stood the test of time and rigorous scrutiny rather well.

But Mr Ritchie's estimate of Kurosawa depends on a political-cultural assessment of Kurosawa which has no proven basis in fact. Paul Willemen has written: "It is largely due to Mr Richie that Kurosawa is the best known Japanese director in the anglo-saxon countries, where this conservative Japanese moralist is regarded as a progressive humanistic liberal." That puts it well. In *The Japanese Cinema* Mr Richie gives no inkling of the fact that Kurosawa is considered in Japan to belong to the right (which is where he does belong). Having ignored this fact, he is then able to state: "One may ... arrange Japanese directors on a kind of scale in which Ozu would represent the extreme right, and Kurosawa the extreme left." Such a mystification could only be dared in a context of total ignorance about Japan.

This elevation and transformation of Kurosawa is matched by Mr Richie's demotion and transformation of Mizoguchi, one of the elements of whose cinema, he claims, is "the acceptance of feudal values". To say that of the man who made *Sansho Dayu* (*Sansho the Bailiff*) and *Shin-heike Monogatari* (*New Tales of the Taira Clan*) is highly bizarre.

Indeed, in spite of his subtitle, Mr Richie doesn't provide the reader with the cultural background and information on which to build a critical judgment of the Japanese cinema. He doesn't fill in the details of the extraordinarily vigorous climate in postwar Japan, which has involved major clashes within the film studios, lively debates between intellectuals and film critics and an unflaggingly political atmosphere in the cinema, as in all the arts. The neglect of the organization of the film industry is particularly unfortunate in view of recent moves by the biggest arms manufacturers in Japan, Mitsubishi, to take over a large section of the film business. Mr Richie seems not only to imply that there can be no such thing as good left-wing films, but to fail to understand the process by which someone of the left makes a film. Discussing Tadashi Imai, he counterposes his "political affiliations" to "his genuine compassion". This uncomprehending approach to left-wing directors goes together with a resolutely non-class attitude towards the key components of Japanese culture. The two types of Japanese theatre, Noh and Kabuki, are presented as though they simply existed in some kind of etherealized space—a space into which Mr Richie also would like to put the Japanese cinema.

The star from San Simeon

[F]RED LAWRENCE GUILES :
[Marion] Davies
[...] W. H. Allen. £3.50.

[ANTHONY] QUINN :
[The Or]iginal Sin
[...] W. H. Allen. £3.

[...] literally a misfortune for a [...] character to be fictionalized [...] artist of genius. Who ever [...] Richard III any way but through [...] of Shakespeare, whatever [...] historians may tell us to the [...]? And who ever thinks of [...] Davies except as Susan [...] in *Citizen Kane*? The [...] of the tycoon's beloved, in[...] but forced down the [...] a hostile public, is as un[...] as that of the later days, [...] empty hours in the empty [...] Xanadu with unwanted [...] and unfinished jigsaw puz[zles]. By now it may well be a lost [cause] to insist that, though the [...] half is a close enough reflec[tion of] Marion Davies's time as un[...] mistress of Hearst's folly San [Simeon] (though they still do not talk [ab]out her to visitors, some [...] hand has placed a giant, [...] jigsaw puzzle in the main [...] tease touring film fans), the [...] presented of Susan Alexan[der's] [...] professional career [...] has nothing whatever to [do with] Marion Davies, her talents [...] fame.

[It] is not a lost cause, though, [...]'s book should give all the [...] to an overdue revalua[tion of] Marion Davies the film star [...] from Marion Davies the mis[tress of] one of the richest men in [...]. To begin with, Mr Guiles's [...] detailed filmography lists [...] than forty-six film titles (in[cluding] one serial) of some thirty [...] spread over twenty years. [...] Admittedly, she was already [...] with Hearst when she [made] her first film, and he was finan[cially] involved with almost everything she subsequently did. But not even Hearst's money and influence could have kept her at the top for so long if she had really had nothing to offer a public that was, in those days, by no means starved of true star quality. And in fact it seems that Hearst's influence was more of a liability than an asset, particularly in the sound era, when he apparently became preoccupied with the idea that comedy, in which up to then she had always excelled, was not worthy of her, and began to see her instead playing such roles as Marie Antoinette.

Marion, at least, seems never to have made the mistake of over-estimating her talent; or, for that matter, of under-estimating it. She knew that most of her films actually made money for Hearst; she knew that the non-Hearst press was, by the time of her triumphant début in talkies, as enthusiastic as any paper in the Hearst stable. And when her career began to fade in the early 1930s she knew that too and accepted it contentedly enough, making her last four films much more to satisfy Hearst than to please herself. Mr Guiles makes a sharp comment on the damage *Citizen Kane* did to her career, but it is doubtful that she would in any circumstances have tried to continue acting after *Ever Since Eve*, four years earlier; she was rich and forty and fearful of having to go on playing twenty-year-olds until it became evident even to Hearst that she was no longer up to it.

Still, there is no denying that *Citizen Kane* had quite a bit to do with the total obscurity into which her films tumbled in the years after her retirement. People who had never seen *The Patsy*, *Show People*, the 1927 *Quality Street* or *Going Hollywood* never got a chance to see them, and forgivably assumed that they must be no good. Mr Guiles gallantly does everything in his power to redress the balance (assisted by some recent, revelatory showings of Marion Davies's best films). His best is very good, as readers of his excellent book on Marilyn Monroe, *Norma Jean*, will recall. There are parts of *Marion Davies* which are perhaps overloaded with unassimilated detail, but it is a fault on the right side; at least Mr Guiles does not assume, like most of filmdom's biographers, that he is addressing an audience of idiots completely unconcerned with his subject except on the level of sensational journalism. The balance he achieves between the professional career of Marion Davies and her, after all, equally fascinating private life with Hearst is exemplary, and the book is in general a model of what such books should be.

If Marion Davies has lacked champions and expositors in the past thirty years, Anthony Quinn is evidently determined that the same shall not be said of him: even if no one else does, he will have put a picture of himself on record, and explained himself to his own satisfaction at least. His "self-portrait" is written with all the tricks of fancy journalism to catch and hold the attention: the story of his earlier years is told in a series of significant flashbacks within the framework of psychoanalysis, with the recurrent figure of "the boy", his own youthful doppel-gänger, flitting through its pages to haunt him with a sense of his own inadequacy and frustration. It is all very showy, more than a little pretentious, and not terribly revealing, even though we are told all the details of his sexual awakening, his disastrous first marriage, his experience as a fighter and his career problems trying to make it on his own talents when everyone saw him primarily as Cecil B. De Mille's son-in-law. In spite of all the fireworks, it is not a very interesting or unusual story, and of what makes Mr Quinn interesting to us at all, his abilities as an actor, we hear virtually nothing. Mind you, it does all have a happy ending:

> The canyons all around me reverberated with the only answer to all pain—"LOVE!"
>
> The boy was suddenly gone. But I knew I'd never again be alone. I shouted out joyously, just for the hell of it—"LOVE!"

Marxisant

ARTHUR MARX :
Son of Groucho
357pp. Peter Owen. £3.95.

Being the son of a famous father is not an easy role to play, and Arthur Marx has spent most of his life trying to escape being described as "son of Groucho". As the title of his book witnesses, he has not been very successful. The chip is still firmly on his shoulder, even if he does now wear it with a certain defiance.

His first attempt to make a name for himself, rather than live with a name that was an appendage of his father's, was as a tennis-player. He became very good at the game and once actually beat Jack Kramer in a tournament: the newspaper headline line read "Son of Groucho scores upset win over Kramer". He wrote a novel called *The Ordeal of Willie Brown*, only to find it billed "The *Ordeal of Groucho Marx*, by Willie Brown". It must all have been very frustrating.

He seems finally to have accepted his destiny as inevitable—indeed, positively to have exploited it, first with magazine articles about his father, then with *Life with Groucho*, and now with *Son of Groucho*. Early on, Mr Marx refers to the problem of "living life in the shadow of a world-famous gentleman". The entire phrase (and especially the words "living life"—what else is there to live?) gives the impression that he is not the most elegant of writers. He has a preference for one-sentence paragraphs and important-looking words like "terpsichoro" and "pulchritudinous" which are not as humorous as he thinks they are.

Though much of the book is autobiographical, the most interesting parts are those about Groucho and the other Marx Brothers (sorry, son of Groucho, but that is the way it is). Arthur Marx is extremely frank about intimate details of the affairs and affaires of himself and his relations. In spite of some standard expressions of filial piety, the portrait of Groucho that emerges is not a very attractive one.

Clearly he is not the easiest of fathers, but then someone who writes the kind of things Arthur Marx writes about Groucho is clearly not the easiest of sons. Groucho had his lawyers working overtime before the publication of *Life with Groucho*, and the book only finally achieved publication through Arthur Marx's double-crossing (his own word) of his father.

In narrating this incident he apparently assumes that the reader will be on his side. On the contrary, it seems perfectly reasonable (whatever the legal position) that Groucho should object to the quoting of a letter he had written to his son when his marriage with Arthur Marx's mother was breaking up. But here, and elsewhere in the book, Arthur Marx is apparently oblivious to questions of what used to be called good taste. Not that Hollywood was ever noted for such old-fashioned virtues, and anyway Groucho is perfectly capable of looking after himself. There are some good anecdotes, Groucholisms and interesting glimpses of Hollywood celebrities, but the book has a sour taste.

The Society of Authors have this week awarded nearly £5,000 worth of literary prizes. The Somerset Maugham Awards (a total of £1,000 for novelists under 30, to be spent on foreign travel) went to Peter Prince for *Play Things*, Paul Strathern for *A Season in Abyssinia*, and Jonathan Street for *Prudence Dictates*; the Cholmondeley Awards (£500 each, for services to poetry) to Patric Dickinson and Philip Larkin; the Eric Gregory Awards (a total of £2,100 for poets under 30) to John Beynon, Ian Caws, James Fenton, Keith Harris, David Howarth and Philip Pacey; the Tom-Gallon Award (£100 a year for two years, for a short-story writer) to Kathleen Julian for *Catch Two*; and the Travelling Scholarship (£500) to Norman Nicholson.

Blake's woodcuts, plain and coloured

BY G. INGLI JAMES

It might be held a safe assumption that no true admirer of Blake would consider altering any of his celebrated illustrations to Ambrose Philips's "Imitation of Virgil's First Eclogue". We know how deeply Palmer and Calvert were moved by these tiny pictures; and in our own century they have been described not merely as one of Blake's finest achievements but as some of the most satisfying woodcuts ever executed. Moreover, we have before us the example of Dr Thornton, for whom they were produced, who was so dismayed by what he judged to be their want of art that he had four of them re-engraved by a more conventional hand. Three of these appeared—empty and thin beside Blake's own work—in the 1821 edition of the doctor's school *Virgil*. The fourth was printed later in the century, in *The Athenaeum*, as evidence that a genuine work of art is impossible "unless it come pure and unadulterated from the mind that conceived it". In fact, Thornton had also, it will be recalled, allowed the blocks to be reduced in size before using them for his book, and therefore before they were sold, in 1825, to John Linnell, the painter who launched Blake on the great Job engravings and illustrations to Dante, and was partly responsible for the Virgil commission as well.

By Linnell, in whose family they remained for three generations, they were handled, as one would expect, more imaginatively. He is known, for example, to have printed sets on thin paper which shows the designs to advantage. And there was a further modification tried out at some stage, which produced results of great interest and beauty, apparently as yet unrecorded. I have recently seen, in the collection of a descendant of Linnell, exquisitely coloured versions of seven of Blake's woodcuts. Whether there are any other such sets, or whether any of the remaining ten woodcuts were similarly illuminated, it is hard to tell, but it is likely that the seven are unique. They are on thin paper and appear to have been done from the original blocks, presumably by Linnell himself, though this is not certain: it is possible that they are the work of one of his talented children. At all events, they were executed with loving care by an artist whose delicacy of touch and feeling for the designs is notable. Indeed, it might be suggested that these enchanting transformations go some way towards compensating us for the damaging alterations perpetrated by others, for Palmer's talk of "visions of little dells, and nooks, and corners of Paradise" is as applicable to these as to the originals.

Throughout the coloured set, the two shepherds, Thenot and Colinet, are clothed in red and blue respectively. If we think of Blake's tendency to associate red with feeling, blue with imagination, the allocation seems appropriate. Thenot, the happy shepherd, listens sympathetically to Colinet, whose situation is in some respects closer to Blake's than is normally recognized. Thus it has frequently been remarked that the rural scenes reflect Blake's appreciation of the countryside around Felpham; but it is equally true that by the end of his stay there his feelings somewhat resembled those of the youthful piper, who here regrets having been lured from home by the promise of gain and fame. Even more relevant—no matter how feebly conventional it may sound in Philips's verse—is *Colinet's* complaint of calumny, of compositions mocked and audiences who rail. For the artist who was currently working for Thornton, and who had already experienced so much neglect and misunderstanding, the words must have appeared to sum up the usual fate of the imagination in the temporal world.

In all, there are twenty illustrations to Philips's poem, including the frontispiece and the three done by the anonymous journeyman engraver. The seven coloured versions which I have seen are of the third, fourth, sixth, seventh, eighth, eleventh and twelfth designs. The third is that in which the shepherds are seated out of doors, Colinet to the right, the elderly Thenot opposite, beneath a laden branch. In the coloured picture the autumnal fruit is not sufficiently distinct, but this is the one flaw in the whole set. Between the two men are the sheep, and above them a whitish sun shines from a bright and yellow sky. In the next scene, Lightfoot, an Ariel-like figure whom Thenot despatches to tend the flock, is vividly silhouetted in blue against a light sky. There is a strong feeling of dawn, appropriate to the text.

The sixth design, and perhaps the most immediately arresting in both versions, is of a night scene. A massive tree leans above a mildewed cornfield and reaches towards the storm-blasted blossoms of the hedgerow. As in the ninth plate of *Europe*, which also refers to mildew blighting ears of corn, the artist has made something most attractive out of elements which he abhorred—the howling storm, the disease that spreads by night, and the blasting of new-born life. Similarly the moon, which is described in the poem as being "in foul eclipse", has been transformed into that mysterious but far from sinister crescent which so haunted Calvert and Palmer that it appeared repeatedly in their visionary landscapes as the new moon with the old moon in its arms. And the coloured rendering of all this has maintained the benign rather than malignant charm cast over the scene. Rain slants across a dark sky; the moon throws a blanched and stony light on the flattened corn; the tree is of a deader brown than the rest; but the overall effect can only be described as one of beauty.

The picture which follows, No VII in the complete series, is very different, depicting as it does the kind of afflictions against which the good shephered can successfully arm himself. Colinet is shown driving the wolf from the fold. Greens and browns predominate; the sky flushed with apricot and gold, the feeling is strongly autumnal. No VIII the main colours are green and brown, with vivid for the "silvery flood" of fair. The sky is suffused with and gold, the hills at the back deep blue, and the sheep in foreground golden brown, match the turfed roof of the hut.

No XI, in which Colinet at night on the banks of the perhaps the most dramatic effective of the seven. It that sense of intense depth solemnity which Palmer spoke and which one would have inseparable from the wood normally printed. Laurence yon's remarks about "visions up us if by moonlight out darkened surface of the seems wholly appropriate. Dark blues and greens prevail, hint of brown and gold. The light is caught in each bend river and on the back of the in the distance the spires of College Chapel gleam above trees.

Finally, the seventh of the oured set, No XII, is the most Raphaelite in appearance. The ures on the left, in blue and mock Colinet, who stands trees whose trunks are deep and whose foliage darkens bright green to a bluish shade sky is blue flushed with gold.

Obviously, the foregoing ments, on what appears to composite art of Blake/Linnell intended merely as a pointer works which need to be seen in the original or else in facsimile before they can be fully appreciated. Let us hope that coloured illustrations are ever reproduced it will be by process capable of doing them tice. Today we can speak, with confidence than Dr Thornton "the famous Blake"; reproductions abound; but unless they are quality of those from the Trianon Press, or the set of electros issued with the Nonesuch edition the woodcuts in 1937, Blake really be said to have been seen

Going behind the blossom

D. G. GILLHAM:
William Blake
216pp. Cambridge University Press. £3.70 (paperback, £1.30).

The policy governing the "Introductory Critical Series" is, according to the general preface:

> Great literature is taken to be to a large extent self-explanatory to the reader who will attend carefully enough to what it says. "Background" study, whether biographical or historical, is not the concern. . . .

"Background", we learn, is something that in other studies is "erected as an insuperable obstacle". Such a programme automatically deprives the critic of one of his more useful functions—that of tactfully inserting relevant information. In this study, for example, the fact that some of Blake's *Songs of Innocence and of Experience* involve Swedenborgian ideas, or echo poetry for children such as Isaac Watts's, or relate to the teachings of Mary Wollstonecraft, is mentioned in passing after the detailed discussion of the relevant poems is over, and then briefly and dismissively; the only allusions which D. G. Gillham permits himself in his commentary are to "mainstream" texts, such as the Bible or Pope. This conscious withholding of useful information seems to be associated with a fashionable critical dogma which presupposes that all good literature is, by definition, accessible to the intelligent but uninformed reader. The role of the critic is then to expound and evaluate the text "as it is".

While there may be a place for a direct approach of this sort, it demands unusual sensitivity and intelligence, since the critic is called on to make the text more alive for the reader than it might be at a direct reading of his own. Professor Gillham's book shows us what happens when such demands are not met. Some years ago, in *Blake's Contrary States*, he undertook a "dramatic" reading of the *Songs of Innocence and of Experience*, relating their themes to certain contemporary ideas. In this respect, at least, it had some useful things to say; and its treatment of particular poems, drawing upon such material, was generally more illuminating than discussion of the same poems here.

The last, disturbing feature, which may be partly due to an inhibition against repeating what had been said before, also seems to be directly associated with the injunction against giving background information. Deprived of such resources, Professor Gillham proceeds to go behind the text of *Songs of Innocence and of Experience* in a different way, attempting detailed moral evaluation of the speakers in each case. This strange process is indulged in more and more as the book goes on. Thus he assumes without warrant that the central speaker in "Infant Joy" is the baby's mother—even going so far as to comment favourably upon her swift recovery from labour after only two days. He believes that the speaker of "The Fly" is flippant, and the Ancient Bard vague and foolish.

Soon he is morally comparing the speakers of companion poems, reflecting that the Chimney-sweeper of *Experience* is "rather glib and very worldly-wise for his age", his "aggrieved and self-centred tone" making him "unpleasant" compared with his counterpart in *Innocence*, who shows "a freer intelligence and a fine sense of duty". The Nurse of *Innocence*, equally, is preferred to her counterpart in *Experience*, who is "self-engrossed and assertive"; the speaker in the "Holy Thursday" of the first collection is more "responsible" than his fellow in the second. All these views are assumed to correspond with Blake's own.

The main issue is not the defensibility or otherwise of such judgements, but the violence which they do to the energy and subtlety of intelligence in the poems themselves. Blake specifically describes his *Songs* as "shewing the Two Contrary States of the Human Soul"; he issues no directives towards speculation about the moral health of the speakers. Embarked on such a process, moreover, the reader loses one of the most valuable effects of the *Songs*: the sense that visionary descriptions and indignant protests alike are heard on the lips of speakers who tell us hardly anything about themselves. Their very anonymity helps to persuade us of their universality: we seem to be listening to voices of humanity at large.

Professor Gillham's tendency to go behind the text also blinds him at times to what is being immediately portrayed. In "The Blossom", for example, he becomes so involved with the sexual motif that he can write, without apparent sense of absurdity, that "the attitude of the Blossom is a little too simple, she approaches sexual activity in very much the same way as she might approach more trivial activities" (a thought which should sober us next time we walk through an orchard in springtime); in "The Clod and the Pebble", likewise, he reflects that too great a degree of submission "prevents the clod from being critically alive and . . . from ever taking a spirited stand". The process reaches a climax of absurdity as he begins to rebuke his putative speakers, asserting that the speaker in "The Garden of Love" "would be better engaged in trying to come to terms with his present experienced self and, if he is capable of it, doing some gardening of his own", or that in "The Little Vagabond" "it is difficult not to feel sorry for the child who is so obsessed with the petty gratifications he desires".

When Professor Gillham finally turns to Blake's longer works his growing irritation seems to be transferred to the poet himself. He plays the well-worn game of quoting one or two of the least satisfactory passages from the Prophetic Books, along with some of the less illuminating comments of later critics, in order to persuade the reader that he need not bother with them at all—or, if he does, must "spend some years in research or contemplation, or turn to those who have painstakingly done so". The fact that there are passages of marvellously direct statement in the Prophetic Books and that the controlling ideas in the later writings may be grasped without too much difficulty is passed over. The statement in the blurb that the book "enables the reader at last to come to grips with the Prophecies" is in fact the precise opposite of the truth.

Throughout the book, there is little sign that any effort has been made to draw on the good scholarship on Blake that has become available during the past few years—a fact dramatically illustrated when several lines are devoted to an interpretation of "bends" in the line "He who bends to himself a joy", which then becomes a running theme. The misreading "bends" for "binds" in the 1957 Nonesuch text was corrected not long afterwards.

Only in the last chapter of the book, when a knowledge of Enlightenment philosophy is allowed to infiltrate the discussion of Bromion and Theotormon (in *Visions of the Daughters of Albion*) does the study come to life for a few pages and suggest the kind of book Professor Gillham might have written had he allowed himself to draw upon a knowledge of Blake's background more freely. Apart from this and a few scattered perceptions, it is hard to see who could profit from the book. Readers who enjoy the spectacle of moral gossip drifting around great literary texts will be gratified, but the student approaching Blake for the first time would be better off with the unvarnished text—followed perhaps by a study such as Stanley Gardner's in the "Literature in Perspective" series, which makes a serious attempt to engage the reader's intelligence. It is disappointing to see such care being lavished on such a poor piece.

Specialist Booksellers' Announcements

R. J. BALDING
(BOOKS) LTD.
Antiquarian, Rare and Scholarly Books
25 St. Stephen St., Edinburgh EH3 5AN Scotland
We are offering a variety of rare books on most subjects, from the 18th century to the present. Please write for our current catalogues.

Miraculous

NIGEL WILKINS (Editor):
Two Miracles: La Nonne qui laissa son abbaie; Saint Valentin
132pp. Edinburgh: Scottish Academic Press. Distributed by Chatto and Windus. £1.75.

The first of these plays tells the beautiful nun leaves her abbey when she succumbs to the courtship of a wealthy and knight; and, how thirty years later she returns to her nunnery Virgin has appeared to her slept. The thereupon becomes abandons the children of age "en la garde Dieu" play tells forms a miracle of healing process, converts many Christianity, among them the Emperor, himself lency does not rate causes several heads to ing Valentine's his stuck in his throat dragged off to Hell.

The publication of makes it easier for students of medieval get at these two and interesting teenth century ever, that they have with more thoroughness thin, and a statement of

Books Received

Byzantium. Translated by James Hogarth. 220pp including 141 plates. Burrie and Jenkins.

is misleading. In fact this humdrum and, so far as it introduction to Byzantine architecture by the historian of the medieval Morea, in the "Ancient Civilizations" remarkable for the range sometimes unusual illustrations the 51 white-and-black many and many of the 90 are uncertain. Seven nowhere discussed in come from the Danubian (surely plates 111-3 the Biserica Domneascǎ, Curtea de Argeş) are a number of panel of which the least known private collections in which rather hopeful sometimes ascribed. The of G. Abou-Adal of Beirut what looks very like the century carved icon of St Kastoria (plate 125) be in the Byzantine Athens. James Hogarth's reads well. It can hardly that Antoine Bon's book ", but it is good of its

J. H. *Meteorites and their* 352pp including 80 plates. Abbot: David and Charles.

and rock samples collected from the surface of the Moon provide laboratory specimens space, and as such they clues to the nature and the solar system. Most previous have tended to concentrate on a particular aspect, but this by an Australian geologist excellent all-round coverage. of the subject and the between comets, asteroids meteorites is followed by an recorded falls, with tables several chapters deal of structure shown by classes of meteorites. interesting discussions on of organic matter in some on modern methods of on the probable asteroidal these bodies. A lengthy deals with the mysterious which are found only areas of the earth, but no conclusion about their origin reached. The presence of meteoric impact craters on the Earth is accepted, but the author firmly favours the volcanic origin of the craters on the Moon and on Mars. G. J. H. McCall admits that "the subject is bedevilled with strange names", and a reader coming to this subject for the first time would find some difficulty with the scientific terminology. Although many of the terms are explained in the text, there is no glossary; but there is a good index and a large number of plates and diagrams.

Biography and Memoirs

Green, Lawrence G. *When the Journey's Over.* 256pp. Hale. £2.80.

A South African miscellany—part travel book, part manual of industrial archaeology, part gourmet's testament. Cape mushrooms, early airmen, a hermit, rolling stock, diamonds, the dockside—this is a mine of curious information lovingly and reflectively worked.

Lockhart, Howard. *On My Wavelength.* 140pp. Aberdeen: Impulse Books. £2.80.

A veteran broadcaster, best known in Scotland, presents his memories of the air. His work has brought him into contact with just about every studio personality, from Claude Dampier to Vera Lynn. He writes about them all with enthusiasm.

Orr, Julie. *A Portrait of Julie.* 197pp. Kineton: Roundwood Press. £2.25.

Giving the impression of being considerably indebted to hindsight, in tone a little naive without being simple, the latter part of Julie Orr's autobiography does not come up to the first half, in which the author deals with her childhood and the years leading up to her marriage. There she re-creates, bright and true and three-dimensional, life on a Yorkshire farm at the turn of the century, which, to many of today's readers, will seem little less remote than far Cathay. Since Mrs Orr cares enough for T. S. Eliot to use a quotation from his work as a preface to her book, it is a pity that his name is incorrectly spelt.

Geology

Warren, Kenneth. *Mineral Resources.* 272pp including 32 illustrations. Penguin. Paperback. 80p.

Large-scale modern mineral development is an important force transforming the earth's surface, the way of life of its population and the relationships that bind them together. Kenneth Warren's book is timely, with current interest in the non-renewable resources on which important parts of industry depend. He examines briefly the business of finding the concentrated deposits of ores in the earth's crust, and stresses that more production should be left to the developing countries who need the revenue. His estimate of the future is cautious and unoriginal.

History

Floud, Roderick. *An Introduction to Quantitative Methods for Historians.* 220pp. Methuen. £2.90 (paperback, £1.40).

A beginners' guide to the methods and techniques of what historians define as the quantitative approach to their subject: the analysis and interpretation of history in the light of statistics:

> The historian cannot simply study a table of numbers and expect to understand its significance immediately; he must learn the techniques to draw out its meaning and to relate that meaning to the other pieces of evidence which he has collected.

Roderick Floud goes on to define the different kinds of quantitative data and the methods used in analysing them.

Jain, M. S. *Emergence of a New Aristocracy in Nepal (1837-58).* 220pp. Agra: Sri Ram Mehra. Rs 28.

M. S. Jain's scholarly study of the foundation, by the great Jang Bahadur, of the rule of the Ranas in Nepal is the most detailed account so far of an important period of Nepalese history. The dynasty initiated by this remarkable and Machiavellian statesman lasted until 1950, during which era his descendants and collaterals reduced the authority of the Nepalese monarchy to a mere honorific cipher, just as did the Mayors of the Palace in Merovingian France. Jang Bahadur and his successors ruled Nepal with an iron hand, thanks in part to the policy of isolating their country from the outside world, and in part to the care which they devoted to maintaining good relations with the British while permitting no interference in their domestic affairs. In due course, circumstances changed, new elements entered Nepal from India; a small educated class, sympathetic to the ideas inspiring the national movements in India, began to make itself felt. Rana rule crumbled before the onset of notions of democracy and popular rule; the monarchy came forward to set itself at the head of the aspirations for modernity in political life. This development is largely outside the scope of Dr Jain's narrative; but his examination of the shortcomings of the regime which Jang Bahadur initiated show that it was bound to come in time. As a patriotic Indian writer, Dr Jain perhaps exaggerates what he calls the "subservience" of Jang Bahadur to the British. Those who have read the reports of successive British representatives in Nepal may be pardoned for taking a different view.

Marett, Warwick Paul (Editor). *A Calendar of the Register of Henry Wakefeld Bishop of Worcester 1375-95.* New Series, Volume 7. 280pp. Worcestershire Historical Society. £6.

Henry Wakefeld, a Yorkshireman, who was for twenty years Bishop of Worcester and for a much briefer spell Treasurer of the Exchequer, is indistinct as an individual. For a man of his standing, as the editor of his episcopal register admits, he has left remarkably little mark. The register itself, over and above its records of diocesan affairs, incorporates some chronicle passages relating to national events in 1386-88, when the bishop appears to have sat in the "Merciless Parliament" and to have been sympathetic towards the Lords Appellant and hostile to the favourite, De Vere. W. P. Marett gives clear and concise summaries of the register entries, and his introduction discusses the manuscript (now in the Worcestershire Record Office), the historical background, and the career of Wakefeld himself.

Industry

Lumley, Roger. *White-Collar Unionism in Britain.* A Survey of the Present Position. 160pp. Methuen. £2.20 (paperback, 95p).

White-collar workers will make up more than half Britain's labour force before the next decade is over, and trade union membership among them is expanding rapidly. Between 1964 and 1970 the number of white-collar union members rose by more than 900,000, while the number of blue-collar members was almost stationary. This development, as Roger Lumley says, must have a great impact on the pattern of industrial relations. He confines himself here to a factual and largely unspeculative survey and to suggestions for lines of study to fill the gaps in our knowledge.

Natural History

Burton, Robert. *The Life and Death of Whales.* 159pp plus 14 illustrations. André Deutsch. £2.50.

From a minimum of experience and a spare-time study of biology, Robert Burton has put together a very creditable account of whales, their biology and exploitation. The definition of what is a whale is arbitrary, but the author follows the usual convention of including the two largest delphinids, the Pilot Whale and the Killer Whale. The first part of the book deals with the biology of whales and the second with whaling. An excellent example of simplification without surrender to the inaccurate or the sensational.

Religion

Weatherby, Harold L. *Cardinal Newman in his Age.* His Place in English Theology and Literature. 296pp. Nashville: Vanderbilt University Press. $11.50.

A misguided attempt to prove that Newman ought to have been satisfied with a Christian philosophy based on Hooker and Aquinas and that his study of the assent of faith and of conscience would have led him into "subjectivism and modernism" had he followed his own ideas to their logical conclusion. Those who feel that Newman's pioneering approach to these problems has gained insight for the Church in the modern world may well feel Harold L. Weatherby's careful if laborious exposition, with its discussion of the Alexandrians, Coleridge and Wordsworth, etc, a somewhat unnecessary exercise. But those who consider that Thomism can still provide all the answers and that it is a great mistake to think in any other way about Christianity may well applaud this author's industry.

Social Studies

Learmonth, Nancy. *The Australians.* How They Live and Work. 166pp. Newton Abbot: David and Charles. £2.50.

Considering the elusive nature of the subject, this work is a remarkably accurate guide to the mores of Australian society. Unfortunately, a proportion of the factual information has been rendered obsolete as a result of the recent change of government. The new Labour administration has reversed the direction of many previous policies and the sections relating to the Government's position on issues such as Aboriginal land rights, foreign aid, tariffs and foreign affairs need revision. The section dealing with the press has also been overtaken by events. On balance, the book is a useful introduction to Australian attitudes and customs but does not encompass recent political developments.

Martin, Roderick and Fryer, R. H. *Redundancy and Paternalist Capitalism.* A Study in the Sociology of Work. 278pp. Allen and Unwin. £4.75.

Economists' assumptions about the effects of economic change need to be supplemented by studies such as this one about what employees actually think and feel and do in particular circumstances. It is concerned with the attitudes to and results of redundancy in a medium-sized Northern industrial town, dominated for generations by one family who had to cut employment at their mills from 2,500 to 1,200 over a period of two years. Reluctance to accept either industrial or geographical mobility might be expected to be more marked in such an enclosed "quasi-feudal" society than in larger communities, but such places are not rare and the same worker reactions—though probably in different degree—play their part everywhere. They need to be considered, in framing national policies, no less than the abstractions of the economists.

We regret that a printing error made nonsense of a sentence in our review of T. G. Howarth's edition of *South's British Butterflies* (May 4). The passage in queston should read: "The adults were painted by A. D. A. Russwurm, who also drew the text figures; the stages of larvae and pupae were copied with exceptional skill from Frohawk's drawings by R. B. Davis."

CLASSIFIED ADVERTISEMENTS

AUCKLAND PUBLIC LIBRARIES
NEW ZEALAND

LONDON BOROUGH OF BARNET
LIBRARY SERVICES

AUDIO VISUAL LIBRARY ASSISTANT

CARMARTHENSHIRE COUNTY COUNCIL

DERBYSHIRE EDUCATION COMMITTEE
JOHN PORT SCHOOL
Etwall, Derbyshire

BOROUGH OF ECCLES

HOCKERILL COLLEGE
BISHOP'S STORTFORD

BOROUGH OF KIDDERMINSTER
Library, Art Gallery and Museum Department
Appointment of
Borough Librarian and Curator
Following the resignation of the present holder on his appointment as Director of Libraries, Museums, Arts, etc., at Coventry, the post of BOROUGH LIBRARIAN AND CURATOR falls vacant in mid-June. The post, which is graded S.O.1 (£2,661-£2,994) will be subject to local Government re-organisation on 1st April, 1974, but intending applicants should bear in mind that a post carrying comparable responsibilities and salary is expected to be available in Kidderminster as part of the new County Library Service.
The present responsibility of the post entails the administration of the Library, Art Gallery and Museum and certain other cultural services, and applicants who should be Chartered Librarians should have received experience in these fields with an Authority where modern Management techniques and concepts are applied.
The Local Government Staff Commission for England has agreed to this advertisement which is restricted to local Government Officers serving in England (excluding London) and Wales.
No application forms will be issued but further particulars are available from me. Applications must be submitted to me by 31st May, 1973, and give the names and addresses of two referees.
TOWN HALL, KIDDERMINSTER, WORCS. NORMAN A. JAMES Town Clerk and Chief Executive Officer

CLASSIFIED ADVERTISEMENTS

LIBRARIANS

LONDON BOROUGH OF HAMMERSMITH

PUBLIC LIBRARIES

Applications are invited for the following two posts:

SENIOR ASSISTANT LIBRARIAN (Grade AP.2-3). Salary £1,635 to £2,205 per annum inclusive. The minimum acceptable qualification is Part I of the Library Association Professional Examination. For non-chartered Librarians the starting salary is £1,635, with progression beyond £1,908 dependent on becoming Chartered; transfer to £1,908 immediate on election to Register. Chartered Librarians' minimum starting salary £1,908. One post involves working with children. Postcard requests for application forms to Personnel Manager, 214 Hammersmith Road, London W6 8BN quoting Reference DOA I 21/155. Closing date: 31st May 1973.

HUDDERSFIELD COLLEGE OF EDUCATION (TECHNICAL)

APPLICATIONS are invited for the following POSTS for which a vacancy is anticipated in July and September respectively:

(i) ASSISTANT LIBRARIAN responsible for supervision of serials and additions to stock, together with some cataloguing, bibliographical and advisory duties. Candidates should have completed part II of the Library Association Professional Examination. Salary on librarian's scale £1,510 to £1,803.

(ii) ASSISTANT TUTOR LIBRARIAN. Candidates should be graduate chartered librarians qualified to develop bibliographical and advisory services based on all forms of information media for tutors and students both in the main college and in extra-mural centres. Salary: Pelham Scale, Lecturer, £2,151 to £2,958.

Further details and application forms may be obtained from the Director, Huddersfield College of Education (Technical), Holly Bank Road, Huddersfield HD3 3BP.

IMPERIAL COLLEGE OF SCIENCE AND TECHNOLOGY

LIBRARIAN

required for Electrical Engineering Department Library (approximately 6,000 volumes). Applicants should have passed the professional examinations of the Library Association or have suitable experience. A degree in a science-based subject would be an advantage. Salary on scale £1,476 to £2,079, plus London Allowance.

Applications, giving details of qualifications and experience and the names of two referees, should reach the Head of the Department of Electrical Engineering, Imperial College, London SW7 2BT, by 5th June.

CITY OF LEEDS DEPARTMEN OF EDUCATION AND THE ARTS

CITY OF LEEDS COLLEGE OF MUSIC

APPLICATIONS are invited for the POST of TUTOR LIBRARIAN to organize and manage a Music Library which includes books, records, orchestral, chamber and choral music, etc.

The successful applicant would also be required to teach Music Bibliography.

Salary scale: Lecturer Grade I plus S.R.A. £1,720 to £2,745 (under review). Additions to the minimum scale are made in respect of approved qualifications and experience.

Application forms and further information may be obtained from: The Director of the College of Music, Institute Buildings, Cookridge Street, Leeds, LS2 8BH.

NATIONAL LIBRARY FOR THE BLIND

APPOINTMENT OF ASSISTANT LIBRARIANS

APPLICATIONS are invited from those professionally or part-professionally qualified. The first vacancy (Ref. 4B) (salary £1,250 to £1,610) is as ASSISTANT in the cataloguing department; the applicant appointed will also be concerned with some "aids to readers" (mostly post and telephone) and the "Austin" large print service. The second (Ref. 5B) (salary £1,670 to £2,350) is as ASSISTANT to the HEAD of CIRCULATION. Each post has a 35 (office) hour, Monday to Friday, week and qualifies for lunch vouchers and social workers pension fund.

Applications in writing, detailing age, qualifications and experience, quoting the names of two referees and headed clearly with the reference number of the post being applied for, should reach me by 24th May, 1973.

W. A. Munford, Director-General.

National Library for the Blind, 35 Great Smith Street, London SW1P 3BU.

THE POLYTECHNIC OF NORTH LONDON

School of Librarianship

LECTURER IN LIBRARY AND INFORMATION SCIENCE

APPLICATIONS are invited from suitably qualified and experienced persons to assist in the development of courses in the application of mechanization to library and information work. Applicants should have some experience in dealing with problems of mechanization or of mechanized systems. We are looking for someone with a definite interest in this field and who is prepared to develop a group of it to meet the growing demands of our courses.

The Polytechnic houses the London Polytechnic's Computer Unit and has substantial and increasing facilities for their use in teaching and research.

The school has an extensive research programme in which teaching staff are given every encouragement to participate.

The post is on the Lecturer Grade II Scale, £2,355 to £3,083 plus London Allowance of £118 (under review).

Further details and application forms may be obtained from the Secretary, The Polytechnic of North London, Prince of Wales Road, London NW5 3LB.

Informal inquiries may be made to: Edward Dudley, School of Librarianship, 207-225 Essex Road, London N1 3PN. Tel. No.: 01-226 0131.

Closing date for applications, 29th May, 1973.

LIBRARIAN required by provincial newspaper, to lead team of six in editorial reference library. Microfilm experience essential. Application forms from Editor's Secretary, Coventry Evening Telegraph, Coventry (Phone 25588).

TRAINEE ASSISTANT LIBRARIAN required for Documentary Film Production Library. Working knowledge of U.D.C., and the ability to type essential. Training in film handling will be given, but applicant must be genuinely interested in film technology. Applications to: Miss P. Dowling, Index Film and Television Library Ltd., 11 Soho Square, London W1V 5DD.

QUEEN MARY COLLEGE

UNIVERSITY OF LONDON

THE LIBRARY

APPLICATIONS are invited for the POST of SENIOR LIBRARY ASSISTANT in charge of the Law Library. Salary on scale up to £1,905 p.a. Candidates should have passed Parts I and II of the Library Association professional examination.

Applications stating age, qualifications and experience, with the names of two referees, by May 28, 1973, to The Librarian (TLS), Queen Mary College, Mile End Road, London, E1 4NS, from whom further particulars may be obtained.

SOMERSET

EDUCATION COMMITTEE

CLEVEDON COMPREHENSIVE SCHOOL

APPOINTMENT OF SCHOOL LIBRARIAN

This 11 to 18 Comprehensive School accommodated in 10-year-old buildings with extensive additions now being built, is located between Bristol and Weston-Super-Mare. Originally a Secondary Modern School it is now in its second year of comprehensive growth.

Applications are now invited from Chartered Librarians for the appointment of a School Librarian of this school. The appointment is for a whole time post and the salary is in accordance with Grade AP3 (£1,803 to £2,100 per annum).

Application forms available from the Headmaster at the School, Walton Road, Clevedon.

LONDON BOROUGH OF SOUTHWARK

ASSISTANT IN CHARGE MOBILE LIBRARIES

AP2 (£1,584-£1,803 p.a. plus £144 London weighting

Suitably qualified and experienced person to be in charge of one of the vehicles of the Mobile Library Service under Librarian-in-Charge, Mobile Libraries.

Application forms are available, quoting reference LES/7/4291 and job title, from the Personnel and Management Services Division, 27 Peckham Road, S.E.5. Telephone 01-703 2370 (24-hour Recordacall Service).

Closing date: 1st June, 1973.

SOMERSET EDUCATION COMMITTEE

MIDSOMER NORTON SOMERVALE COMPREHENSIVE SCHOOL (near Bath)

APPOINTMENT OF SCHOOL LIBRARIAN

APPLICATIONS are invited from Chartered Librarians for the POST of SCHOOL LIBRARIAN. Salary A.P.3 (£1,803 to £2,100 per annum). Full-time post—37 hours a week. The Committee and Governors wish to retain the services of a librarian who is keen to develop the library service and to make a full contribution to the successful running of this large, mixed school. Preference will be given to applicants in Local Government within the Somerset/Gloucester area.

Lodging allowance and removal expenses payable in approved cases.

Application forms and further particulars obtainable from the Headmaster, Midsomer Norton Somervale School, St. Chad's Avenue, Midsomer Norton, Bath BA3 2HG to whom they should be returned not later than 25th May, 1973.

BOROUGH OF SWINDON

BRANCH LIBRARIAN

ARTS AND RECREATION GROUP

APPLICANTS for this post should be suitably qualified and the commencing salary within the special scale for Librarians (£1,251 to £2,100) will be determined according to qualifications and experience.

Housing accommodation can be offered when available and up to £6 per week removal expenses are paid, and a lodging allowance may be available to married officers awaiting accommodation.

Application forms are available from the Establishment Officer, Civic Centre, Euclid Street, Swindon, SN1 2JH, to whom completed applications should be submitted by 4th June, 1973.

SURREY COUNTY COUNCIL

COUNTY LIBRARY

APPLICATIONS are invited from suitably qualified and experienced persons for the undermentioned POSTS in the County Library:

1. ASSISTANT LIBRARIAN, Woking. Librarian's grade (£1,251 to £1,803/£2,100).

2. LIBRARIAN i/c TRAVELLING LIBRARY, Reigate. Librarian's grade (£1,251 to £1,803).

Generous relocation expenses and assistance with home purchase available in approved cases.

Further particulars are obtainable from the County Librarian, 140 High Street, Esher, Surrey KT10 9QR, to whom applications should be sent within fourteen days of the appearance of this advertisement.

SUNDERLAND POLYTECHNIC

SIR JOHN PRIESTMAN LIBRARY

ASSISTANT LIBRARIAN—SCIENCE AND TECHNOLOGY

A Librarian is required to assist with the cataloguing of literature in these subject areas. Applications are invited from Chartered Librarians or those completing examinations leading to the Charter in June, 1973. A degree in Life Sciences, preferably Chemistry, would be an advantage.

Salary: N.J.C. A.P. 3 (£1,803 to £2,100).

Details and an application form are available from the Personnel Officer, Sunderland Polytechnic, Chester Road, Sunderland, SR1 3SD; the form should be returned by 25th May, 1973.

TAYLOR INSTITUTION LIBRARY

OXFORD

LIBRARY ASSISTANTS

APPLICATIONS are invited from GRADUATES and others with a knowledge of two European languages for two one-year general duty posts from September 1973. The posts are suitable for young graduates intending to go on to library school. Salary at present £1,086. Preference will be given to those with a knowledge of German or Spanish and typing ability.

Applications to The Librarian, Taylor Institution, Oxford OX1 3NA, by 1st June, 1973.

UPPER NORWOOD PUBLIC LIBRARY

Westow Hill, Crystal Palace, London, S.E.19.

ASSISTANT LIBRARIAN

This independent library, financed 50-50 by Croydon and Lambeth, requires a person of professional flexibility who is still fascinated by a career offering scope with books and people. Salary is on Librarians' Grade (£1,251 to £2,100, plus £144 London Weighting, plus Saturday (alternate on/off) enhanced pay), starting point and scale according to qualifications, etc. Starting date is not rigid but do apply within the next couple of weeks or so if interested.

Enquiries or details of qualifications, age, experience if any, etc., to the Chief Librarian at the above address.

WARWICKSHIRE COUNTY COUNCIL

COUNTY LIBRARY

APPLICATIONS are invited from suitably qualified candidates for a POST of a SENIOR ASSISTANT at Chelmsley Wood Regional Library.

Salary A.P. 3 (£1,803 to £2,100) for Chartered Librarians. A.P. 2 (£1,510 to £1,803) for those who have completed Part II. The starting point will take into consideration qualifications, experience and present salary.

Removal expenses and lodging allowance where applicable.

Further particulars from the County Librarian, County Library, The Butts, Warwick, to whom application should be made by 29th May, 1973.

F. Cost, Clerk of the Council.

BOROUGH OF WREXHAM

PUBLIC LIBRARY—SENIOR ASSISTANT

APPLICATIONS are invited from Chartered Librarians for the appointment of a SENIOR ASSISTANT in the new Public Library. Salary within the Librarians' Grade for Chartered Librarians (£1,803 to £2,100).

The new library contains an exhibition hall, three meeting rooms and a multi-purpose studio. An important duty of the successful applicant will be to promote the use of these facilities.

Further particulars from the undersigned.

Applications containing details of age, qualifications and experience and the names of two referees, to be received by the undersigned by 4th June, 1973.

John P. Hughes, LL.B., Town Clerk, Guildhall, Wrexham.

THE PERCIVAL WHITLEY COLLEGE OF FURTHER EDUCATION

LIBRARY ASSISTANT

APPLICATIONS are invited for the above POST from persons who should have Library experience and have passed the Part I Professional examination of the Library Association and be preparing for the Part II examination. Starting salary within Clerical Grade I (£522 to £1,359), according to qualifications and experience.

Further particulars from the College Registrar, Francis Street, Halifax.

A. PICKVANCE, Deputy Chief Education Officer.

WESTON-SUPER-MARE PUBLIC LIBRARIES AND MUSEUM

SECOND SENIOR ASSISTANT

Librarians Grade (to bar) £1,251-£1,803

An opportunity for a person who has passed at least the L.A. Part I Examination (or equivalent) to gain experience in this senior post in a busy Central Library. Duties include Enquiry Desk work, supervision of junior staff, assistance with book selection and stock editing. The Weston-super-Mare Libraries will become part of the new Avon County Library Service with local government reorganization.

Further details from Borough Librarian and Curator, Public Library and Museum, Boulevard, Weston-super-Mare. Closing date for entries 1st June, 1973.

PUBLIC & UNIVERSITY

BIRMINGHAM UNIVERSITY

DEPARTMENT OF ENGLISH LANGUAGE AND LITERATURE

APPLICATIONS are invited for TWO LECTURESHIPS in the DEPARTMENT of ENGLISH LANGUAGE and LITERATURE from October 1, 1973:—

(a) In ENGLISH LITERATURE—a preference will be given to a candidate interested in the study and teaching of Bibliography; and

(b) In English with special reference to MODERN ENGLISH LANGUAGE—the successful applicant would be expected to take part in the normal teaching of English in the Department but to pay particular attention to work in Modern English Language, in which he should have special qualifications.

Salary on the scale £1,764 to £4,299 with F.S.S.U. benefits.

Applications (six copies), naming three referees, should be sent by May 31, 1973, to Assistant Registrar (A), University of Birmingham, P.O. Box 363, Birmingham B15 2TT, from whom further particulars can be obtained.

BARBADOS

UNIVERSITY OF THE WEST INDIES

APPLICATIONS are invited for SENIOR LECTURESHIP in ENGLISH in Division of Humanities. Applicants should have a sound foundation in Literature in English, as well as the research experience to enable the planning and development of a programme of Literary Studies generally, and to encourage the development of studies in West Indian Literature in relationship to other Literatures in English including British, American and African Literature. Should no suitable applicant be found at Senior Lecturer level, an appointment may be made at Lecturer level.

Salary scales (under review): Senior Lecturer £2,700-£4,200 p.a. Lecturer £1,830-£3,285 p.a. Child allowance. F.S.S.U. Family passages; triennial study leave.

Detailed applications (six copies), including a curriculum vitae and naming three referees, should be sent by air mail, as soon as possible to the Registrar, University of the West Indies, Mona, Kingston 7, Jamaica, from whom particulars are available.

LIBRARY TYPIST

Required for interesting position in Technical Library. Applicants must be educated to G.C.E. "O" level standard in English and possess a typewriting speed of at least 45 w.p.m. A willingness to tackle a variety of work, including typing catalogue entries and bibliographies, maintenance of library stationery supplies, filing, etc., is essential. Library experience would be an advantage, but training would be given to suitable applicant. Preferred age 18 plus.

We offer an attractive salary, 3 weeks' annual holiday, subsidized meals in restaurant overlooking the River Thames. Hours 9.00 a.m. to 5.00 p.m., from Monday to Friday.

Please write, giving age and brief details of qualifications and experience, to:—

Miss M. B. Green (Ref. LT/101), Personnel Officer, IEE, Savoy Place, London, WC2R 0BL

ilea INNER LONDON EDUCATION AUTHORITY

Skinners' Company's (Secondary Girls') School

117 Stamford Hill, N16

Part-time Librarian

GRADE III

Applications are invited from Chartered Librarians for the above post. Skinners' Company's School is a developing comprehensive and the librarian would be required to take charge of the Upper School library which is planned for enlargement next year.

Salary scale £972 to £1,212.

22 hours a week during school term.

Application forms obtainable from the Education Officer, Estab. 2A/2, Room 260c, County Hall, London, SE1 7PB. (Tel: 633 7546). Closing date for receipt of completed applications 1st June 1973.

UNIVERSITY OF LEICESTER

LECTURESHIP IN ENGLISH

APPLICATIONS are invited for a LECTURESHIP in ENGLISH LITERATURE. Preference will be given to applicants with special interests in the Eighteenth Century.

Salary according to qualifications and experience on scale £1,764 to £4,299 a year, with F.S.S.U. membership.

Further particulars from the Registrar to whom applications should be sent by 31st May.

UNIVERSITY OF LIVERPOOL

APPLICATIONS are invited from GRADUATES with appropriate qualifications for the post of LECTURER in LINGUISTICS in the FACULTY of ARTS.

Initial salary will be within the range £1,764 to £4,299 per annum, according to qualifications and experience.

Applications, together with the names of three referees, should be received not later than 8th June, 1973, by the Registrar, The University, P.O. Box 147, Liverpool, L69 3BX, from whom further particulars may be obtained. Quote reference RV/TLS/80251.

UNIVERSITY OF WARWICK

PROJECT OFFICERS

(British Labour, Industrial Relations and Political Records)

APPLICATIONS are invited for TWO POSTS of PROJECT OFFICER under the terms of a Project supported by the Leverhulme Trust for the rescue and care of Primary Research Materials in the fields of British Labour, Industrial Relations and Political Records.

Applicants must have first hand knowledge of the research value of such materials, and should preferably have had considerable experience in collecting such records and in the techniques of modern archives Administration. The appointments tenable from 1st October, 1973, will be for four years in the first instance, with the probability of extension for one post.

Initial salary up to £3,192 per annum on the scale £1,764 by £156/£159 to £4,299 per annum with F.S.S.U.

Further particulars may be obtained from the Secretary and Registrar, University of Warwick, Coventry CV4 7AL, quoting reference number 41/M/73. Closing date for receipt of applications is 7th June, 1973.

Readvertisement

COLLEGE OF LIBRARIANSHIP WALES

Principal, F. N. Hogg, D.P.A., F.L.A.

APPLICATIONS are invited from Graduate Chartered Librarians, from Fellows of the Library Association and from those with equivalent qualifications for the post of LECTURER in the DEPARTMENT of MANAGEMENT STUDIES (Head of Department, Mr. P. M. Whiteman, M.A., F.L.A.).

The Lecturer will be concerned primarily with the library in the context of its social background and with aspects of library management.

The post is on the Lecturer Grade II Scale (£2,355 to £3,083) currently under review.

Applications stating age, education, qualifications, experience, present post (with salary), special interests and teaching experience (if any), together with the names of three referees, should be sent to the Registrar, College of Librarianship Wales, Cardiganshire SY23 3AS, by 31st May, 1973.

ilea INNER LONDON EDUCATION AUTHORITY

Inner London Education Authority

Clissold Park (Mixed) School

Clissold Road, N16

Librarian

Grade III

Applications are invited from Chartered Librarians for the post. Clissold Park is a multi-purpose school in a new [illegible] with excellent library facilities.

Salary Scale £1,944 to £2,424.

Application forms and further details obtainable from Education Officer, Estab. 2A/2, Room 260c, County Hall, London, SE1 7PB. Tel: 633 7546. Closing date for receipt of completed applications, 1st June 1973.

BIRMINGHAM

CITY OF BIRMINGHAM

Public Libraries

PRINCIPAL LIBRARIAN

Science and Technology Department

(re-advertisement)

Salary: PO.1(b) £3,216-£3,654

The person appointed will be responsible for one of the largest departments in the new Central Library.

Applicants should be Chartered Librarians, preferably with a degree in a scientific or technical discipline.

Administrative experience in a large scientific or technical library essential.

First consideration will be given to serving local government officers in England (excluding London) and Wales.

This advertisement appears after consultation with the Local Government Staff Commission.

Further details and application forms from the City Librarian, [illegible] chills Place, Birmingham, B1 2AR.

Closing date: 8th June, 1973.

LIVERPOOL city of change & challenge

CITY LIBRARIES

MUSIC LIBRARIAN

(£2,388-£2,661)

Applicants must have experience of a Music Library and [illegible] appropriate degree or be Chartered Librarians.

Commencing salary according to qualifications and experience.

General local government conditions apply, together with [illegible] with removal, etc., expenses in appropriate cases.

Application forms, returnable by the 1st June, 1973 are obtainable from the City Librarian, Central Libraries, William Brown Street, Liverpool, L3 8EW.

STANLEY HOLMES, Chief Executive and Town Clerk

Ealing Technical College

Woodlands Library, Woodlands Avenue, Acton, W3 9DN

(a) Librarian in Charge (AP4)

(b) Assistant Librarian (AP3)

Candidates should be Chartered Librarians. Some evening and Saturday duties. Salary scales post (a) £2,205-£2,493 per annum inclusive, post (b) £1,908-£2,205 per annum inclusive.

Application forms and further particulars from the Registrar, Ealing Technical College, St. Mary's Road, Ealing, W5 5RF. Closing date 28th May, 1973.

Ealing

Education Service

COLLEGE OF LIBRARIANSHIP WALES

Principal, F. N. Hogg, D.P.A., F.L.A.

LECTURESHIP IN ARCHIVE ADMINISTRATION AND PALAEOGRAPHY

APPLICATIONS are invited for a LECTURESHIP in ARCHIVE ADMINISTRATION and PALAEOGRAPHY. Candidates should possess good academic and professional qualifications and experience.

The post is on the Lecturer Grade II Scale (£2,355 to £3,083) currently under review.

Applications stating age, education, qualifications, experience, present post (with salary), special interests and teaching experience (if any), together with the names of three referees, should be sent to the Registrar, College of Librarianship, Wales, Cardiganshire, SY23 3AS, by 31st May, 1973.

AUSTRALIA

MOUNT GRAVATT TEACHERS COLLEGE

BRISBANE

Invites applications for

SENIOR LIBRARIAN

Salary: $A6,801/[illegible]

(Salaries are at present under review)

QUALIFICATIONS: [illegible] degree of an approved [illegible] recognised professional [illegible] qualifications. [illegible] major aspects of library [illegible] library supervision are [illegible]

Application forms and further particulars available from [illegible] for Queensland, 392 Strand, [illegible] 0LZ. Closing date: 23rd [illegible]

M.R.C. CLINICAL RESEARCH CENTRE

(Northwick Park Hospital), Watford Road, Harrow, Middlesex.

ASSISTANT LIBRARIAN

[illegible]

CLASSIFIED ADVERTISEMENTS

Senior Assistant Librarian

£1,356-£2,205

To work initially at our new Civic Centre Library in the Cataloguing Section.

Temporary housing accommodation may be available, reasonable removal expenses reimbursed, lodging allowance of up to £6 per week and up to £500 towards Legal and Estate Agents costs may be payable. 35 hour week.

Starting salary for Chartered Librarian, £1,908.

Application form and further particulars from the Legal & Administrative Department, London Borough of Harrow, P.O. Box No. 2, Civic Centre, Harrow HA1 2XH, returnable by 1st June, 1973.

UNIVERSITY COLLEGE CORK

DEPARTMENT OF ENGLISH

FULL TIME APPOINTMENT

The governing body invites applications for a full-time post as ASSISTANT LECTURER/ASSISTANT in the Department of English. The appointment will be made at one of the levels mentioned according to qualifications and experience of the successful candidate.

Salary scales (under review) are: ASSISTANT LECTURER £2,574 x £120-£3,174 p.a. ASSISTANT £2,160 x [illegible]-£2,400 p.a.

Before submitting applications intending candidates should obtain from the acting Secretary of the College further details of the post together with details of the application requirements.

The latest date for the receipt of applications is Friday [illegible] June, 1973.

Assistant Children's Librarian

Applications are invited for the above post in the progressive Children's Services of the Public Libraries Department. Full programme of work with schools as well as imaginative children's library activities.

SALARY: Librarians' Scale—£1,356-£2,205 per annum including London Weighting.

Point of entry in accordance with qualifications and experience.

Applications in writing giving date of birth, qualifications and experience, together with the name of one referee to Borough Librarian, East Ham Library, High Street South, London, E6 4EL, not later than 28th May, 1973.

LONDON BOROUGH OF NEWHAM

LONDON BOROUGH OF LEWISHAM

Libraries Department

LIBRARIAN

£[illegible]-£2,766

To provide a comprehensive adult lending library service at Bromley Road branch library within the policies laid down by the Borough Librarian.

The successful candidate could at any time be placed at any of the Libraries within the Borough.

Application forms, returnable by 4th June, 1973, and full details from 01-690 7666 (24-hour Ansafone service), quoting reference AM 26 and job title, or write (or call at) Personnel Division, London Borough of Lewisham, Town Hall, Catford, London SE6 4RU.

ASLIB PROFESSIONAL APPOINTMENTS REGISTER

Applications are invited for the following positions:

DEPUTY LIBRARIAN,

Special library experience required. Degree or library qualifications desirable, knowledge of German or French and some experience of abstracting essential.

Salary: £1,700. Location: London, SW1. Ref: 40.

FEMALE LIBRARY ASSISTANT,

Required for busy information department. Previous library experience necessary, 'A' levels desirable.

Salary: £1,450. Location: London W1. Ref: 55.

For application forms ring Mrs. Gittoes, 01-235 5050, ext. 20. Please quote job reference number.

ABERDEEN

ROBERT GORDON'S INSTITUTE OF TECHNOLOGY

SCHOOL OF LIBRARIANSHIP

LECTURER

Chartered Librarian preferably with Graduate qualifications, research experience and experience in children's literature and work with young people.

Salary in range up to £3,636 (under review). Assistance with removal expenses.

Details and forms from Director, Robert Gordon's Institute of Technology, Schoolhill, Aberdeen, AB9 1FR.

AUSTRALIA

LECTURER

Department of Librarianship

Duties: To lecture mainly in the area of acquisition, selection and/or reference work.

Qualifications and Experience: A degree or diploma in librarianship acceptable to the Library Association of Australia for Associateship and at least five years practical experience. Teaching experience is desirable but not essential.

Salary: Within the range of A$6,801 to A$9,390 per annum, according to qualifications and experience.

Reference Number: 142/10/B

Applications close 14th June, 1973. A schedule of duties should be obtained by intending applicants from the Agent General for Victoria, Victoria House, Strand, London, quoting the above reference number.

ROYAL MELBOURNE INSTITUTE OF TECHNOLOGY

ARCHIVIST/INDEXER/ MANAGER

This major Public Company wishes to employ a suitably qualified person (or persons) to reorganise the filing indexing and library of its Head Office Legal Department AND/OR to run the new system when it is established.

Depending on the nature and quality of applications either one or two appointments will be made and the post(s) offered may be temporary or permanent. Remuneration will be by arrangement.

Please apply in writing giving brief particulars of qualifications and experience to:

The Manager (Ref. RKS), Legal Department, George Wimpey & Co. Limited, Hammersmith Grove, London W6 7EN.

WIMPEY

PLANT BREEDING INSTITUTE

MARIS LANE TRUMPINGTON CAMBRIDGE, CB2 2LQ

INFORMATION OFFICER/LIBRARIAN

Applications are invited for the new post of Information Officer/Librarian.

The person appointed will be responsible for liaison with industry, press and members of the public as well as with other research institutes and universities. He/she will also be responsible for the provision of an internal information service, including a small library, to the scientific staff at the Institute.

Candidates should have a degree or HNC in a biological or related science, the ability to work without close supervision and an appreciation of the function of an information and library service in a research organisation.

The appointment will be to Scientific Officer (£1,206-£2,043) or Higher Scientific Officer (£1,946-£2,515), at least five years' relevant post-qualifying experience being required for appointment to the higher grade, with an additional non-pensionable allowance to offset superannuation contributions.

Applications should be sent to the Assistant Secretary (Estab.), from whom further particulars may be obtained. Closing date for receiving applications Monday, 18th June, 1973.

LIBRARIAN

IMPERIAL CHEMICAL INDUSTRIES ORGANICS DIVISION require a Librarian to be second-in-charge of the Main & Technical Libraries at the Division's Headquarters, Blackley, Manchester. Duties include supervision of service and enquiry points; reference work; participation, together with information scientists, in the administration and further development of computerised housekeeping, information retrieval and SDI services. The library covers scientific, technical and commercial subjects, serving the Headquarters staff and nine works sites in the North of England and Scotland.

Applicants should preferably be Chartered Librarians with some experience in a scientific, technical or commercial library.

The post carries an attractive salary. Excellent service conditions, including Pension and Profit Sharing Schemes. Assistance with removal and relocation expenses may be given.

Apply giving brief details quoting ref. L23/A, to: Dr. R. L. Heath, Division Personnel Dept., Organics Division, Hexagon House, Blackley, Manchester M9 3DA.

ICI

We require the following staff to work in our special library, which is part of a progressive information service rapidly acquiring an international reputation:—

ASSISTANT LIBRARIAN

The successful applicant must either be an Associate of the Library Association or have passed Part II of the Library Association's examination. A good telephone manner and neat appearance are essential. Ref.: AL/100.

LIBRARY ASSISTANT

(re-advertisement)

Applicants must be educated to G.C.E. 'O' level standard, or equivalent, in English; formal library qualifications are not required, but previous experience in a special library would be an advantage. Age 18-plus. Ref.: LA/102.

We offer attractive salaries, 3 weeks' annual holiday, excellent subsidized meals in staff restaurant overlooking the River Thames.

Please write giving brief details of qualifications, experience and age, quoting the appropriate reference, to:— Miss M. B. Green, Personnel Officer, Institution of Electrical Engineers, Savoy Place, London, WC2R 0BL.

IEE

Assistant Librarian

Barclays Bank International Limited have a vacancy for an Assistant Librarian with their Group Economic Intelligence Unit, who are establishing their own Eurodocuments Centre.

Applicants should hold the A.L.A. qualification and have had some previous experience in an economic or legal library. A knowledge of information retrieval techniques and mechanised/computer systems would be an advantage.

Reading knowledge of French essential and of another European language desirable.

Salary according to experience. There are many fringe benefits.

Please apply in writing, giving full details of experience to date, to: Mr. J. C. Farr, Assistant Staff Manager, Barclays Bank International Limited, 85 Gracechurch Street, London EC3V 0AN.

BARCLAYS International